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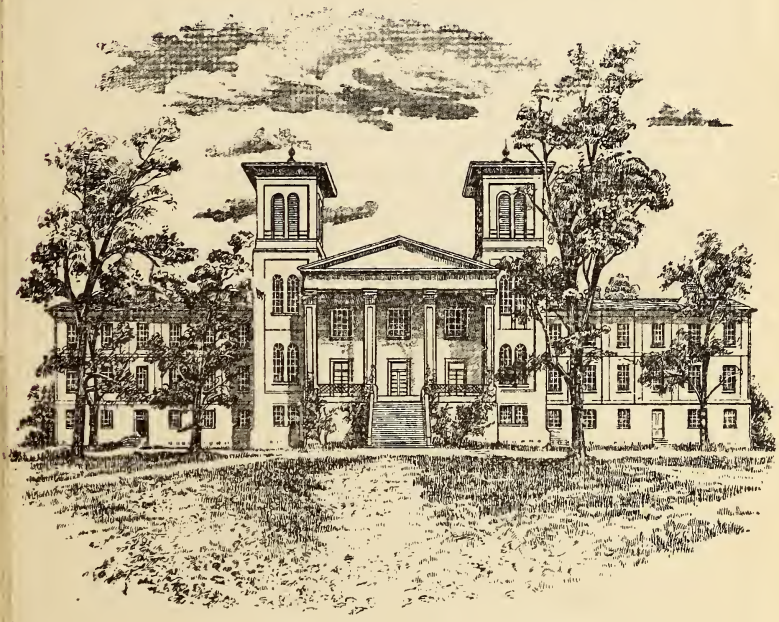

October, 1909

PUBLISHED BY

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GREENEWALD'S

Oct., 1909

V. XXI
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CONTENTS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

Wordsworth—The Poet, the Man 1

Lost and Found 2

To a Friend 4

Life a Poem 4

Sunrise on Mt. Mitchell 5

Conserving Our Natural Resources 6

Moral: Don't Flirt 11

Was the Flood Universal? 13

Stella's Full-Back 17

Proven, But too Late 19

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT 23

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT 26

CLIPPINGS 26

LOCAL DEPARTMENT 30

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT 33

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT 38

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PAGE.

Bagwell, J. E., Grocer viii
Band & White, Printers . . . xvi
Bacham Hardware Co. iii
Bean, J. W., Shoemaker . . . xv
Bernhardt, H., Photographer .. x
Biber, A. W., Jeweler xi
Bishop, A. J., & Co. ix
Bomar & Crigler . . . Back cover
Business College ix

Cannon & Fetzer, Clothiers .. viii
Central National Bank v
Chapman, The Grocer xi
Chinese Laundry xv
Cofield, Jas., Insurance xi
Correll, D. C., Jeweler v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiv
Cudd, R. E. & Co., Livery . . xi

Duck, A., Barber xiii
DuPre Book Store vi

Fairyland xi
Fashion Shoe Store viii
First National Bank xii

Greenewald . . . . . Front cover

Heinitsh Drug Store xiv
Henry, B. B., Tailor ii
Herring Furniture Co. vii
Hygeia Ice and Fuel Co. . . . xv

Law, A. M., & Co. xi
Ligon's Drug Store v
Liles, Floyd L. & Co. vii

PAGE.

Littlejohn, Worth, Barber . . x
Maddux, W. E. ix
Magic Theatre iii

New York Restaurant . . . xiii

Price's Clothing Store i

Rigby's Drug Store xi
Royal Palace Theatre iv
Russum, J. M. xiv

Satterwhite, A. W., Barber .. xiv
Sheridan's Teachers' Supply...vii
Shores Electric Co. iii
Smith's Shoe Store i
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . iii
Spartanburg Dental Rooms . . x
Spartanburg Ry., Gas & Electric Co. iv
Spartanburg Steam Laundry . xi
Spigel Bros. vii
Star Cafe ii

Theatre Soda Parlor v
The Smoker iii
Thompson & Dillard xiv
Trakas, N. S. xiii
Turner, J. F. xiii

Walker, J. A. x
Whittington's Drug Store . . xiv
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . . xii
Wofford College . . . Back cover
Wofford College Fitting School . . . . . Back cover

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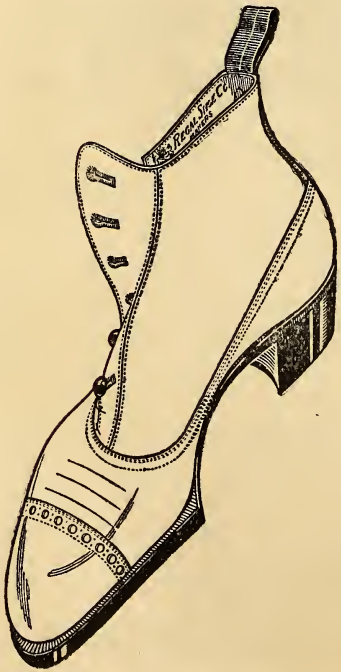

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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Wordsworth—The Poet, The Man

To distinguish between Wordsworth as a poet and as a man would be futile. Wordsworth the man was essentially Wordsworth the poet; the poetic faculty was not merely a function of his mind, it was himself. "His heart he had not put to school;" for his early raptures of sensuous delight are possible only to the soul in whose breast there are uncurbed and unabused those primal emotions common to all humanity. It is scarcely possible that a man possessing to such a degree the openness of heart and intensity of feeling as did Wordsworth could have been other than a poet. Truly, his was "no common soul;" yet not that he had powers other than those common to ordinary men, but that these elemental emotions in him were not merely untrammeled but fostered and cultivated.

Is it any wonder, then, that Wordsworth was an unwearied worshipper at the shrine of Universal Pan, or that he should have turned to Nature as the "nurse, the guide, the guardian of his heart and soul?" The solitude of some sylvan recess, the unfettered chorus of its winged inhabitants, the ceaseless monotony of the rushing cataract were for him a symphony. His poet-soul could catch the measured throb of the universe and detect the nicer harmonies as well; this "world of eye and ear" was the source of his inspiration, and its vast resources he explored and laid open to the poets who should follow him.

With the passage of "years that bring the philosophic mind" this sensuous delight in the beauties and mysteries of Nature,

both animate and inert, ripened into a more clearly defined, more sympathetic appreciation of humanity, as the most perfect product of all Nature's workings. This development, accompanied, and doubtless chastened by, the disappointments of the French Revolution and the failure of his pantisocratic schemes, can be traced through its different stages from the time when he was brought upon the task of real life with "the plan that pleased his boyish mind" until we see him standing like the "Happy Warrior" as he

"Draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

The most natural outcome of such close, appreciative communion with Nature was that Wordsworth in listenting to the still, sad music of humanity, turned his thought intuitively to speculations about the immortality of man. He had found Nature and God to be one and the same, inseparable—but man, whence was he? whither tending? As it is a law of the physical world that not an atom of matter can be destroyed or created, so with man the laying aside of his earthly form is but the migration to another sphere of existence; the entering upon life here the transmutation of the being from a previous state. These speculations, when the beams of light from the sphere of future life became more and more intense, as had once been the like rays from the abandoned and now forgotten realm of existence, became settled convictions. Here again the poetic instinct was inseparable from the character of the man, for, as Ruskin expresses it, "Wheresoever the search after truth begins, there life begins." D. L. B.

———o———

Lost and Found

Joe Brown and Tom Smith had been rivals for years. It seemed that one of them could not love a girl but the other loved her, too. First it had been Rosa Howard, then Leila White, afterwards it was Katherine Miller.

Now it was Eloise Choice, a small brunette of about eighteen, with dark brown eyes, rippling hair, and rosy complexion.

She was recognized by all as the belle of Dayton. She had had many lovers, but now it was narrowed down to these two—Tom and Joe. So far she had never told either which she liked best. Some thought one, some another.

Both of the young men in question were splendid fellows, and any other girl in Dayton would have been glad of either. Joe was a good-hearted, whole-souled fellow, and was liked very much by all the boys of Dayton. Tom was not such a favorite, although liked by many. He was conceited, high-strung, and self-willed almost to the extent of downright stubbornness. He had a very high opinion of himself, and thought he was the most popular fellow in Dayton with the girls.

One night as he was coming back from a call on Miss Choice he decided it was time to bring the thing to a close. He began to think of how he would fix it up, and finally decided to write off what he would say and learn it, so as not to make a mistake.

A few nights later, at a reception, he was seated off in one corner with Miss Choice and softly saying: "Miss Choice, I love you—how much, God only knows. Without you life would be a pathless desert strewn with thorns and thistles With you, the happiest dream of my life will be realized. Our pathway will be through meadows green with clover and along the banks of murmuring streams and rivulets. Without you the whole universe, so far as it concerns me, will be ruptured and torn asunder, the sun will be no longer the sun, the moon will be changed in its course, light will be darkness, and happiness will be sorrow. Could I roam the grassy dells of Scotland and the vine-clad hills of Italy I could find no face so fair nor form so perfect as thine own. O, light of my heart, cause not my heartstrings to be torn asunder—"

"Miss Choice, this is Mr. Johnson." This interrupted Tom's flow of language and, although hating it, he was obliged to leave.

A few minutes later, as he was passing that way, he saw Joe talking to Eloise, and caught the one word "love." Concealing himself behind the curtain, he heard the following: "Miss

Choice, I love you—how much, God only knows. Without you life would be pathless desert strewn with thorns and thistles. With you, the happiest dream of my life will be realized. Our pathway will be through meadows green with clover and along the banks of murmuring streams and rivulets," etc., etc., on to the end, wound up by her:

"Oh, Mr. Brown, this is so sudden."

Tom did not wait to hear her answer. He had read it in her eyes. But he did do one thing. He felt for the speech he had written, learned, and said to her, and found that he had lost it.

To a Friend

In future days and years to come,
  When billows roll on life's broad sea,
Remember that there yet is one
  Who loves to pause and think of thee.

One happy day you called him friend;
  That joyous time has flown away;
But still old memories linger long
  And hold their calm and soothing sway.

H. H., '11.

Life a Poem

Life's a poem, and the poet is the one who makes it rhyme,
Who can set the words to music, and can make his thoughts keep time;
For in everything there's music if our ears can catch the beat,
And can turn it into stanzas, into verses, into feet.
We can sometimes hear the music in the sighing of the breeze,
As it whistles round the corners, as it stirs among the trees;
In the murmuring of the brooklet, in the chirping of the birds,
We can hear the poem's music—matters not about the words.
In our souls we hear the beating, hear the melody and rhyme,
As in smooth and sweet cadences all the world is keeping time—

Now it rises, now it falls, and now it surges to and fro,
And the melody grows sweeter than it ever was before.
Yes, in everything there's poetry, whether it be great or small,
For the God who rules above us—Greatest Poet—made it all.

———o———

Sunrise on Mt. Mitchell

In the night, with darkness 'round us, stood we on Mt. Mitchell's height,
Waiting there with eager longing, watching for the moon's first light.
All around was Stygian darkness—right and left, above, below,
And the scene was brightened only by the campfire's ruddy glow.
Then it seemed the clouds grew thinner, and there showed a mellow ray,
That had pierced the clouds above us, coming from the far-away.
And another, and another, showed the clouds had blown away,
And across the cloudless heavens stretched the silver milky way.
Soon the darkness grew less heavy, and below us we could see,
In the valleys round about us, clouds of snow-white purity.
From the slowly-graying eastward seemed to emanate a light,
Mellowing the darkness round us, driving off the shades of night.
Then a fiery ball of burnished gold arose far in the East,
And before us, spread in grandeur, was a glorious beauty-feast.
Lo! we saw a sea of mountains fade into a sea of sky,
As the moments of the morning far too swift were passing by.
Sea of mountains, earth-waves lofty, rolling, shaped by God's own hand—
Sea of sky and space above us—mystery none can understand.

Conserving our Natural Resources

(CALHOUN MEDAL ESSAY.)

Conserving our natural resources is a subject to which little attention has been paid in the past. However, it is one which is now being brought before us not only by written articles but in a more impressive way by the very scarcity and high price of the natural products themselves.

The scarcity of these products has been brought about by our own recklessness. The early settlers entering into possession of this country found themselves surrounded by magnificent forests in which Indians and wild beasts lurked. So naturally they began work cutting down the trees both to get land which they could cultivate and to remove the shelter which concealed their enemies. As the country was opened up over the Alleghanies to the Mississippi and on westward, more forests were felled, the population grew, and towns were begun. With an increasing population, the products and needs of the new towns also increased, and there arose a demand for quick communication and travel and for interchange of products. So great railroads were built, by which the country was knit together and on which raw products from the farm and finished articles from the factories were transported. These railroads required millions of trees cut from the forests for ties and telegraph poles, tons of iron for making locomotives and steel rails, and carloads of coal for running the locomotives. Here began the great demand upon the forests and mines.

Indeed the whole civilization, which has been built up by our forefathers and has come down to us, was conditioned on the natural resources of our country. In no other land can such growth, wealth or happiness be found, and the fundamental reason for this is the vast resources given to our people and which they have used so effectively. However, our people, having always considered the natural resources as inexhaustible, were satisfied with using them, not as the timber or iron were needed, but in a reckless manner. And now we are in a position where we shall soon be facing a timber famine, which can only be prevented by quick and wise measures.

Let us now turn a moment and see what resources were given to this country and what now remain. Originally one-third of our land surface, a million square miles, was covered with forests. In the comparatively short time that we have been here almost the end of these has been reached. Heretofore it has also been considered unimportant that as much timber is destroyed by fire as we use for building and all other purposes. At present lumbering is fourth in rank among our industries, the annual consumption of timber being twenty-five billion cubic feet. In the year 1890 the yield from the forests was almost as great as the value of the gold obtained from California during the last fifty years following its discovery there. Every year the railways alone demand 91,000,000 ties, the product of one million acres, while the pulp mills and other industries require a much larger amount of wood. We have already arrived at the point where the annual growth is only one-third that of the annual cut, so only a twenty or thirty years' supply is left. Where is the economy in using up all our wood now and having to buy it later from some other country, at a much higher price? Canada will soon need all of her supply for new industries opening up, while Siberia and South America are too far from us.

Our present plan of lumbering is most destructive in its methods, both big and little trees being cut indiscriminately without a thought as to whether they can be used for timber. The circular saws rip the planks into sawdust and into strips fed in a great stream to an ever-burning fire. The lumber itself is shipped away and the money from this destruction is accumulated by one who already has enough, and whose heirs soon spend it. While the forest, the growth of ages of sunshine and of rain, is gone, and nothing but a desert is left in its place. Also the brush and trimmed off limbs are set fire to and this fire spreads for miles around, consuming forests, houses, or whatever is in its path, leaving only a bare, unproductive soil in its wake. This land, which will produce nothing but weeds, is then sold by speculators to innocent investors, who lose much money and labor on it.

We use 23,000,000 tons of iron ore a year, and at this rate the supply will not last over fifty or sixty years. Our anthracite coal fields are in danger of exhaustion in fifty years, and the bituminous will not last over a hundred years. Here is another example of waste. Miners at present get only half the coal or ore out of a mine and go to another shaft, when in a short time the roof falls in and buries all the remaining coal, which cannot be gotten at again. Petroleum wells and natural gas have been used also as if they would last forever, and are fast decreasing in supply.

But our most important resource, and the one that affects us vitally in so many ways, is our forests, the timber obtained from them being only a small part of their real value to us. Trees form a protective cover for the land. Their roots go down into the ground and hold the dirt around them, while their fallen leaves form a humus, which acts as a sponge in taking up the rain and snow. This water is then conveyed to the soil and subsoil to aid in plant growth or to percolate out into springs. Thus as water enters them gradually, the streams are kept clear and are not greatly affected at the time by rainfall. When these trees are removed, the surface is left bare like an asphalt pavement, nothing remains to hold the rain, and it runs off as soon as it falls. This water coming in such volume and force, washes away the fertile soil, fills up the rivers, and floods the lowlands, with great damage.

The rivers of this country carry away a billion tons of soil annually, the Mississippi alone washing into the Gulf every year 150,000,000 tons, a load of sediment a hundred times greater than all the freight borne across or on its surface by human agency. This soil is of the richest kind and worth many times the Peruvian and phosphate guanos, for which the farmer has to spend hundreds of thousands to replace his washed off soil. Then this dirt fills up the streams, preventing navigation and costing the government and people millions of dollars to dig the sediment out by harbor and river appropriations. The floods also wash away mills, crops, and other

property, ruining fertile fields, drowning many people, and causing great levees to be built for their protection.

For the last twenty-five years railroads have done the transportation work of the country, steamers being thought out of date. But now so much freight is to be carried that the roads are not able to meet the demands put upon them. Traffic is congested, bins of corn and wheat are allowed to rot on account of lack of transportation, and people have frozen because cars could not be gotten to haul coal from the Pennsylvania fields. So even the railroad officials want new waterways opened up and lines of steamers put on them to haul the heavier freight, while the lighter can go by rail. The New York Central, one of the finest lines in the world, admits that it is not able to handle the traffic brought to it, and welcomes the enlargement of the Erie Canal, so large vessels can go to the Lakes. But for a canal to be successful it must have a constant supply of water, so the State of New York appropriated $100,000 to buy up and re-forest the Adirondack region, the source of its water supply. Another great movement has begun to connect the Great Lakes with the Mississippi by a canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. Thus in future we shall have to depend on the rivers for transportation and on the forests, which supply the water to them.

Twenty years ago the motor was an experiment, and even now it has greater possibilities than we can conceive of. One thing is made possible by a mechanical invention; a hundred are made possible by an electrical. Today there is hardly a man in active life who does not use electricity in some of its many ways—as the telephone, telegraph, electric light or street car. While the time is fast approaching and is not far distant when our very existence will almost depend on this mighty, subtle force. The Geological Survey of the United States has estimated that in the Southern Appalachians alone there are 2,800,000 horsepower, over fifty per cent. of which is available for economic purposes. The rental value of waterpower is at present $20 per horsepower, which on 1,400,000 would amount to an annual income of $28,000,000. In this mountainous re-

gion are the headwaters of many of our largest rivers on which power can be developed. The amount of power that can be developed on any stream is dependent on the length of the low water season and its severity, and not on the floods, when the water soon passes over and cannot be used. The more uniform the flow, the better can it be used for power as well as for other purposes. Already much harm has been done to our future water power by the abuses of lumbering on the uplands near the sources of the streams. Only by protection of these forests can our water power be maintained and developed.

Also our rivers are now being used in a new way in the West. The process of irrigation has turned barren deserts, on which was nothing except the cactus, into the most fertile fields, capable of producing any kind of fruit, vegetable or grain. Thus here is another example of where water, when wisely conserved and used, may be a potent factor for good.

Since so many of our present and future industries are dependent on forests, certainly we should do something to preserve them. By a wise system of forestry the trees can be not only conserved, but made to yield a good income themselves. The study of forestry in this country is recent, but it has been profitably applied to the government reserves of the West and by several European countries. Except for this system Switzerland would today be without inhabitants. The Swiss have cottages and farms on the steepest slopes of the mountains, which provide their owners with a good living. The cause for this is the forests, which cover the land and catch the snow and rain, keeping the soil on the mountains and preventing the fields in the valleys from being carried into the sea. Italy on account of previous deforestation during the centuries before, found that she was losing her soil, productiveness and wealth, and injuring her people. She is poor and her taxes are the highest of any country in the world. Yet at a cost of $20 per acre she is spending $12,000,000 in trying to bring back those trees and groves which once existed in the days of Virgil. France, also having lost most of its forests, recognizes their great value and is paying even more than Italy to re-

forest barren areas—$34 an acre. She has already spent $18,000,000 and has appropriated $24,000,000 to continue the work. Germany probably has the best system of forestry of any land on the globe. One-fourth of the forest lands are owned by the government, and land which here would be a useless waste there supports a grove worth thousands of dollars per acre. One district of 20,000 acres produces $10 an acre annually from the cut timber, and besides gives employment to five hundred men. By re-forestation the yearly growth equals the average yearly cut, thus preserving to the state and people a perpetual forest. So why cannot we follow Germany's example and establish such a system as she has?

As coal, iron, petroleum and other resources cannot be replaced like trees can, there is the more reason that we should conserve what has been given us. By mining laws and inspectors, the wells and mines can be made to last much longer than at present.

As has our past, so our future development depends on the conservation of our natural resources. If these are preserved, a fertile country and a prosperous, happy people will be the result. If they are still used recklessly, a miserable life on a barren soil, will be passed to succeeding generations. We are at a critical point in our history as a nation, so surely we will decide the matter rightly and preserve those God-given resources which were meant for us to keep and use.

Moral: Don't Flirt

"Yes, I was in love with Isadore, my wife's neice. It has been the secret of my life; but I've been married these many years, and there's no use of keeping a good story back, and I will tell you the romance of my life if you will swear not to tell my wife.

"It was away back out East, long years ago, that I met the pair—Isadore Chandler and her aunt, an old maid just beyond thirty. Isadore was the beauty and pride of the town; I, the heart-breaker and biggest sport in that country, and greatly

did I prize that reputation. It was this way, boys. A few days after I had made myself acquainted with the Misses Chandlers I realized that I was madly in love with Isadore, so I addressed a note to Miss Chandler begging for an afternoon ride with her.

"It was an ideal Sunday afternoon, just suitable for a pleasant ride, and such I was anticipating. As I drove up I saw the elder Miss Chandler awaiting me. Then it was that I realized my embarrassing mistake. But having fears for my sporting reputation, I decided to make the best of the occasion. Boys, I forgot how the conversation ran, but I must have made love to her, because that was my custom, or rather a habit, from which I could not break myself.

"On my return we met Isadore and one of my old chums strolling down the street. Instantly my friendship turned to bitter envy, and later to hate. So Clarence was my sworn and secret rival from that day on, instead of my best friend. Well, to make a long story short, I made several calls afterwards; yet every time I stopped in that little kitten-faced boy was ahead of me and I was forced to use all my sporting or courting ability on the aunt. It was terrible to have to listen to an old maid while I looked on another fellow making love to the girl who held my heart.

"One day I received an invitation to Clarence's and Isadore's wedding, also in the same mail a note from the elder Miss Chandler requesting me to make a special visit, as I had neglected her for several days. The first was a heavy blow; the second a disgusting outcome of my foolishness. Boys, I was outdone, and rather than face it all like a man I decided to leave the town for an indefinite time. So I sat down and wrote a note explaining how I had broken my leg, and how painful the injury. Such being the circumstances, it would be impossible for me to make my call for several weeks. I despatched the note, and began to pack my trunk in order to catch the next train. It wasn't long before I heard rapid footsteps on the street, and looking out the window, I saw the old maid and one of the practicing physicians coming swiftly across the

street. Clarence and Isadore were several paces behind. I ran down-stairs and told my landlady to inform all of my visitors that I was at the hospital. I came back somewhat relieved, but before I could cross the room footsteps sounded on the stairs. I ran from one side of my room to the other; but there was no way of escape. The window was thirty-five feet from the ground; the chimney was too small; the dresser was locked; the bed too low, and they were coming towards my door. There was only one thing to do, so I jerked off my coat and jumped into the bed just as the door flew open, and in walked the old maid with the physician by her side.

"'Oh! my dear boy! just look how he is suffering!'

"With this she flung her arms around my neck and the physician went for my leg. This was too much for me. I jumped out of the bed and made a dash for the door. But they soon overpowered me, and the old maid flung her arms around me again, sobbing:

"'Why, the dear old fellow isn't hurt at all! He just wanted to see if I really loved him, and I have proven true, haven't I, Bobbie? Isadore and Clarence are going to be married soon, and so are we, aren't we, Bobbie, dear?'

"I looked around like a hunted animal, and saw Clarence and Isadore nestled close together and smiling like two sick kittens beside a hot brick.

"'Hearty congratulations, Bob, old chum! We both have won our prizes.'

"We followed Clarence and Isadore to the altar, and now we are moderately happy, since my wife lets me do as I please. But, boys, take this from your old pal: don't make love to every girl you meet."

Was the Flood Universal?

(PRESTON MEDAL ESSAY.)

The universality of Noah's flood has been for centuries past a subject of much discussion between the Christian and the infidel, between one who reads the inspired writings with a liberal interpretation and him who stays close to the literal mean-

ing of the Bible narrative. The infidel holds that the Bible narrative conflicts with the truths which modern science has demonstrated, while the Christian offers no solution other than by miraculous means. However, the time is fast approaching when the Bible will be read in the light of the established scientific truths. As they both become more fully understood they become an interpretation of each other.

In all history, both written and unwritten, the story of Noah is handed down as a sacred tradition, and up until the sixteenth century nothing was thought of this question. It was accepted along with our other fundamental beliefs as a miracle, but during the century fossils were found while excavations were being made in the city of Verona, Italy. The popular belief was that these were products of the deluge, but this was disproved by the finding of strata thousands of feet deeper which could not have been deposited during a transient flood.

It is the belief of the physico-theological school that all changes in the rock formations are due to the flood, since the Bible mentions no other change, and since sedimentary rock are found all over the globe, it is due to the universal flood. Another class of this school holds that during the sixteen hundred years and over which, according to popular chronology, is the length of the period that elapsed between the creation and the deluge, all the sedimentary rocks were formed under sea bottom. Now, fossiliferous rocks are found six miles in thickness, and it is unreasonable to think that these were deposited in sixteen hundred years.

There was a flood just as the Mosaic writer has said. Nature bears some evidence of its occurrence, but during all modern investigations of science no proof has been found to sustain the theory that it was universal.

Some advocate the theory that the natural workings of nature, such as the accumulation of drift, the moving of boulders from place to place, the finding of rocks which are polished and striated, are all due to the flood. Geology holds that these are due to the joint action of water and ice acting through a long period of time known in geology as the glacial epoch

which period is prior to man's first appearance on the earth. And again, all the organic remains of the alluvian deposits are of extinct species, which extinct species, both fauna and flora, belong to a creation prior to the age of man or psychozoic era, In these drift remains no traces of man, his works or his contemporary animals are found, leaving us to believe that these drifts were formed before man's appearance on our globe. The Bible narrative gives the length of this period of the flood as three hundred and eighty days. It necessarily would require more time than this for such thick deposits to have formed. Water was the only agent mentioned in the Genesis account, but drifts were deposited through the agency of ice.

Granting the Bible narrative that the flood was universal there should be a mingling together of the fossils deposited at this period since all life was killed at one time, but geological research shows that they are in order. A lower species in this strata; a higher form in the next strata, each succeeding strata containing fossils nearer alike to the animals now existing. Apart from this the strata should contain fossils similar to the animals now existing since the deluge took place long after the creation, but excepting the very recent strata, no such evidence is found. Again, this theory holds that strata six miles deep were formed in three hundred and eighty days, the recorded time of the flood. This, of course, is impossible.

Laying aside these ignorant beliefs we say that the flood was miraculous, but brought about by a natural law. It was sent by God as a punishment upon His people, because of their wickedness. For the flood the Mosaic writer brings forward two causes: first, "All the fountains of the great deep were broken up;" secondly, "The windows of Heaven were opened." Beyond a doubt these refer to the forty days' rain and an inundation of the land by the ocean. It would take hundreds of times as much water as we have at present to cover the tops of the highest mountains and a common sense appeal is, Where has the water gone to?

Calculations have shown the ark to have been four hundred

and fifty feet long, seventy-five feet broad, forty-five feet high, giving it a capacity of holding three or four hundred species of animals. Geology tells us that at that time there were then on our earth one hundred and fifty thousand species, one thousand species of mammals, six thousand birds, two thousand of reptiles and two thousand of insects. Isn't it reasonable to ask if it could have been other than a certain locality? If this is denied, we doubt the Mosaic writer's truthfulness. These animals were scattered over the whole globe and it was impossible to collect them, especially with the limitations with which Noah had to struggle.

The Bible positively states that the flood was sent as a penalty for man's sin. There were no men existing on our globe at that time except in Western Asia and they lived in a country ten degrees in breadth. It would hardly be expected that the primitive Adam and his descendants would have become so numerous as to cover the earth in sixteen or seventeen hundred years between the creation and the deluge. It was hardly necessary to inundate the whole earth in order to kill a race of people in Western Asia.

We grant that Genesis says: "All the hills that were under the whole heaven were covered," and other passages to indicate the whole earth, but this is not to be taken in the twentieth century light for our primitive father Noah knew no other world to exist except that bounded by his own horizon. What did the ancient Jews know of the unknown world?

At all times and in all literature universal terms are used to express a great quantity or space. So in the Scriptures, for instance: "All countries came into Egypt to buy corn because the famine was sore in all lands." During the plagues "the hail smote every beast of the field," and then follows: "And the locusts did eat every herb of the field which the hail left." Still again: "And all the earth sought the presence of Solomon to hear his wisdom." Numerous examples could be mentioned, but these suffice. Thus we say that the flood was universal to mankind then existing, but not in the twentieth century light. The land inundated by the flood is a consider-

able portion of Western Asia, part of which today is below sea level, and if in addition to the forty days' rain the Persian and Indian seas were raised there would be sufficient cause for a great flood, which possible was the case. This tract of the country, including Asia Minor, Armenia, and a part of Persia extending to the Caspian Sea is subject to volcanic shocks and sudden surface alterations.

Thus we explain the flood; but this does not say that it is any less miraculous to destroy a race of people through natural means than through supernatural.

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Stella's Full-Back

"Do you really think I can make it?" asked Tom Ainsley, as he twirled a gilt tipped cigarette in his slender fingers.

The question was for John Edwards, captain of the Tech football team of nineteen hundred. Tom was as handsome as he was gritty; for he was nearly six feet in height and possessed a body of unusually perfect outline, which seemed to even make his clothes hang more becomingly than the other fellows'. His opponent was Frank Dana, a firm lad of one hundred and sixty from Indiana, and the man who many of the boys thought would get the position.

"Tomorrow I will announce the team, Tom; be on the field promptly at five. You have a hard man to beat," said Edwards, in a careless sort of way, and he moved slowly toward his room, a few paces further down the hall.

To Tom the position of full-back on the Georgia Tech football team meant more than any of the college honors of his senior year; for Stella Amazon, whose hand he sought to win, was not only a football lover, but left her choice of a real man between her two brothers at the half-backs. They were known as "The Great Amazon Half-backs," and their every inch of flesh was full of the old Southern spirit.

It was either to be a double failure or a double victory, as Frank Dana was also a frequent visitor at the Amazon home. The night before she had spoken so much of Frank that most men would have been discouraged, but he was only the

more determined to win her, though it took football to do so.

It was after he had watched the small squad of men for some time that afternoon when he noticed Frank Dana becoming less accurate at every move. John was glad to see Coach Oglesby motion for Tom, as he knew he was the man for the position. Frank knew the rest and without a word sank back into the shadows of the enormous stands, which would be packed to the entrance on the following day with pretty girls and anxious students. As he walked home in the dim light of the late evening, he was overwhelmingly conscious that it was the result of his stubborn, foolish dissipation.

Five seconds before the end of the Clemson-Tech game the great Clemson half-back was within twenty yards of the goal and the ball in his arms. The game was seven to five for Tech, but if he crossed the goal with that ball Clemson would have the game. The whole Tech team was after him, but Tom, almost weak enough to fall was within three yards of him. He knew what it meant but was looking failure in the face. He was about to fall when from the stand in front he heard Stella shout, "Oh, Tom, Tom." With this encouragement he made a desperate lunge and the mighty Cooper was downed ten feet from the goal line, just as the shrill whistle sounded through the heavy morning air.

The game was over and he had started quietly out the gate, only to be followed by a mob of excited students. He was tossed high into the air again and again and the last time landed in his own door. He found a note, written in pencil, which "Uncle Charlie" said a young "gal" had left. He hurriedly opened it and read these words, "Oh, dear Tom, you won the game—must see you tonight. Stella."

It was just after early supper and Tom was walking hurriedly toward the Amazon home. As he looked around over the great city, it seemed that a new light came on every second from some dark nook or corner. He ascended the stone steps of a beautiful brownstone building, which faced a wide avenue, secluded from the noisy part of the city. His coun-

tenance was gay and his sparkling brown eyes looked as though they were to feast on some rich treasure.

The door flew open before he could ring and he was not met as usual by the angry maid, but by the lovely Stella, who had been waiting, even watching for him. She gave both of her small hands and he led her to the center of the large room where he could admire her from the top of her curly head to the tips of her dainty feet.

She looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her look before. The smooth outline of her perfect face, her snow-white forehead, partly hidden by small, thin curls of dark brown, and soft, even pitiful eyes of the same color, gave her the appearance of a queen, without a glance at her smooth silk gown, which barely showed her perfectly moulded figure, as it fell aimlessly to the richly colored velvet carpet below.

They had talked for two hours on many frivolous subjects but as he rose to bid farewell a serious shadow came over his smooth brown face. and he asked with much difficulty: "Stella, was it only the game that you wanted or was it that you wanted me to make good."

She said nothing, but holding her closely in his strong arms, he looked down into her large, bright eyes for his answer.

J. C. Wrightson, '11.

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Proven, But Too Late

A few more days; yes, he could now easily number the hours before he must go. Should it be without his answer? No! In this state of uncertainty life would bear heavily upon him and the days pass slowly by. Suppose it should not be "Yes." He dared not consider such a possibility.

Thus soliloquized John Avery as he lay in a hammock on the long piazza of his country home and gazed up into the midnight skies. It was one of those calm, peaceful nights on which dreamers love to sit in silent contemplation of the distant stars and dream—it may be of great wealth, of future honor and glory, or much more often, of love. John had only two more days prior to his departure for the Southern

army, and tonight his only dream was of a pair of deep, blue eyes and rosy cheeks. May Warner, his sweetheart, knew nothing of his early going away. Tomorrow he would tell her and at the same time learn his fate.

Never had he seen May so fair and lovely as when she met him this beautiful Sabbath afternoon. "Oh, John," she cried, "how glad I am to see you. I was just wondering if you had forgotten me."

"Never!" he replied; and for the first time her head drooped before his searching eyes.

Soon they were driving along a cool, shady road. Miles were being rapidly left behind, but still he dared not risk driving the sweet smile from her face. At last, when the sun was low, John turned his horses homeward. The sun had long gone down and still one mile lay ahead. Even the beautiful bays seemed to realize that they must not hasten too quickly home. The evening star peeped modestly from out its hiding, a covey of quail, as tame as doves, ran along the dusky road before the horses, and far away in the distance, a whippoorwill was calling for its mate. The call was not one of joyful expectancy, but seemed to be a sad, mournful cry for a lost companion.

"May, dearest," he whispered, "I have waited—ah, so long, but now you must hear me. I love you. Life will be joyless and this beautiful green earth a desert waste without you by my side. Be mine and this world will be one garden of ever-blooming flowers. Speak quickly, for we are nearly home."

Suddenly a desire to test the real sincerity of his love came over her. "No, John, it can never be," she said. In her face was written plainly: "Yes, in being your wife the fondest dream of my life will be realized."

These last words were spoken in a low tone, for they were already at the gate. A group of young people now joined them, and, taking advantage of their presence, May repelled John's every attempt to speak further with her.

Early one morning two days later, Mrs. Warner was awakened by a rap at her door. May entered softly and turned

the key in the lock. "Mamma," she cried, "I have had a terrible dream. You know I foolishly refused John when my heart bade me accept him. I dreamed that he had gone into General Lee's army and had become a brave soldier. I saw him fighting while bullets flew fast around his head. He fell, then rose again and rushed madly on far out beyond the foremost line. With quivering lips he murmured: 'In hard fighting I may forget or, perhaps, a bullet may end it all.'

"The war ended and years passed away. He had now become an honored statesman. 'Maybe wealth and honor will drive the old image from my mind,' was his hope. Later on he stood at the altar beside a beautiful heiress. 'Surely,' he thought, 'in trying to make her happy I, too, many find some peace.' Amid it all he was never content, but finally fell the victim of despair. One day he rushed madly from his office, down the street, and into a brilliant saloon. Lifting high the sparkling glass, he called wildly to those around him, 'I drink to the most beautiful woman under the sun, to her of whom, after tonight, I must dream no more.' The men fell back in astonishment when they saw before them John Avery. In this raving man they could scarcely recognize him upon whom they had always looked as an ideal man. In vain they tried to calm him. All reason was gone. Glass after glass was drained to the dregs until he fell in a drunken stupor and was taken home.

"This was only the beginning. Night after night found him in places of revelry. He was soon known as a professional gambler. One night in a drunken row he slew his fellow gambler and then became a fugitive from justice, a tramp, wandering over the land. And, mamma, I saw him in rags, plodding along a dusty road, and either stealing or begging the bread that kept him alive. When an old man, he resolved to see once more the idol of his boyhood days. Weary and worn, through rain and storm, he began his long journey home.

"In my dream I grew to old age. One beautiful spring evening when the birds were singing sweetly, the stars were

just coming out in all their glory, and all things seemed at perfect peace, I heard a faint moan at the door. A moment later someone softly whispered. 'May, come quickly.' Going to the door, I found lying there an old man. He had made his feeble way into the piazza and died with my name on his lips. Clasped in his hand was an old, faded photo, my own likeness given him years before. The dead man was—John."

When May had finished her story, she fell into a passionate fit of weeping. The dream had seemed so real, and besides, John was gone, she knew not where. Doubtless to the army; for President Davis had just called for 50,000 recruits. She now realized that he was gone beyond her power to call him back. The terrible error had been made and she trembled lest her dream should come true. Crying softly, she fell asleep and for a time forgot her troubles.

Forty years have come and gone, yet no tidings of John Avery have ever come to his old home. One beautiful night in April, when the earth was wrapped in its first great mantle of green, May Warner, now an old maid of sixty winters, was awakened by a rap at the door. And then there came a faint moan. Like a flash her dream came back to her. Dressing quickly, she slipped out into the long hall and on down to the piazza. There lay an old man—dead. In his hand, over his heart, was clasped an old photo—her own.

Somewhere far out in the dark night a whippoorwill was calling mournfully for its mate. Ah, yes, she had heard that cry before. Her mind went back to an evening long, long years ago, when she and John were young. "Oh, John, speak to me. Come, and we will go back over the flood of years and be lovers again." Ah, no, May, that can never be. John has suffered his last pang and gone to meet a merciful Judge. You, too, have had your share of sorrow and ere long will join him there.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

W. Grady Hazel, Editor-in-Chief

Salutatory

It is with a full realization of the responsibilities that rest upon us that we take up our work with The Journal this year. We realize that we cannot get out a good publication without the co-operation and help of every man in college. Every month we need stories, essays, and poems, and it is up to the boys to furnish them. We want every man to try. There are many men who can write well who have never tried. Try, and if your first effort does not succeed, try again. You cannot tell what you can do by just one trial. We want especially the new men to become interested in this work. We are willing to help you in any way possible, and to point out your mistakes and errors, as far as we are able, and help you to correct them. By saying new men, we do not only mean the Freshmen but every man in college who has not written

for The Journal before. Many a man has gone through college and, during that time, has not tested his ability or tried himself to see what he could do, and afterwards has become a good writer. If he had used his time writing while in college he would have been just that far ahead and would also have been a great help to his college journal. This Journal was begun by the boys for their own use and good and if a boy goes through college without taking advantage of this opportunity he has missed one great part of his education.

The Journal every year offers four medals for the best contributions, as follows: For the best short story from the Senior and Junior classes; for the best story from the Sophomore and Freshman classes; for the best essay, and for the best poem. Get to work. You may win one of these medals as well as anyone else. But, more important than this, let us all get together and work, not for the medals alone, but for the good it will do us and for the betterment and upbuilding of The Journal. We must keep it up to its usual high standard and it's up to the boys as much as it is to the editors.

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The Annual

Shall we get out an Annual this year? This is a question that many of the boys are thinking over at present. There seems to be much difference of opinion on the subject. Some are very much in favor of it; others think it best to let it drop this year. Let us look at the thing from a common sense standpoint and go to work and find out how many of the boys will subscribe to it and how much advertising we can get. We must remember that there are now fewer men in college than have been here before in several years and also that the standard has been raised and the boys have more work to do than they usually have, consequently having less time to devote to he Annual. Last year it was backed by the senior class and was successfully gotten out; this year the class is much smaller and, therefore, there will be fewer men to back and push it, for the senior class is the one on which most of the responsibility falls. It seems that it would be better to

bring the matter of the Annual before the student body this year. Let them stand back of the Annual and at once there will arise more enthusiasm among the boys and each will feel a keener interest in its welfare than if gotten out by one class. After all it does not belong to one class, but to the whole college, and every man should take a personal interest in the Annual if it is decided to get one out.

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Student Body Organization

At every institution there should be some kind of organization of the boys. There is now no such at Wofford. We have our literary societies and our classes organized but these rather tend to separate the student body and divide it into clans and sections than to hold it together. A student body organization would cause more college spirit among the boys and wolud engender a common feeling that is the life of every college. Now, if anything of importance to the boys is to be brought up, it has to be put before either each class or each society separately; with this organization, these matters could be brought before all the students at once and thus save the time and trouble of having several different meetings. So, if this will benefit us to this extent, why not have it? Let us get together and form his organization so that we may work with more of a common interest for the common good of the students and of the college.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Daniel L. Betts, Editor
E. K. Epps, Assistant Editor

In extending our greetings to our exchanges we would express the wish that our relations might be friendly and sympathetic during this college year. Now, this does not mean that we wish to band ourselves into a mutual admiration society. Far from it! But to be of any benefit to each other in our criticisms—we use the word advisedly—we must be sympathetic—otherwise we shall be harsh and even unfair. It is the work of a friend to point out the shortcomings and inefficiencies of another; it is an enemy, or else a schemer, who invariably flatters. If we can with some degree of equity estimate the worth of the exchanges which shall come to our desk, we shall feel that we are accomplishing the task to which we are setting ourselves.

That there is real value in much of the college literature of today few would deny, but that much more of it is absolutely worthless—so far as culture is concerned—is obvious. Now, to discriminate between these is not as easy as it might seem, yet we undertake it with a good heart, and that, too, realizing the fact that we unconsciously reveal ourselves in the estimates we place upon others and their work. For ourselves, we hope that we shall be able to see the merits and demerits of what it shall be our privilege to adjudge in a more or less dispassionate manner. And lastly, we hope that we shall not be afflicted with "that fell disease—to have no faith in friends."

To all our exchanges we extend a hearty greeting.

CLIPPINGS

Mr. Thomas Cat was calling on Miss Tabitha Cat.

Mr. Cat—Miss Tabby, you look as if you have just had a good meal.

Miss Tabby—O dear! is my rat showing?

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the wait-a-while flower fair,
Where the some-time-or-other scents the air,
And the soft go-easys grow?

It lies in the valley of What's-the-use,
In the province of Let-her-slide;
That tired feeling is native there,
It's the home of the listless I-don't-care,
Where the put-it-offs abide.

SEPTEMBER, HAIL!

And now the merry autumn whirl begins;
On rustic woodland paths the first gold leaves
And red, vie with the poppies in the sheaves
In making gay reflections in each pool.

The breezes that throughout the long warm months
Have sighed and whispered to the birds all day,
Now romp and haste them on their southward way;
Farewell to summer; fair September, hail!

I roused me from my slumbers,
I hied me from my bed;
If I had known what breakfast was
I would have slept instead.

First Laborer—How do you like them college boys' cheers?

Second Ditto—I got docked for an hour yesterday, taking it for the quit whistle.

THE GIRL FOR HIM.

She—I'm living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion.

He—How long can you keep it up?

She—Oh, indefinitely, I guess.

He—Then let's get married.

DECADENT VERSE.

Our
Poetry
Is
Running
Down,

The
Poets
Are
To
Blame:

Nothing's
On
The
Level
Now—

It
Is
A
Downright
Shame!

THE RHYTHMIC LOVERS.

He—If I had a-known you'd
A-wanted to went
I'd a-sure come and took you,
You bet your last cent.

She—If I'd a-thunk that's
What you'd a-did,
You bet I'd a-wrote you
To take me, old kid.

LOST.

"Did Jones lose control of his auto?"
"Completely; the cook uses it all the time."

All the belles,
Round in dells,
Cannot help but admire;
And I know
I'm the beau
Whom the maidens desire!

AERIAL ARMENITIES.

Said the Lightning to the Aeronaut:
"You'd better get from under."
Said the Aeronaut to the Lightning:
"Aw, will you go to thunder!"

THE BACHELOR AND THE MAID.

A bachelor sat in his chair, and he thought;
And he made up his mind that he would not be caught;

And yet he wanted to do what he ought—
And he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

A little maid sat in her chair, and she thought;
And she made up her mind that she would not be caught;
And yet she wanted to do as she ought—
And she thought, and she thought, and she thought.

The bachelor sat in his chair, and he thought;
And the little maid sat by him—just as she ought;
But alas! they forgot about not being caught—
And they thought, and they thought, and they thought.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Geo. O. Beach, Editor

CLASS ELECTIONS.

Elections have been held in all of the classes with the following results:

Senior Class.—C. B. Dawsey, president; J. L. McCall, vice-president; W. F. Klugh, secretary and treasurer; J. S. Jones, captain baseball team; J. Wannamaker, manager baseball team; W. G. Hazel, poet; D. L. Betts, prophet; J. K. Davis, historian.

Junior Class.—O. C. Bennett, president; H. Langford, vice-president; D. M. Turbeville, secretary and treasurer; A. L. Humphries, captain baseball team; L. C. Braddy, manager baseball team.

Sophomore Class.—R. B. McIver, president; J. L. Glenn, vice-president; W. L. All, secretary and treasurer; J. L. Glenn, captain baseball team; J. R. Walker, manager baseball team.

Freshman Class.—Vernon Patterson, president; G. H. Hodges, vice-president; Hugh Black, secretary and treasurer; G. H. Hodges, captain baseball team; D. Hall, manager baseball team.

ENROLLMENT.

The enrollment this year is not as large as it has been for the past few years, due to the fact that the standard has been raised. One hundred and ninety-nine students have been registered. The following is the number by classes: Senior, 45; Junior, 49; Sophomore, 58; Freshman, 47.

BASEBALL.

All of the class baseball teams have been organized, and a warm race for the cup is going on. Owing to the wet weather at the opening of school the class games were delayed a week, and only half of them have been played. The first game was between the Seniors and the Freshmen, and as a courtesy to

the new men on the field the Seniors allowed the game to go. The next day when the game was called the Juniors, who recognize that they will soon be Seniors, followed the example of their elder brothers and presented the game to the Sophomores. And it is a problem at this time to determine where the cup will land. The Freshman team "showed up" well in the games already played, and possibly the cup might fall to them.

LYCEUM.

Through the untiring efforts of Prof. J. A. Gamewell, the lyceum course this year is one of the best in its history. The first attraction, "The College Singing Girls," appeared Tuesday evening, September 28, showing to a large audience, all of whom were well pleased with the entertainment. This is the first year that "The College Singing Girls" have appeared here, and they made a "hit," especially with the boys, who will be glad to see this in the lyceum course for next year.

Among the other attractions offered this year are:

1. President Southwick, of Boston.
2. Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri.
3. The Gamble Concert Co.
4. Dr. James H. Kirkland.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

Several officers of the literary societies did not return this year, and it has been necessary to hold elections in all three of the societies to supply these vacancies.

In the Calhoun Society, R. A. Goolsby was elected vice-president.

In the Carlisle Society, W. B. Baker was elected vice-president.

The election in the Preston Society resulted as follows: C. Otis All, vice-president; J. K. Davis, oratorical speaker; W. P. Meadors, assistant literary editor Journal.

PERSONALS.

A large number of the students were present at the dedication of the King's Mountain monument Thursday, October 7. Dr. Henry N. Snyder delivered the oration.

—

R. C. Folger, class of '09, who is teaching in Hastoc High School, is in college again this year, applying for an M. A. degree.

—

W. D. DuPre, class of '09, is taking a special course this year.

—

J. M. Steadman, class of '09, is secretary to the president and is also applying for an M. A. degree.

—

C. Albert Johnson and W. A. McKelvey, class '08, were on the campus this week.

—

Among those who attended the opening were F. C. Huff, R. B. Hicks, B. H. France, F. W. Felkel, and others.

WANTED!

To know why the girls are always smiling at Sr. Cely.

Prof. Wiggins—When does a woman put on the veil and hood?

Junior Snyder—When she becomes a widow, professor.

Fresh. Humphries, passing Converse College: "What church is this?"

Soda Fountain Attendant—What flavor, please?

Senior Wilkes—Have you anything to match these socks?

In his flight to get away from the Sophs., Fresh. Watson ran into the Saturday Evening Post.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. K. Davis, Editor

To the New Men: New men, many of you have left your homes for the first time. You are now face to face with a new environment and a different field of activity to which you have been accustomed. There are many sides of college life, and here let us plead that you make yourself active, and bring your influence to bear upon every side which you can touch. There is the athletic field, the gymnasium, the glee club, the literary societies, and the Y. M. C. A. Do your best in all of these, and try to stand at the head of your class in every study. But with all of these—and every one of them is good and cannot be rightly neglected—there is a deeper and more vital side of your nature. Let us plead above all things that you do not neglect the spiritual side of your life. Ally yourself with the Young Men's Christian Association; attend all of its meetings; throw yourself with life and soul into its work, and that dear mother at home, we are sure, will feel much safer about you. There are prayers from all over this and other States ascending from consecrated mothers, that her boy in Wofford may always make the right decision, and live a pure, sincere, and deeply spiritual life, of which she will be proud, the college honor, and the people of the State admire.

Within one month after college opens, you will not only have chosen your way of life for the next four years, but for your whole career. Choose your chums and associates with the greatest precision. For this higher and nobler life, let us, the boys of the Y. M. C. A., unite and strive to make the moral life on this campus what it ought to be and what every mother would have it be.

* * *

THE Y. M. C. A. RECEPTION.

On Friday evening after the opening, the annual reception to the new students was given by the Y. M. C. A. Everything

came off as usual, with the characteristic snap and fun. At 9:30 the whole student body assembled in chapel and heard words of welcome and greeting to the new men by the various student organizations. The new men were welcomed in behalf of the Senior class by J. K. Davis; the Junior class, by H. G. Hardin; the Sophomore class, by R. T. Wilson. The representatives of the three societies then extended their greeting—E. H. Hammond for the Calhoun, D. L. Betts for the Carlisle Society, and G. K. Craig for the Preston. The Journal was represented by W. G. Hazel, the Annual by R. L. Keaton, the Glee Club by R. A. Goolsby, the athletic association by G. A. Beach, the Fitting School by Moore.

In conclusion, Mr. Hodges in a few well-chosen words and witty expressions expressed in behalf of the Freshman class their many thanks for the courtesies, good will and hearty welcome extended by all of these organizations. The meeting was then adjourned for the reception to be held in Science Hall. Many of the young ladies from the city were present, and we believe this was the most enjoyable feature of the occasion. The Freshmen sure do like pretty girls.

* * *

THE FIRST Y. M. C. A. SERVICE OF THE YEAR.

On Sunday afternoon of the 19th, the Y. M. C. A. gathered for their first meeting in the college chapel. The attendance was unusually large. Prof. Clinkscales was the speaker of the occasion, his subject being, "Daniel and His Purpose." His speech was great, and to the point. He tried to impress on us that we should purpose in our minds and hearts not to defile ourselves with the sins and vices of college life, and that this year be spent in the right way—rightly using our time and talents and living a purely consecrated Christian lite. He impressed the fact that the new men should ally themselves with those influences and those associations, such as the Y. M. C. A., which make for their best life in college and their greater success in years to come.

THE BIBLE STUDY RALLY.

On September 25th our Bible Study Rally was held, the address of the occasion being made by Prof. Rembert. He made very clear to us the gross ignorance among college students of the Bible. He gave many reasons why the modern college man could not afford to have only a smattering idea of the contents of this the greatest of all books. He emphasized that the Bible was essentially the great thing to make the larger and better life of every student, that we could not walk that straight and narrow way without its help as our guide. After the address was concluded cards were passed around to enroll those who would take the Y. M. C. A. courses in Bible study. Quite a number enrolled.

* * *

THE BIBLE STUDY CONFERENCE.

The State Intercollegiate Bible Study Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association was held at Wofford from the 1st to the 3d of October. Dr. S. C. Mitchell, the president of the University of South Carolina, made the opening address on "The Bible and its Message to Modern Men." Dr. Mitchell is an able speaker and a scholarly gentleman, and his presentation of this subject was one of the greatest and most inspiring of the conferences.

On Saturday morning the regular Bible study work was taken up and discussed in full. Mr. J. E. Johnson, the interstate secretary for college work, presided over the meeting. Dr. W. D. Weatherford, the student secretary in the South for the international committee, was present and joined in the discussions. Plans and methods of carrying on systematic Bible study in our college were ably and fully discussed.

On Saturday night the entire Y. M. C. A. of Wofford, and the delegates from the other colleges, turned out at Converse as guests of the Y. W. C. A. For some time before eight o'clock, the boys, having gathered in front of the college, indulged in college songs and yells and giving cheers to Converse.

Prof. D. W. Daniel, of Clemson College, made the address

of the evening, his subject being, "If I Were a College Student Again." His message was one of power and deep spirituality, and the humor and wit which he occasionally used made it thoroughly beneficial and enjoyable to all. He emphasized Bible study, saying that the Bible was a part of every man's education and should not be neglected.

After the address the boys were then taken to the reception halls and there introduced to the girls. From the beginning to 10:30 there was a constant hum and chatter; both boys and girls seemed to be having the time of their lives. To many this, we dare say, was the most enjoyable feature of the conference.

On Sunday morning, Dr. H. N. Snyder made an address on Bible study. This was the most impressive speech of the conference. He spoke with more than his usual power and force. He made us to see the beauties and virtues and essential importance of that great Book of Books in a most vivid manner. No one could have heard that lecture without determining in his own life that hereafter the Bible would be a more vital and dominant influence in molding his life.

On Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock Dr. W. D. Weatherford addressed the conference, the Wofford Y. M. C. A. and the city Y. M. C. A., on the awfulness of sin. It was a message of great power and truth. This meeting we would say was the most deeply spiritual of all the services.

The closing session of the conference was held Sunday night in Bethel Methodist church. The main auditorium and Sunday school rooms were crowded. Dr. Weatherford spoke on the book of Hosea and the message it had to men. His remarks, though particularly addressed to the young men attending the conference, were very applicable to every one present.

This address brought to a close the fourth Intercollegiate Bible Study Conference held in this State. More than eighty delegates representing the colleges of the State interested in Y. M. C. A. Bible study were present. It was a success in every way, and we predict that as a result of this deepening of feeling and the inspiration received concerning Bible study that there

will be more college men engaged in active, systematic study of the Bible this year than ever before in this State.

Wofford enjoyed having the conference this year, and hopes that it will not be long before she has another conference to entertain.

* * *

Let every man in college join the Young Men's Christian Association. It will mean the greatest thing to you in your college life.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

J. L. McCall, Editor

CLASS OF 1909.

E. D. Andrews.

F. E. Bearden is with one of the cotton mills near Spartanburg.

H. Bouchier is on the faculty of the Hastoc High School.

L. K. Breeden is in business with his father at Bennettsville.

J. C. Brogden is at the Baltimore Medical College.

T. L. Coleman has a position with a cotton mill at Greenwood.

H. M. Cox is teaching in North Carolina.

H. L. Creech.

F. M. Crum is at Vanderbilt.

W. C. Curry is principal of Johnston High School.

R. M. Cudd is at his home in Spartanburg.

M. Dargan, Jr., is at Vanderbilt.

R. H. Dominick is teaching in a female college in North Carolina.

T. B. DuBose is teaching.

W. D. DuPre is taking his A. M. degree at Wofford.

C. A. Easterling is in the insurance business at Hickory, N. C.

L. C. Elrod is at his home in Piedmont, S. C.

F. W. Felkel is in the real estate business in Anderson.

R. C. Folger is teaching at Hastoc High School, and is also taking his A. M. degree here.

B. H. France has a position in Spartanburg.

J. H. Glenn is principal of the Yorkville Graded School.

J. C. Hardin is now connected with the National Union Bank, of Rock Hill, S. C.

C. V. Hayes is teaching at Greers, S. C.

O. L. Herring has a position in Spartanburg.

R. B. Hicks is taking a course at the Spartanburg Business College.

T. F. Hill is now at his home in Anderson, after spending the summer abroad.

F. C. Huff is teaching in North Carolina.

J. C. Huffman is teaching in Marion county.

D. Huggins is teaching near Glendale, this county.

R. C. Huggins is principal of Lamar Graded School.

M. G. Latham is at Vanderbilt.

J. B. Latimer is teaching at Oswego, S. C.

J. B. Mahaffey is teaching at McColl, S. C.

R. S. Major is teaching at Johnsonville, S. C.

D. P. McCain is teaching at Remberts.

D. C. McLeod has a job in Birmingham, Ala.

T. C. Montgomery is teaching at Laurens, S. C.

B. R. Mullins has a position at his home in Marion.

B. Muraoka is at Vanderbilt.

P. M. Murph is teaching at Society Hill.

W. G. Nichols is in business at his home in Nichols, S. C.

W. J. Parks has a position in the depot at his home in Greenwood.

G. F. Patton is teaching at Winnsboro.

V. D. Ramseur is at his home in Central, S. C.

M. Richardson.

A. L. Rogers is keeping books for the firm of Montgomery & Crawford, in this city.

W. E. Rogers is farming at his home, near Bennettsville.

J. C. Rushton is at his home in Bennettsville.

J. W. Scott is teaching at Harleyville, S. C.

J. F. Simmons is at his home in Orangeburg county.

E. P. Stabler is preaching at Inman, S. C.

R. B. Stackhouse is studying law at Vanderbilt.

J. M. Steadman is on the Wofford Fitting School faculty.

E. P. Stephenson is teaching school in North Carolina.

A. E. Tinsley is taking a course in law at Vanderbilt.

W. S. Whitaker is teaching at Moultrie, Ga.

J. F. Woodley is at his home in Sumter county.

P. F. Finch is at his home in Spartanburg county.

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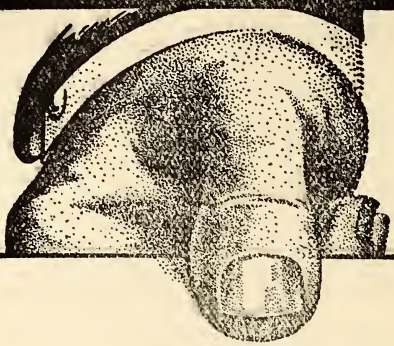

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Wofford College Journal

IN MEMORIAM

JAMES H. CARLISLE

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1854—1909

November, 1909

#181

PUBLISHED BY
The Calhoun, Carlisle and Preston Literary Societies
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V. XXI
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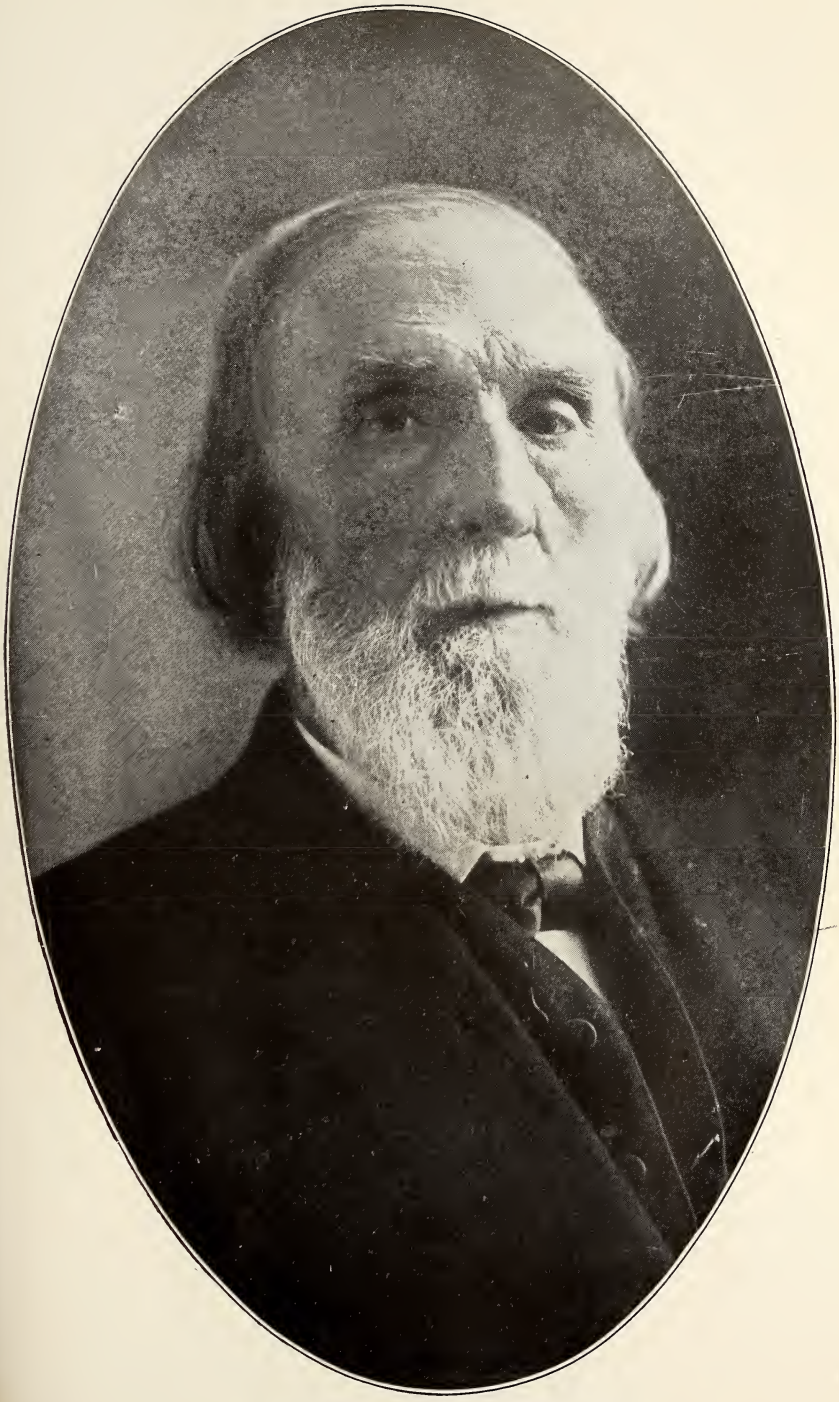
CONTENTS

Acrostic 41
Dr. Carlisle 42
Sketch of the Life and Character of Dr. James H. Carlisle 43
Our Dr. Carlisle 55
Dr. Carlisle as Seen by the Students 56
To Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle 62
Resolutions in Memory of Dr. Carlisle 62
Tributes from Those Who Have Known Dr. Carlisle Personally 67
Dr. Carlisle's Influence at a Distance 84
From the Press 85
A Most Remarkable Layman 104
Prayer and Resolutions by Home Mission Conference 105
Dr. Carlisle's Influence with Fellow Soldiers and Former Pupils 107
Dr. L. M. Roper Pays Tribute to Dr. Carlisle 111
Pallbearers 112



JAMES H. CARLISLE, LL. D.

Just as the sun, behind a western hill,
Adorns the heavens with its radiant beams,
Makes them to glow with brilliancy until
Earth lit up with reflected splendor seems,
So with this noble man, although he's gone,

His greatness, shining out through other men,

Continues ever to go on and on;
And through the lives of these he lives again;
Resembling much a wave upon the deep,
Lashing itself to pieces 'gainst the shore,
Is broken, but yet not destroyed, and sweeps
Still back again and onward evermore—
Like this, he lives forever on until
Earth to the uttermost parts his life will fill.

—W. Grady Hazel.

Dr. Carlisle

W. GRADY HAZEL, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

No one who has not been in some way connected with Wofford College can fully understand and appreciate what Dr. Carlisle has meant to us. His entire heart and soul was with the Wofford boys; although he was offered higher and better paying positions, he chose to remain among his own people and there exert his influence for good in bringing up and training the boys of his native State. A great heart, reinforced with a great mind, was the rare gift he laid at Wofford's feet. In his example and in the memory of his life we have a heritage that will remain with us through the coming years as a light unto our feet, guiding us toward that life of purity of thought and deed which he lived throughout his whole long life. It seems but fitting that we should dedicate this issue of our college journal to him whose whole life, heart and soul were concerned so greatly in our welfare.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Dr. James H. Carlisle

BY D. D. WALLACE.

For fifty-five years there could be seen upon the Wofford College campus or the streets of Spartanburg a large, square-shouldered man, very tall and very straight, with strong but kindly face and steel-gray eyes keen and bright as stars. His long stride, his prompt, almost military movements, his rich, powerful voice, more like deep organ notes than anything else to which it might be compared, made him a man who would be noted in any company. Such was Dr. James H. Carlisle, the dean of the brotherhood of teachers in South Carolina.

President Snyder relates that when he was coming to Wofford College, nineteen years ago, Prof. Charles Forster Smith, who had been here both as student and professor, said to him of Dr. Carlisle: "He is the most a New Testament man of any you have ever known." The phrase justly describes the great teacher. Dr. Carlisle was possessed of a powerful intellect; his nature was marked throughout by the traits of a strong, great man; but most to be noted, oftenest manifesting itself, farthest reaching in its influence, best revealing the essence of his character, was this: He was the most like the Man about whom the New Testament is written of any we have ever known.

James Henry Carlisle was born May the 4th, 1825, at Winnsboro, S. C. His father, William Carlisle, was a farmer and physician, who devoted himself to his practice more than to his farming, however, of which latter he was not fond. On his maternal side, Dr. Carlisle was descended from the Buchanans of Scotland, a family noted for centuries for its firm integrity and the broad scholars it has furnished. The Carlisles came to America from northern Ireland, the father in 1818, and the mother, Miss Buchanan, a little later. They were married in 1820 in Winnsboro. They were first cousins, and had lived near each other in Ireland.

Dr. Carlisle's school days were spent first in his native town, and later in Camden, to which place his parents had moved.

He was taught by Profs. James W. Hudson, master of the famous Mt. Zion Academy at Winnsboro, McCandless, Hatfield, and Leland. Incidents survive regarding this period which show the boy to have been possessed of the same strong emotional nature which as a teacher he so often displayed in enforcing his just displeasure. On one occasion a teacher compelled him, as a punishment, to write upon his slate the words "stupid goose," and show it around to the scholars. "Aren't you ashamed!" said the teacher, as the performance was concluded; "stupid goose!" Quick as a flash the boy answered with outraged feelings, "No, I'm not; because it's a lie!" What happened then the Doctor always declined to specify; but regardless of the sequel, the incident is worth what it cost if the child be really father to the man.

The family having moved to Camden, the boy was there prepared for the South Carolina College, in which, late in February, 1842, he was enrolled as a Sophomore. The young man rode to Columbia on horseback. He was not well prepared, and I have heard him say that he is sure he could not have passed a rigid entrance examination. But by hard work he won his place and graduated with second honor, Gen. P. H. Nelson, who was killed during the war of secession at the "Crater," winning first honor. Carlisle's graduating speech was on the poet Shelley, and called forth much favorable comment.

For the first four years after graduation Mr. Carlisle taught in the Odd Fellows' Institute in Columbia, and for the next six in the Columbia Male Academy in Columbia. In those days there were no publicly supported schools, and every schoolmaster collected his own fees. Dr. Carlisle's well known aversion to money-seeking is exemplified by his remark, made fifty years after this experience, to me as a young teacher going to my first appointment, that he actually felt that rather than go from patron to patron requesting the payment of what was due him, he would have gone to work and earned it over again. The suffering caused to his sensitive soul by that was great.

In 1848, while teaching in Columbia, he married Miss Mar-

garet Jane Bryce, of that place. This faithful companion, devoted with rare singleness of heart to her family and its interests, died during the Christmas holidays of 1891. She was the mother of four children, two of whom died in infancy, and two of whom, Miss Sarah Herbert Carlisle, and Jas. H. Carlisle, Jr., survive their parents.

Benjamin Wofford died in 1850. The college bearing his name was opened in August, 1854. At the Methodist Conference in Newberry in November, 1853, the trustees of the college held a meeting. Said Dr. Carlisle, in talking to a friend some time ago about his early years, "In November, 1853, I went to the South Carolina Annual Conference at Newberry. I had registered at the hotel and was going up stairs, when I met several gentlemen coming down. Brother Stacy said to me, 'I congratulate you. Wofford College has just been organized and you have been elected professor of mathematics.' I was surprised, for it was the first intimation I had had of it. I had not been a candidate."

Professor Carlisle, as Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, was thus one of the original faculty of Wofford College, and, in the expressive words of President Snyder, of him alone it could be said that he knew every student who, up to the present time, has set his foot upon this hill. At the first commencement, June 24 and 25, 1855, there was no graduating class, but the faculty furnished a sort of salutatory and inaugural program. After the others had spoken, the youngest, "Prof. Carlisle, tall, imposing, modest, in the vigor of thirty years of youth, followed, as a hearer expressed it, 'in one of his own happy efforts, at once profound, simple, delightful.' The subject matter was moral and philosophical, 'at times thrilling,' we can easily believe. A distinct contrast, a contrast which he felt without throwing into prominence, was presented in his close with a portion of the address of President Wightman. 'He extended a fraternal hand to all similar institutions,' and paid 'a tribute to the South Carolina College—in some sort the mother of us all, said the orator, and hoped that when Wofford should celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, as the State

College is doing this year, that institution, still vigorous and flourishing, might be celebrating its one hundredth.' "*

The South Carolina Secession Convention was composed of men of great character and ability. Realizing the gravity of the occasion, the people had elected one of the two most distinguished bodies in the political annals of the State, the other being the convention of 1832. To the Secession Convention Dr. Carlisle was a delegate from Spartanburg county. He was also a member of the State House of Representatives in 1863-4. While in the House, he made a speech in support of a bill enlarging the common school system which is described as of great eloquence and power. He was appointed a member of the State Board of Education under Hampton's administration, Hugh S. Thompson being State Superintendent. These were the only political positions he ever filled.

In 1875 Dr. A. M. Shipp, the second president of the institution, having accepted a position in Vanderbilt University, Dr. Carlisle was made president of Wofford College, in which capacity he served until 1902, at which time, on account of advancing years, he positively refused longer to continue in the position. He was still in perfect health and mental vigor; but more than a year previously he had announced his intention of retiring from executive duties, and had continued a little longer only at the urgent solicitation of the Board of Trustees. Such a situation is often accompanied by incidents painful to the retiring official and embarrassing to his successor and to the trustees. Never did a man drawing to the close of his years of activity meet all the proprieties of the circumstances in a more perfect manner and spirit.

Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder immediately took up the duties of president, and Dr. Carlisle for his remaining years occupied the position of President-Emeritus and Professor of Astronomy and Ethics. He continued to meet his classes six or eight times a week to the commencement preceding his death.

Dr. Carlisle was twice sought as the President of his *alma*

*From sketch of Wofford College, by the present writer, in The Aurora. Details were secured from Dr. Carlisle and a contemporary newspaper account.

mater, and a number of times he was offered professorships in other institutions. In the early 70's, for instance, while drawing a few hundred dollars in depreciated greenbacks at Wofford, he was offered a position in a California college at $2,000 in gold; but nothing could induce him to leave Wofford.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him in 1870 (or possibly a year or so earlier) by the Southwestern University, of Georgetown, Texas. He was elected to the first General Conference to which laymen were eligible, that of 1870, and was elected to each succeeding General Conference through 1898. He was sent as lay fraternal delegate by his church to the Northern Methodists in their General Conference in Cincinnati in 1880. He was elected a delegate to the first Ecumenical Conference, in London in 1881, and to the second in Washington in 1891, but attended only the latter. His last appearance in public was to make an address before the Wofford College Teachers' Summer School during the past summer.

One of the most affecting incidents ever witnessed in the college chapel was at the commencement exercises in 1895, when Hon. Samuel Dibble, the first graduate of the college, unexpectedly, except to the alumni, stepped upon the rostrum to present to Dr. Carlisle a handsome gold watch and chain, the gift of the alumni in attendance. The recollections which crowded upon the speaker as he voiced his peculiarly fitting sentiments almost incapacitated him for speech. Dr. Carlisle was even more visibly moved. "Can this be the young student and this the young professor of fifty years ago?" he asked. He expressed his gratitude for the feelings which had prompted the act of his old pupils, and professed his unworthiness of such devotion. He said that there and then he wished to ask the pardon of any student to whom he had ever been unjust. But his words were few, in accordance with his remark on another such occasion, when the students presented him with a token of their affectionate regard, that "one who could fittingly respond on such an occasion would be unworthy of the occasion."

An incident springing from similar sentiments and illustrating the feeling of the people of his home towards him, occurred on his seventy-ninth birthday. About two hundred of the business and professional men of Spartanburg, on the afternoon of May the 4th, 1904, marched in a body to the Doctor's residence on the campus and expressed, through Mr. Stobo J. Simpson, their veneration and affection for the man, the teacher, the citizen whose life had done so much for them and their community. One of the most remarkable tributes to the Doctor was the universality of the admiration and affection of which he was the object. The poorest and the most abandoned, the most learned and the most ignorant, the cultivated and sensitive and the most crass and stolid, alike paid homage to his talents and his life. The good saw what they delighted in; the indifferent or vicious, what their better nature bowed to.

The Doctor was a faithful teacher in the Sunday School, and was possessed of rare ability to interest, instruct and inspire in his lectures upon the lesson. Said a gentleman recently, some men have the gift of illustrating the Bible from common life, but Dr. Carlisle illustrated common life from the Bible. It was said of Whitefield that he could pronounce the word Mesopotamia in such a way as to melt an audience to tears. This may illustrate what I mean by saying that the effect of what Dr. Carlisle said was immensely enhanced by his tone and manner. Winged words sprung up in the path of his speech as the offspring of "his thought * * * suffused with feeling at high tension." Once I remember in speaking of profane and vulgar language, he turned suddenly to the young men and, with flashing eyes and vibrant tones, exclaimed: "The temple of your soul is become the menagerie for the obscene reveling of every unclean beast!" It was too hideous, too repulsive; how could one consent to be in such a state?

Dr. Carlisle was one of those positive and intensely interesting characters to whom is applied the term "a personality." Many are the incidents embalmed in the memory of generations of students illustrating his pathos, his eloquence, his solicitude like a mother's for the students, his elevated ideals, and the

heat of his righteous indignation. In middle life he was an austere teacher—austere in his methods as an instructor and austere in his treatment of disorderly or unworthy conduct, but relenting freely towards the wrong-doer who showed genuine repentance. Students of a later day who have sat in the softer light of the evening of a life which has gained all the mellowness but none of the asperity of age, can hardly realize the sublime power of passionate emotion which the great fatherly teacher sometimes displayed. His kindness, his sweet gentleness, were the more engaging for that they were the gentleness of a man of titanic will and a heart of flame. At times his powerful emotions shook his frame and his audible breathing was like that of an excited charger. The eloquence of his indignation, when thoroughly aroused, was sublime.

The Doctor's magnanimity was always more than equal to his severity. The following incident, in about 1880, was a painful humiliation to him, but it elevated him in the eyes of his class: After the calling of the roll, he had requested the class to close their books and had begun the recitation. Soon he noticed a student in the back of the room reading in his text book. It looked mean; it appeared a clear, unmitigated case of cheating. The Doctor delivered to the student a terrible reprimand. Then he paused. The offending student said quietly, "Doctor, I did not hear you say close your books." It was like a blow. The man of the large heart attempted no explanation or excuse, but rose from his chair, walked the length of the room with extended hand, and grasped the hand of the student, with the words, expressing much more than their formal appearance on paper can indicate, "Mr. ———, I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon!"

You know no man unless you know his humor; I relate the following incident to illustrate the Doctor's abundant supply of a fine quality of this gift. There was at that time a very young but extremely dignified professor, recently returned from Germany. To the digust of the boys, he had introduced the study of Anglo-Saxon, a subject in which he afterwards attained some distinction. One of the students gained un-

lawful access to his room and wrote upon the board an excellent piece of rhyming wit at the expense of German scholarship and its local representative. The offender confessed, and, at the instance of the professor, was summoned before the faculty. The president wore his severest expression and forced his index finger, against which his face rested, to an unusual height along his temple, always regarded by the boys as a sure register of the gravity of the occasion, as he asked, "Well, Mr. K., what are *you* summoned before the faculty for?" With a gesture of helpless innocence and a voice full of pathos (of which he is a master to this day), K. answered, "For writin' po-er-try, Doctor!" The Doctor burst into a laugh and dismissed the case without further inquiry.

Dr. Carlisle's system of discipline as president was his own. It rested upon the principle of disciplining the boy upon the inside instead of the outside. That is, he was never satisfied with any discipline which simply did something *to* the boy; he insisted on doing something *with* and *in* the boy. Its mechanism consisted almost entirely in breaking up the meanness or curing the blindness by a vigorous moral passage, securing a sincere confession of guilt and sorrow and a promise of amendment. This system left no sting; it was not primarily punishment, but reformation; it looked principally not on the past, but towards the future. Says a competent witness, I have studied the systems of discipline of all the Southern colleges, and Dr. Carlisle's gets the best results of them all.

In the short talks which he frequently addressed to the entire student body at the morning chapel services, on the occasion of some great man's birthday, some great event in the world, some awful tragedy recounted in the daily press in the life of a young man, or simply because the impulse was upon him, he was unapproachable. After listening, as a member of the faculty, in wrapped attention and delight to such words, I have heard middle-aged colleagues who had heard him for many, many years exclaim that no other man could ever put such power into such words.

One occasion which will never be forgotten was a certain morning on which a great moral question—the eternal ques-

tion of the young man and the strange woman—demanded strong speech. He requested his colleagues to leave the chapel —a request which I never knew him to make except on that occasion. He was, it chanced, in bodily weakness, and seated himself upon the rostrum in a chair. On such occasions, the accidental surroundings of time and place seemed to sink away; classmates were no longer perceived; each student seemed to himself to be alone with the man at the other end of his range of vision; the moments were intense, and it was a relief to the over-wrought faculties when one was free to seek the open air.

All subjects appealed to the Doctor in their moral or religious aspects, and of him it has been said that he impressed more moral and religious truths upon his students in teaching mathematics than many men might in teaching the Bible itself. This is well illustrated by the following incident in his class in astronomy. The class were listening, under the still heavens of a winter night as, standing in the midst of them, he pointed out various stars and constellations. The natural dignity of his manner was very impressive and suited the grandeur of the subject of which he was speaking. His closing words were, "And yet, young men, all these worlds and suns are not worth one human soul." I was awed; I believed it. I had doubtless heard something to the same effect before; but now I knew that it was so.

The essential and fundamental feature of the Doctor's teaching was the personal contact and influence of the teacher with the individual student. This inspired his saying, "When two hundred and fifty students enter the front door of Wofford College, I go out at the back." He considered that the small college had a mission impossible to be performed by any other agency—a conviction to which many of the most eminent educators are today being forced. To sit as a student under such a man was one of the most precious privileges that could come into one's life. He was never at his greatest except in the class room. Indeed many of his public addresses seemed weak by comparison. The intensity of his moral power was at times almost terrible to experience; and while

he held men, as between heaven and earth, seeing themselves and feeling that they were seen as open, uncovered spirits, thoughts and convictions burned themselves with white heat indelibly into the soul. He seemed privileged to take live coals from off the altar and touch young souls with purifying.

No teaching was oftener on the doctor's lips than men's debt of love and reverence to their mothers. Every mother was to him holy by her office, her sacrifice, her service; and if woman could be anything other in his mind than what she is in the best meaning of the word, he never spoiled the ideals of young men by revealing it.

The Doctor was accustomed, generally at the beginning of the session, to impress upon the faculty in a few sentences, such as he had the gift of uttering, the nature and weight of their responsibilities towards the students gathered from so many distant homes. It was on possibly the last of such occasions that he spoke of some of the dangers that threatened American life. The strength of the Doctor's message was especially to the individual soul, and he did not often discuss "problems"; but in this instance, after an allusion to certain tendencies of contemporary life, he concluded with almost the following words: "This country will never go down in ruin for lack of educated, skilled men; it may go down for lack of moral character. And yet our Lord knew infinitely more of the good and evil in the world than we; He knew all things, and He was no pessimist."

No man in his own imperfect character can justly figure Christ; but our dim human eyes, our dull human spirits, sometimes realize more vividly what the Christ on earth was, what the living Christ is, from seeing a man or woman who in more than common fullness, fidelity and beauty bodies forth Him. So it was with the great teacher who has gone.

Dr. Carlisle will doubtless be recognized as the greatest teacher in the history of education in South Carolina. To repeat words I have elsewhere employed, "A glance at the educational field in 1854 gives a juster conception of his historic position. The present vigorous system of denominational colleges which has powerfully stimulated the ethical

and moral element of education in South Carolina, was just taking shape. A great work waited to be done; an ideal was to be presented and lived up to which was to be far-reaching in the history of South Carolina and was not to be confined to State limits. Consecrating his life with a singleness of devotion unsurpassed to this ideal and this work, James H. Carlisle has for fifty years put aside all other aim or ambition than to impress with a force titanic in its power and fatherly in its affection ideals of Christly purity and integrity upon the future manhood of the State, and to lead it along the most elevated plains of thought and action. There have been in connection with colleges in the State a few more accomplished orators, some more learned scholars, some equally high charactered men; but take him for all in all, Dr. Carlisle stands as the greatest teacher in the history of education in the history of South Carolina; and he lives and will live, as no other man in South Carolina ever has lived, in the lives of the men upon whose souls he has stamped with overpowering moral force the mint mark of his personaliy."

What Dr. Carlisle might have been from a worldly standpoint, had his great endowments of mind and person been swayed by ambition instead of by the love of Christly service, we can only speculate. So completely had he surrendered himself to Christ, so closely did he walk with God, that it seems wellnigh impossible to conceive of him as other than as he was. Those who have lived under the influence of his life testify to it as one of the greatest, often as the greatest power for good in their lives. And they recognize why it was so: the Doctor was absolutely disinterested and unselfish in his deep love for young men. The reverence that was paid him by thousands, in the sincerest love of their hearts, was the expression of their conviction that he exemplified so nobly and so fully what we all ought to be.

Distinguished visitors to the college who have known intimately many of the most eminent men of their times have sought to solve the problem presented to them of the remarkable affection manifested toward a modest, retiring old man by thousands; indeed by men and women wherever there are

men and women, who may be said to any extent to have knowledge of him. And their explanation of the remarkable power over the hearts, particularly of the successive generations of students who for fifty-five years have sat under his instruction, has always been essentially the same: his genuine love for young men; nay, more, for *this young man.*

Dr. Carlisle's great abilities led his friends to regret that he did not commit more to the enduring form of literature. His literary work consists mainly of the Young Astronomer, editing the lives of Ascham and Thomas Arnold, voluminous contributions to the Southern Christian Advocate, and those most helpful of all helps on the Sunday School lesson, the "Practical Application" essays which for years appeared in the Southern Methodist Sunday School Magazine. He frequently urged upon his students the happiness and benefits that come from having some definite task, worthy of its nature and magnitude to call out the man's best effort—his *"magnum opus."* Men often wondered why the doctor had no *"magnum opus;"* why he wrote no great book, or devoted his powers to no great discovery, or threw his strength into no specific line of social or religious work. The doctor *did* have his *"magnus opus,"* but it did not lie along the printed page. It was to make the most powerful and lastingly efficacious impression, morally and religiously, upon the young men whom he could reach. It was a favorite thought with him that no holy, unselfish life, in even the remote ages of the past, is lost, but that its power for good is still in the world; and without doubt this must have been precious to him as he sought with singleness of heart to glorify his Creator and Redeemer through the lives of the men who were to live after him.

Dr. Carlisle was an idealist, incapable of compromise in a matter in any way connected with morals or principle. Moral ideas appealed to him with all the reality of concrete objects, and a spot upon an institution that he loved occasioned him greater suffering than a personal affliction. This uncompromising purity in a man of such large and splendid endowments, of such commanding personality, made his very pres-

ence a power for good. It was a saying that no man could look the Doctor in the eye and tell a lie; the most unworthy feared the searching of those clear eyes and the condemnation of the true man behind them. The combined sentiment of wholesome awe and devoted love which he inspired were the ideal relation of teacher and taught.

To the end his thoughts were still of his students. As the dim light broke into his chamber on one of the last mornings he asked the time. "Six o'clock," was the answer. Supposing it to be the early sunset of a winter day, he said, "The boys will have a long evening to study." How often will these words come with sweet sadness to the men who read them, helping them, as they take up their tasks, to realize for themselves the truth of his noble saying, "The hard points of onerous duties frequently done soon sweeten into the high joys of privilege."

The doctor once said to his class that he could not conceive how the existence of the soul in heaven could be other than a progressive development of every faculty and virtue towards, but never attaining, the perfection of the Creator. The passing of his soul to that freer state involved truly but little of shock or dislocation.

He is gone; but, unless he failed in the great effort of his life, he is not gone from us. All over this land thousands realize that he was truly a channel through which God touched human souls.

Our Dr. Carlisle

ERNEST EPPS.

All the Wofford boys are mourning
  For the one just called above,
One whose life was given to us,
  With its simple Christian love.

With his gentle hand of kindness
  And his sympathetic heart
Many young lives he made purer,
  Teaching manly love and art.

Fare thee well, thou noble spirit,
Nevermore we'll see thee here,
But where's peace and rest forever,
We shall some day meet thee there.

Dr. Carlisle as Seen by the Students

BY A. W. AYERS.

Dr. Carlisle was a friend to everyone; his words of advice were a comfort to the forgotten and neglected. Oftentimes, when shadows of gloom were hanging low and I seemed to be alone, I pictured to myself an aged, hoary-headed person in a lecture room throwing out kindest words of sympathy and advice which none other than a faithful, true friend could have given, and was thus forced to admit that I had one friend anyway.

BY J. K. DAVIS.

To me Dr. Carlisle was a great, quiet, unassuming man. In his presence, in the class-room, at his home, on the street, one could always feel that he was in the presence of a man of men. "See to it that your room-mate has a good room-mate." These words are characteristic of him. They have been the most potent human influence in my life. From these words, spoken in his earnest and noble and gentle and beauteous spirit, one could not leave the class room the same person as when he entered. To know him and partake of his spirit; to enter into his personal and higher life; to feel his interests, his sympathy, his love was in itself an education. Indeed, if Dr. Carlisle would look at you once, your only thought would be—let my manhood be unsullied, my looks be innocent, my thoughts be pure, my words be kind, my actions be gentle, my life be Christ-like. And withal, my greatest impression of Dr. Carlisle was his gentle and Christ-like spirit, always calm and lovable, which made you feel there goes a man, a living, breathing, walking representative of Christ on earth; help me to be like him.

BY T. E. CRANE.

The one thing in Dr. Carlisle's life that impressed me most was his power of earnestness, which caused men to reverence him. There was always perfect behavior in his class room and no boy, however sinful, ever left the room without some noble thought to take with him. I have never left his presence at any time without having been deeply impressed with the great, earnest life of the man.

BY HERBERT HUCKS.

No, we shall not see him again in life. We now enter his class room in sadness and look upon his dear old chair knowing that never again will he sit there and talk to us as in days gone by; but his influence can never die. Any college should thank heaven for the priceless gift of such a life. What would Wofford, which stands for all that is high and noble, have been without Dr. Carlisle? None dare even guess. And God forbid that the day may ever dawn when the precious influence of his noble, peerless life shall depart from her highest ambitions and ideals.

BY C. B. DAWSEY.

Probably the deepest impression left on my mind from my knowledge of Dr. Carlisle was his lasting interest in the individual. Many times I have been to his study, but never without him asking me of my parents, and giving me some interesting tract to send to my mother. Before allowing me to leave he would always want to know something about my college work, and what profession I expected to follow as a life work. Feeling his personal interest, in this way, I could not help but have my heart strongly moved for the best and greatest in life.

BY M. M. BROOKS.

Of the many noble characteristics of Dr. Carlisle, the one that impressed me most was his intense interest in the spiritual welfare of young men. As he would come in contact with them from time to time in his lecture room he would almost

invariably dismiss the class with the emphatic words, "Don't forget the inner man."

BY F. MURATA.

On that cold, dreary and rainy October morning our hearts were peculiarly distressed by the sad news of the death of our Dr. Carlisle. A grievous thought: "We shall see him no more on this earth" took possession of our hearts. We felt as if the cornerstone of our dear old institution had been taken away. Words are indeed inadequate to express our sorrow. But after all, he is not dead. We know that no death can overcome this pure, noble, saintly, and sacrificial life of this "Grand Old Man." That stately and majestic stature is still walking with us on our campus. His warning voice, "Young men, don't drift," will linger in our ears for years to come. His keen and brilliant eyes are still flashing in our memory. No! We cannot imagine that he is gone. We are glad to know that his spirit is still with us and will be with us, teaching us to live that best and noblest life.

BY HERBERT LANGFORD.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," explains why Dr. Carlisle was a great man. With his rare intellect he could have become a money magnate, a great politician, or a president of some great university; but he preferred to serve his Maker at Wofford. He could have acquired riches, but he loved too well the boys at Wofford. He gave up all for us. He was our Dr. Carlisle, and we loved him.

BY R. L. MERIWETHER.

To many now in college Dr. Carlisle was known personally only from those few short hours when he met each class. And even then, instead of a lecture on the deeper and graver subjects, there was a talk on what might be called the little things of life, the ways and manners and minor duties known to all, but neglected by so many. To those of less influence and regarded with little of the general reverence which Dr. Carlisle commanded, there is often given the privilege of ignor-

ing many of these smaller duties without being censured, but all knew that why he so earnestly called attention to these things was the strictness in his observance of them. So that, while others might have given advice like this and been heard with indifference, when it came from Dr. Carlisle it could not but make an impression. But stronger than this impression, and what will be as lasting in the minds of the hearers as the broad principles on which these little things were based, was the realization of the true greatness of him who gave them, whom to see was a privilege, and to hear, a benediction.

BY H. GRADY HARDIN.

Once while talking to the present Junior class, Dr. Carlisle said: "You cannot all be eloquent, young gentlemen, but you can every one live a pure, clean, godly life, and in that way preach to the world a sermon greater than any ever preached by human lips." Ah, how he proved this to the world! No greater sermon has ever been preached than that one preached by the pure, clean, godly life of Dr. Carlisle. Scattered throughout the land are old Wofford men who were made to live better lives by the silent influence of this great man. Indeed, his life was great, and it was made so, not by any eloquent orations delivered, nor by any great books written, but by the silent living of what he knew to be the right. The most impressive thing about his funeral was its simplicity. No great speech-making and eulogizing was needed, for his life spoke for itself. Surely the sermon preached by the life of Dr. Carlisle can never be forgotten, and its influence can never reach an end.

BY F. WARREN DIBBLE.

In Dr. Carlisle's presence one felt as if he was standing before some grand existence—the feeling was indescribable, hence I say existence. Yet this grandness had some peculiar magnetism, which awakened our love. To be in his presence was to love him, and we realized that in loving him we loved the man who lived most nearly the Christ life. He is not dead but sleepeth, and liveth an influence in the lives of those who

had the high privilege of associating with him, and through these many are directed to the noblest things in life.

BY R. DEWITT GUILDS.

One of the great moral lessons taught by Dr. Carlisle was that of punctuality. He taught this in and out of the class-room—not by words only, but by setting the example himself.

BY MATTHEW S. LIVELY.

"Our Dr. Carlisle" has left us, and Wofford can never be the same again. His going away left a vacancy on the campus which can never be filled. The college duties will apparently go on, as they always have, but something will be lacking, however promptly or conscientiously they are performed. Even the janitor cannot go about his work as he did before. The old bell in the tower will never peal forth with the same tone any more. The very seats before which Dr. Carlisle sat so many times and gave us those heart-to-heart talks, brimming over with love and sympathy and kindness, cannot appear as they once did. The books in the library, the magazines on the table, will be found in their accustomed places, but for the last time, those loving, tender, trembling hands have turned their pages and marked the important paragraphs. And most of all, will his familiar face be missed at chapel, and those striking remarks, appropriately made. Tread softly, fellow-students, for every inch of Wofford's campus is now hallowed ground. Every word which passed between his lips was filled with a dynamic force. They were all good and great and noble. One did not leave his class room or his presence at any time, remembering some saying which he could never forget. No, it was not that. But he somehow felt that he had just listened to a noble, divinely inspired man. It was that earnest face, that piercing eye which would always stay with him. An "undefinable something." Dr. Carlisle gone? In body, yes; in spirit, never. Thanks to his Maker and ours, that can never be taken from

us. It remains with us to guard us and to guide us and to show us the narrow way.

BY R. LEON KEATON.

The students of Wofford deeply feel the loss of our fatherly, yes, motherly, Dr. Carlisle. He was motherly because his tender heart was always going out to those whom he touched. We loved him because he was simple; because he was true; because he was faithful; because he was modest; because he was good. Those who sat in his class room had the blessed privilege of partaking of the very nature of the Christ. Dr. Carlisle was so full of Him, that when with him, one knew that he was with a Godly man. His life was made up of little things. Some men, after they leave this world live in fine buildings; some in history; some in libraries; many in other things, but Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle lives in the hearts of men, near their souls, ever urging them on in the rational fight for the highest, the noblest, and the manliest life, for God.

BY RALPH L. NEWTON.

In my opinion there are two traits in Dr. Carlisle's character which stand out more prominently than any others. In the first place, he never failed to point out to anyone the necessity of living a Christian life. I well remember the first conversation which I had with him. We did not talk five minutes but nevertheless he found opportunity to enquire concerning my spiritual condition. What he could do for his Master was always uppermost in his mind. The second characteristic in his life which impressed me was his humility. He was admired by everyone who ever knew him, but he never considered himself above any of his fellows. He never sought praise nor did he like publicity and ostentation. For these things everyone loved him and I shall always consider it one of the great privileges of my life to have been allowed to spend three years on the campus with him.

To Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle

EARL L. KEATON.

The sorrow of a State
  Cannot be sung or said,
Now that its noblest son
  Lies silent, but not dead.

The wound that Wofford bears
  Is cut so deep we feel,
The which no after joy
  Can ever wholly heal.

No place on earth so sweet,
  No place in heaven so fair,
But that this sainted soul
  Can find a lodgement there.

His life to emulate,
  Would be a high ideal,
For it was patterned after
  The King to whom all kneel.

Resolutions in Memory of Dr. Carlisle

BY PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas, Our heavenly Father has seen fit in His infinite wisdom to call unto Himself our most esteemed and beloved honorary member, Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle; and,

Whereas, The members of the Preston Literary Society of Wofford College have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of him whose ever-glad words of encouragement, manly living, and lovable character will long live in our memory; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family in this, the loss of one so dear to them.

That a page of our society minute-book be inscribed to his memory.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, that a copy be published in *The Wofford College Journal,* and *The Southern Christian Advocate.*

COLORED CHURCH DOES HONOR TO HIS MEMORY.

At the memorial services held at Silver Hill Methodist Church, colored, Sunday afternoon, October 24, in honor of the late Dr. James H. Carlisle, the following resolutions were passed by the congregation:

"No meed of praise can add lustre to the glory of a life well spent; honor can add nothing to the grandeur and nobility of a character that is truly great.

"Meekness of spirit, a broad and sympathetic heart and a soul-life that had a common interest in all humanity, the elements that entered into the exalted character and life of the late Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle, are their own exponents of his greatness. But when a people pay homage to such an illustrious character they not only give expression to their appreciation of the beneficence of such a noble life, but honor themselves.

"*Whereas,* in the providence of an all-wise God, Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle, a man loved and honored by all the citizens, has been called from labor to reward; and,

"*Whereas,* his life and services are a benediction to all; therefore, be it

"*Resolved,* by the members of Silver Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, that in his death our race has lost a true friend, the country one of its greatest statesmen, the cause of education one of its best exponents and foremost leaders, and South Carolina one of her most illustrious sons. His noble life and exalted character is left as a common heritage to us all.

"That we bow our hearts in humble submission to God's will, knowing that He doeth all things well.

"That our heartfelt sympathies be extended to the bereaved family, praying that the love which overshadowed the life of the father may rest upon his children."

BY CARLISLE LITERARY SOCIETY OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Whereas, Dr. James H. Carlisle died on October 21, 1909;

Whereas, the Carlisle Literary Society has been honored by the privilege of bearing his name;

Therefore be it resolved by this society:

1. That we deeply lament his death, and the loss of his direct influence upon students in South Carolina and upon ourselves as a society.

2. That we rejoice in his rich, helpful life, and in the life-giving influence that he has left us.

3. That we sincerely and deeply sympathize with the bereaved members of his family.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the members of Dr. Carlisle's family, and to *The Criterion, The Southern Christian Advocate,* and to *The State* for publication.

BY CITIZENS OF SPARTANBURG.

The following resolutions were adopted by the citizens of Spartanburg at the memorial services held at Converse College:

"For fifty-six years Dr. James H. Carlisle was a citizen of Spartanburg. In all these years no man ever found aught of guile in him. We knew him for what he was—a man of the New Testament who forgot himself in loving service for others. In the class room and in the familiar study in the old house in the Wofford pines, he taught us and our children the high virtues of the life that really counts, and from pulpit and platform he spoke to us as a community like a prophet of old, holding us steady to ideals of God and righteousness. And his word had power and authority with us because of the life, the character, the personality in and behind it. Simply, greatly, nobly, humbly he lived in single hearted devotedness to whatsoever things are honest, and true, and just and pure, and of good report. And the radiant illustration he gave us of the abiding beauty of these high things of the moral life ever appealed to what in us was noblest, and we know that the richest asset of this community is to be found in the moral tone conferred by his influence and the inspiration of his example. In his lifetime we honored ourselves by calling him our foremost citizen and he was this because we knew him to be the wisest, the best, the most loving, the most lovable man we had ever known, the friend of all men and women and little children of whatever rank or class or color,

and the disinterested helper in every righteous and worthy cause.

"Therefore, be it resolved, first, That in the passing of Dr. Carlisle's bodily presence from among us, this community suffers a profound sense of sorrow for what to us is a loss that cannot be measured.

"Second, That no words are adequate to express our debt of gratitude for the potent influence of his example and the abiding inspiration of his life and character.

"Third, That we cherish as a precious memory the greatness, the goodness, the nobility, the inestimable service of this teacher and friend of us all who by word and deed ever held before us the loftiest ideals of right living."

BY LANDER COLLEGE.

At a called meeting of the faculty and student body of Lander College, held at 12 m. October 21, 1909, the following was adopted by a rising vote:

Whereas, on this 21st day of October, 1909, Dr. James H. Carlisle, president emeritus of Wofford College, has fallen on sleep:

Therefore, resolved by the faculty and students of Lander College:

1. That we share with the family and Wofford College, with Spartanburg and South Carolina, with Methodists and all Christendom, in the great bereavement that has come to all by the death of Dr. Carlisle.

2. That even in our sorrow we rejoice over the splendid life and labors of the departed, and over the wide influence in church and State exercised by him as he walked with God and moved among men.

3. That at 12 o'clock today and at the hour of the funeral our school work be suspended, that our flag fly at half mast until Tuesday next, and that a representative attend the funeral exercises.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Dr. Carlisle, to Wofford College, to *The Southern Christian Advocate,* and to the Spartanburg papers.

BY CARLISLE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas, the Supreme Ruler of the universe has, in His infinite wisdom, moved from us our beloved Dr. James H. Carlisle; and,

Whereas, this society has the honor of bearing his name, making it highly befitting that we record our appreciation of him; therefore, be it resolved:

1. That the removal of such a life from our midst leaves a sorrow and a wound that will be deeply felt by every member of this society.

2. That the lessons he has taught and the inspiring example of his noble life will ever be held by us in grateful remembrance.

3. That we rejoice that the influence of the example of so great a life has been left to the young men of this entire State, and especially to those of this society.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be put upon the records of this society, that a copy be printed in *The Southern Christian Advocate,* and in *The Wofford College Journal.*

BY CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas, our heavenly Father on October 21, 1909, in His perfect wisdom thought best to close the earthly life of our great teacher, Dr. James H. Carlisle, and to promote him to his eternal home, where he will never know pain or sorrow and where he can live a life far greater and grander than could have been possible here; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Calhoun Literary Society of Wofford College, deplore more than words can express the death of one so true, lovable, and popular with every one who knew him. Dr. Carlisle had a bright and cheerful disposition and was always generous and kind-hearted. He was a friend to every one who knew him, and his presence among us was always a delight. He has lived a pure and noble life, of which we all are proud.

Resolved, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in their sore bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on our

records, and that copies be sent to the family and to the press.

Tributes from Those Who Have Known Dr. Carlisle Personally

FROM ASSOCIATE JUSTICE WOOD.

A man of power has passed from this life into the history of his country. His death brings deep sorrow to the hundreds of men who were taught by him, and to thousands besides who loved him. To all men and women who aspire to the best things for their country it brings a solemn sense of loss to the cause of righteousness.

Today it would be best for those of us who held him most in love and honor to sit still and let the memories of his life drift through our thoughts and thus renew the higher ideals which he helped inspire. But I am asked, as one of his old students, to write an appreciation of the man, and though the task be for me one impossible of accomplishment, I cannot refuse to try.

As all know, Dr. Carlisle very soon after his graduation at the South Carolina College became a teacher. For over sixty years he devoted all of his great powers to that profession. He seems to have regarded his life as completely consecrated to that work as though he had taken vows before an altar. No vicissitudes of public disaster or personal poverty, no opportunities for self-promotion, no apparently wider field for usefulness could move him from his purpose to devote his life to trying to make men wiser and better. Whether it required great self-control or self-denial for him to pursue this course perhaps no one can tell. For he was a man of Spartan simplicity and sought nothing for himself except good books, congenial friends, and a sense of doing good.

In the living of this simple life which distinguished him, there were many who were like him in the colleges of the State in the years which came just after the catastrophe of 1865. Indeed the simplicity, and purity, and unbending loyalty to ideals of those men who taught in our small colleges in those dark days ennoble the calling to which they belonged, and

remain as a heritage and inspiration to their countrymen. The State college was closed, the State treasury in the hands of aliens, and the people in poverty. The debt of those who would never have entered a college door but for men like Dr. Carlisle can never be estimated. True the equipment was poor, the teaching was not always after the best methods, but there was daily contact with men who loved the best books and aspired to the best things in life. Among men such as these, Dr. Carlisle was pre-eminent in character and influence. Dr. Charles Forster Smith, a student under him, dedicates to him a recent book in these words:

"The best man I have ever known and the most potent human influence in my life."

Perhaps it would not be remarkable that one man, however eminent, should say that of another if it were not true that the words of Dr. Smith would be accepted by many others as expressing their own estimate.

What was the source of this power? Dr. Carlisle wrote no great book, he made no discovery, he took little part in the public councils of the people, he was not foremost in any department of learning, as a college executive he was not without faults. You would hear varying answers to the question. As it seems to me, his power came from three main sources: His character, his attaining to a simple, unselfish life without guile, his striving humbly to lead his people to the highest things. Is not this in a strong, aggressive man the greatest element and source of power? Doubtless there are many other things apparently more useful and more powerful, but he brought to pass his belief that it is not the glittering but the steady and true light that imparts life.

To his character there was added in him the most profound moral optimism. He had unfaltering faith that truth and virtue would in the long run prevail over falsehood and vice. And what was more important in his influence in inspiring others to strive for righteousness and enlightenment, he was always insistent on the capacity of the average man to take charge of his own heart and mind, and elevate himself. More than this, his own convictions were so strong on these subjects

and his personal magnetism so great that the least aspiring could hardly come within the sphere of his influence without feeling the chief end of life to be the attainment of the highest will power, and its consecration to the acquirement of knowledge and to the doing of good.

The third element of his power was eloquence. I do not mean by eloquence merely brilliant expression, polished gesture, rounded periods, or artistic polish. Some of these he had without effort. But if speech be eloquence, which moves the emotions too deeply to admit of outward demonstrations, which carries conviction to the mind and arouses the whole man to the best of aspirations and the most solemn of resolutions, then he was eloquent.

A giant in stature, careless and yet majestic in movement. No audience could fail to be impressed by his appearance to the extent of anxiety to hear him. He spoke from a luminous mind and pure heart in that strong and simple English of which he was master, of the deep principles of life and character, and made these principles vital with his own powerful conviction of the soul's perils, aspirations, and possibilities; and he who could listen and not feel that he had been under the influence of a great human power was indeed poor in spirit.

One scarce dares, over the bier of a man so modest and retiring, to speak of the influence and charm of his social life. But I cannot refrain from one word. He had a personal interest in every college student he knew, and had the rare power of inspiring awe and affection at the same time. He always remembered the men who had been at Wofford College, and so watched their careers in college and in after life that he made every man know that he was expecting of him the best achievement of which he was capable. His memory was a store-house of the best things in literature, of the history and traditions of his own people, and of reminiscences of the great men of his time. The charm with which he would use these treasures in social life will not be forgotten by those who had the privilege of his friendship. Yet he possessed more markedly than any man I have ever known the spiritual holy

of holies where no man entered with him. He was intensely religious in the sense that he was a devoted Christian and lived in the highest spiritual atmosphere, but he was a man too humble and wise to try to influence men by any creed except that of love and duty.

The death of a man to whom it was given to live a long and full life in the blessing of others by the exercise of these powers should not be marked by gloom and sad refrains, but rather by anthems of praise and triumph that all his life he stood fast and gave strength and hope to men. We know not of his future beyond this life; but there can be no agnosticism and no skepticism that he is—

"Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred by generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

SENATOR E. D. SMITH'S TRIBUTE.

Every one has to have a standard of comparison, and upon the perfection of that standard depends the proper appreciation of things compared and a just measurement of things measured.

This is the reason that the students of Wofford College have such a high sense of intellectual, religious, and moral character, for James H. Carlisle was to the student body the embodiment of a perfect Christian character. His profound faith in God, his profound belief in the Christ, together with his intellectual power, made him grand and awe-inspiring to the student body. Whenever he spoke to them on subjects relating to spiritual things, or as touching the Deity, he did it with such sincerity and earnestness, such power and humility, that he gave the impression that his communion with these forces was real, intimate, vital.

His every day life, both in the class room and out of it, was

so earnest and consecrated that contact with him rebuked all that was lowest and most unworthy, while it inspired a real healthy ambition to attain all that was best as student and man.

I do not believe that it were possible for anyone to be under the tutelage of James H. Carlisle, or even to come in contact with him daily, without being better or worse. Better, by having his standard of manhood infinitely raised and attempting to measure up to that standard, or worse by refusing to follow this higher vision.

My feeling toward Dr. Carlisle as a student and since college days as a man is hard to be expressed; a profound respect for his purity, for his faith, and admiration for his intellectual power; a great love for the great Christian heart that yearned for the mental, moral, and spiritual uplift of young men; combine all these, and the resultant is what I feel for this, the greatest man that South Carolina has ever produced.

I am sure that the one characteristic of Dr. Carlisle that drew him closer to the student body than anything else was his great yearning that the boy at college, for the first time, should not disappoint the mother and father at home, making such sacrifices, hoping such hopes, and dreaming such dreams for their boy. He could come nearer voicing that yearning and standing in the parents' stead than any teacher it has ever been my fortune to meet.

I know that what little successes have come to me since college days, I have felt the same desire to go back to Dr. Carlisle and carry what little trophies I have won and lay them at his feet as a tribute to what he has done for me and hoped for me, that I have felt in taking them back to my mother.

Dr. Carlisle differed from other educators in one great respect: he never seemed to desire that we should at any cost become scholars, but that at any cost we should do our duty —meet the obligations that came to us as men. Then if scholarship was the result, well and good; but if not, then there were to be no regrets, providing we had faithfully, honestly,

and to the fullest possible extent met the obligations of student life.

His respect for the honest, plodding mediocre was as profound and real as for the most brilliant student, providing both did their duty.

He never flattered the brilliant one, nor did he patronize the unfortunate one; both to him were men, made in the image of God, fitted into the scheme of life by a grander and diviner than human force, and both were to be respected, each in his sphere of life.

The success of Wofford College as a place of education is largely due to the fact that contact with this great man was an education in itself—a living illustration of all that proper education stood for.

It is idle to speak of filling his place; no old student of his will ever expect it to be filled any more than he expects the place of his dead mother to be filled.

His spirit will exert its great influence over Wofford and her children as long as men aspire to attain all that is best and purest in life.

FROM CHANCELLOR KIRKLAND.

In the death of Dr. Carlisle South Carolina has lost its greatest citizen. He was a man without a peer; great in intellectual attainments, greater still in character. His influence over the students of Wofford College was the great factor in the history of that institution for thirty years after the Civil War. The college had little endowment and no equipment, but it had Dr. Carlisle. To know him, to partake of his spirit, to enter into the high places of his thought, to share his ideals, to feel the largeness of his sympathy and the sincerity of his Christian character was an education in itself. His life was a perpetual call to high things. His pupils of olden days will cherish his memory as they cherish virtue, knowledge, and truth. In the best that they do he will ever be present; through them he yet speaks in multiplied form and place.

FROM DR. CHARLES FORSTER SMITH.

A few months ago I dedicated a volume of "Reminiscences and Sketches" to Dr. Carlisle as "The best man I have ever known and the most potent human influence in my life." I have known him well for forty years—first as a pupil, later for four years as his young colleague, all the rest of the time as his friend. He was human and made mistakes sometimes, but they were errors of judgment, not of will; his heart was true, and he always meant to do right. I have known many men in several lands, but never anybody else who so completely lived up to the spirit of the teachings of Jesus Christ. He was for fifty years nominally professor of mathematics—and he did good work in that line—but he was really a great teacher of morals; one whose influence started from the recitation room, pervaded the campus, was dominant in Spartanburg, spread over all South Carolina, was an uplifting force in the whole Southern Methodist Church, and reached outside the bounds of his State and of his own church. His good name had gone so far that it would not be too much to claim that he was one of the beneficent national influences of the last half century.

What was the secret of this widespread confidence in the man? It was character. He was an able man, but I have known abler; he was a great speaker, but I have known greater; he was widely read, but I have known greater scholars; he was not a great executive officer in a business sense—to raise money, construct buildings, provide laboratories, rapidly lengthen the roll of students. But in the sense of creating an atmosphere where young men could breathe high ideals and parents could feel that their boys were safe and in good company, I have never known a president like him. He was the very best man I have ever known in the flesh, the most unselfish, the freest from love of money, the purest in thought and word and deed, the most exemplary in conduct. He walked the straightest line himself, but he allowed the widest margin to others, who, thinking differently, tried to live uprightly.

His greatest success was in moulding young men's charac-

ters, in helping them to become upright men, good citizens; and the secret of this was his unfeigned solicitude for their well-being. He was a great man, and an inspiring teacher—that helped; but best of all, he was a model young men patterned after, unconsciously, because they could find no fault in him. What keeps us from going to the bad, anyway? It is men whose lives foster our ideals, whom we know in the flesh and look up to because they live and act like Jesus Christ—men like Gen. Lee, Phillips Brooks, Dr. Carlisle. The men of whom we can say, as the pupil of Socrates said to his great master, "The best man we have ever known and the wisest and the justest." These are the men that save us.

As teacher and public speaker, Dr. Carlisle had a great advantage in personal appearance. It is natural for us to expect something of a big man. God chose well for the first king of Israel a man who was "higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upwards"—if only Saul had been as large in soul as he was big in frame. Six feet four in height, with a large head and striking features, Dr. Carlisle was sure to be noticed in any crowd. The first time he entered the General Conference, Dr. Cunnyngham, who had never seen him, remarked, "There's a man!" If one can live up to such an impression, the rest is easier. And when the people came to find that this big man was modest almost to diffidence; that he had to be drawn out, but was always equal to the demands of any occasion, their confidence in him was unbounded.

I have often said that, measured by influence for good, by the confidence and trust of the largest number of people for the longest period of time, he was the first citizen of South Carolina in his day. I still believe that. But he belonged especially to Wofford College, and in all ages to come her sons will point back to him as the greatest and best man ever connected with their alma mater. He was our Arnold of Rugby, and I cannot refrain from repeating now in conclusion the apostrophe which I addressed to him at the Wofford jubilee in 1904: "The single survivor of the old guard of the Wofford faculty, the chief of all the beneficent influences that

ever operated here to produce scholars, still more to make men. The semi-centennial of the college is his jubilee, and we are back here above all to do honor to him, because, in a truer, fuller sense than I have ever known in the case of any other man, he is the college. Dr. Carlisle, you wrote me last year, 'The gratitude of men makes me mourn.' I think I know what you meant; but your modesty will have to bear with us at this commencement. This is our day. It is good, too, for us to feel gratitude and express it, and it can do you no harm. When I pay homage to you as the best man I have ever known and the most potent human influence in my life, I am but voicing the sentiment of the great host of Wofford's sons and paying the college the highest tribute."

BY W. G. BLAKE.

They say he's dead! Prone lies the noble form—
The form that cold, material nature set
Her stamp of honor on to laud herself.
They say he's dead! The great, the gentle heart
Is still—the heart that was as deep as love,
And broad as all humanity. The brain,
The mighty brain, that wisdom did reflect
Straight from the throne of Truth; the ready lips
That lent their willing service to the brain;
The hands that knew no resting from God's work—
All, all are cold, so cold and still! And now
They say he's dead! Ah, no! no! no! not dead—
Unless sweet spring be dead when winter reigns,
Or glorious day be dead when evening falls,
Or Music's soul be dead when mute the strings,
And slumber folds awhile the player's hands.
Yon constant sun that proudly rules the heaven,
And breeds a myriad life through land and sea—
Yon sun, which is life's life, may pale, may die,
And hang a blackened cinder in his place,
But that which tabernacled in this clay
Is lord of death! The something that was here—
That emanation rare that fashions men,

Enriches earth, and peoples Heaven—dies not—
Aye, verily, 'tis that whereof is made
Bright immortality, and walks adown
The shining arcades of eternity
Hand-clasped with God!

FROM J. J. M'SWAIN.

Permit a word from one who was not privileged to be a student under Dr. Carlisle, to add one word of testimony to his true greatness; to make the partial estimate of the onlooker. It was simply marvelous to see the veneration, yea, reverence, in which his very name was held in audiences, few of whom had ever seen him. It is notable how seldom Dr. Carlisle spoke in public, and how conservative and guarded were all his utterances. Consider again how little he wrote, and how little of "startling originality" there was in his contribution to the press. Then why this universal love and respect for one whom they had never seen, never heard, and after whom they had seldom, if ever, read? I think it must have been with others, as it was with me, that the belief prevailed that in Dr. Carlisle the elements were so mixed that all the world might stand up and say, "Here is a man." In his self-mastery, in his unselfishness, in his self-surrender for an ideal, in his patient, consistent faith that the best in a boy would finally triumph, in the loving solicitude with which he followed each individual who had been under him, for all these and more, Dr. Carlisle kept unconsciously pressing it upon the attention of the even unattentive people that he possessed and manifested something of that divine nature after which his life was modeled. Though by more than half a century of service Dr. Carlisle was the especial possession of Wofford College, yet by his life and living, and his death and memory, he becomes the property of all the people of the State.

FROM PRESIDENT S. C. MITCHELL.

It was an impressive sight to witness the tribute which the people of South Carolina yesterday paid Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle.

It bespeaks the nobility of the soul of the people of this State, the fact that they singled out such a man as the chief object of their affection and admiration. That vast concourse of people gathered on the campus of Wofford College around that bier represented all the different religious denominations, all factions in politics, all sections of the State and classes of people, without regard to wealth or social distinction; and yet that great company were united in their feelings of reverence and gratitude for the moral power exhibited by that simple teacher, who, for three score years had lived among them. Essentially strong at heart is any nation that retains so clear a vision as to things in life that are really worth while. The greatness of Dr. Carlisle was singularly clear-cut. It was not due to wealth, nor social distinction, nor official eminence, nor creative scholarship. His greatness was due to the sheer force of personality and moral power. I do not know of any instance that reveals so clearly the projectional force of character stripped of all adventitious things.

Citizen after citizen in Spartanburg told me how influential Dr. Carlisle had been in building up materially that city, in imparting the impulse to progress, in promoting industries, in developing the spirit of co-operation and enterprise, in setting high business ideals. This alone was a signal achievement, for the expansive energies in Spartanburg command the attention of every thoughtful man. It is becoming a hive of industry and a centre of wealth and influence. And yet it is to be noted that the man who is regarded as in some measure responsible for this progress remained poor and scorned mammon. He loved progress, but his mind never became materialized. He kept clearly in view that material development is good only so far as it ministers to the health, intellectual prowess, and moral sanity of all the people.

Wofford College is the monument of Dr. Carlisle. The spirit of service which he showed throughout his long career throbs in this noble institution. I have long felt that I could tell as by an ear mark the men whom the famous Gessner Harrison, of the University of Virginia, trained—men like the late Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky; Wm. Wert Henry, John

A. Broadus, Col. Archer Anderson, of Virginia; and Dr. E. S. Joynes. All of these men were characterized by a moderation in expression, a justness of thought, a nice sense of proportion that reminds one of the full-orbed culture of the Greeks. So with the men of Wofford—wherever I meet them, I discover in them a rich human sympathy and breadth of view, and above all the spirit of social service.

The labors of Dr. Carlisle, however, in the cause of education were not confined to one institution. His personality gave strength to every school in the State, and imparted dignity to the humble calling of the teacher. The end of education is character, and his career furnished a splendid example of character in the beauty of its growth and in its subtle effect on the youth of the commonwealth. He was more than a mere teacher in a college—he was an exemplar of civic righteousness. The State has invested in the University of South Carolina since its foundation in 1805 about two millions of dollars. If the sole product of that investment had been Dr. James H. Carlisle alone, the State would, in my opinion, be amply repaid for every penny that it has expended for this institution. South Carolina has lost a foremost citizen and the university its most illustrious alumnus.

FROM GOVERNOR ANSEL.

All South Carolina mourns at the death of one of her best and most honored citizens. Dr. James H. Carlisle has been called to his reward. His name and memory will ever be cherished and loved. He was foremost in all good works and the leader of education in this State for many years.

FROM HON. SAMUEL DIBBLE, THE FIRST GRADUATE OF WOFFORD.

Dr. Carlisle's pupils honor him as a great perceptor, realize the salutary influence of his life and teaching upon their own lives, love him with the affection of children to a parent.

Dr. Carlisle and Wade Hampton I consider the greatest South Carolinians I have ever met—the one a moral and intellectual trainer of young men, whose record is equal to that of Socrates, the other a leader of his people in war and peace;

both of them exemplars of the highest types of devotion to lofty interests and high ideals. Each in his sphere contributed more than any other to the rehabilitation of a prostrate State and were the heroes, "facile princeps" of their generation in South Carolina.

FROM ARTHUR W. PAGE, IN JUNE NUMBER OF WORLD'S WORK, 1907.

"For the last fifty years the dominant figure at Wofford College has been Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle. Without either money or political power, this old man, by the strength of his character, has kept education in its broadest sense alive, even in the extreme poverty of the people just after the war, and has saved it from being swamped by the successful commercialism of the present time. I heard one man ask another what he had studied under Dr. Carlisle. 'Astronomy,' was the answer. 'Did you learn anything?' the first one asked. 'Yes,' answered the other, 'I learned first to be a man.' There is no commercial standard in which the influence of Dr. Carlisle and Wofford College can be measured."

FROM RION M'KISSICK.

How clearly I recall one night last winter when in my room at Harvard I read of the visit of President Eliot to Spartanburg and of the striking scene presented when he and Dr. Carlisle greeted each other! Yet a thought struck me then, as now, that though they were parallel in many things, in the larger sense of personal influence Dr. Carlisle's work shone luminous far above that of the New England scholar. In the upbuilding of human character, in genuine helpfulness to his fellow-men, the lovable teacher who lived out there in the quiet and peace of Wofford was a mightier man than Eliot, surrounded by the power and wealth of the greatest American university.

Men may come and men may go at Harvard, but to them President Eliot was almost unknown and but few of them ever exchanged a word with him. Nobody thought of going to him for advice, except the graduate students, who at best

were far removed from the world. Eliot was a great, cold figure living in a house that none thought of entering.

How different with Dr. Carlisle and his house, where no student needed an open sesame to admit him! Out of it came men better than when they went in, and the sum total of the influence of that kindly and helpful man of God no one could dare to estimate.

True now the saying, "Ulysses is gone, and there is none left in Ithica that can bend his bow!"

FROM CHAS. PETTY.

In speaking of Dr. Carlisle, any one who has known him well and who has come under his influence, might use many adjectives in his praise and not exceed the bounds of truth. But it is certain that if he had dictated any notices of his life and work there would have been few adjectives. While he appreciated the good opinion of his friends, he never courted outspoken praise. He was always humiliated when indiscreet speakers referred to him, especially when he was present. He was a modest, humble, strong, faithful man. He did not seek his own. He never took any delight in the applause of the crowd. He preferred silent, thoughtful, earnest attention to the words he spoke. He never considered that he had made or could make a big speech.

As a teacher he differed from all under whose influence it was our privilege to come. Some of the drummers, who are pushing special goods, have what they call "side lines." That is in the leisure hours in a town they take orders aside from their regular business. Dr. Carlisle had many side lines in teaching. A wise reader can get as much by reading between the lines of a good book as he gets from the text. The student got more out of the lesson he taught than the authors of the textbook ever dreamed of putting in.

He was the most silent teacher it was ever our privilege to be under. Some young teachers, and older ones, too, talk themselves out of breath and talk the classes out of all patience. Dr. Carlisle spoke few words during a recitation. When a student made a flat failure his silence and expression

of pity were infinitely worse than an open rebuke. His aim was not to get mathematics into the student's mind, but to get manhood, virile effort and a laudable ambition into him. He never played the detective, but he could tell from the appearance of a student or the manner in which he recited whether he was walking surely and uprightly or not. He never made any pointed references to anyone's misconduct before the class, but he had a way of inviting a young man to call at his study at a certain hour. No one ever knew what was said in those interviews, unless the student told and they were not apt to do so. He had another way of maintaining highest discipline. Sometimes he would say to a student, "I would like to see you after recitation a few minutes." When they were alone he would say about these words: "Two of your friends are falling behind in their work. You have some influence with them. See what you can do to help them." In that way he endeavored to reach out and keep a strong grip on every boy in college.

Never did any one, however he might neglect his studies, come under his influence without being benefitted. Several years ago a man, with much business on hand, said: "I was at Wofford only a short time and did not behave well nor hurt myself at study, but if I am worth anything today, I am greatly indebted to Dr. Carlisle for the good influence he had on me."

His teaching extended far beyond the college campus. He was always ready by public lecture or with pen to give the public the knowledge he possessed. He would go out to a country school house or a church and make a talk that would never be forgotten. A few years ago he handed the writer a letter, written to him by a lady in the county. She stated that at a certain place he had made a speech when she was a young woman. It was so helpful and inspiring to her that she would like for him to reproduce it, because her children were growing up and she wanted his very words for them. The doctor had forgotten making the talk. He possessed in an eminent degree that high virtue of forgetting a kindness when he had conferred it on others. It has been our privilege

to hear him talk to large crowds and to small audiences in the country, and we verily believe that his best talks were made to plain country people. That is a rare faculty possessed by few public speakers.

Above all men we have known he had the power of inspiring thought in others. He was not a genius nor was he a scholar in the technical meaning of that word, but he was more than a genius and a scholar. In a wonderful way he could appropriate the thought and suggestions of others and by a process of his own mould them over, reshape them and present them in a new and forcible way. In his talks he came up to the celebrated John Foster's standard of a public speaker, who said that he did not want a speaker after the manner of an auctioneer who would sell thread from a spool a yard at a time, instead of throwing out the whole spool and saying here take this and then throw out others in quick succession. Dr. Carlisle never unwound his spools, but threw them out rapidly one after another and often so rapidly that the untrained hearer could not catch them all.

In all this half century here there is not a man or woman, white or black, who has not come more or less under his influence. There was no child too small or too poor, or too humble to be unnoticed by him. Years ago a little, dirty, half-clothed, barefooted boy went into a printing office for work. He was given a place. By degrees he worked away and now is a proprietor of a job printing office. He has a home, an interesting family, and a bright outlook. Last year he said to the writer about these words and more:

"You remember when I first went to your office. I was hungry for times were hard at our home. But well do I remember Dr. Carlisle often coming in to see you and he would put his hand gently on my dirty head and say, 'How is my little Benjamin Franklin today?' His kind words and recognition have done me much good and this interest in me helped to make me what I am. I owe him much." Hundreds of such stories could be published.

To know Dr. Carlisle in his private life was a liberal education. He was the most gentle man. He had the highest

regard for other people's opinions. He never had words of abuse for another man's religion or politics. When others were troubled in mind about the public utterances of those who attacked christianity, he was not moved. The new thought so-called gave him no trouble. He never in his public talks, or private ones, either, made any reference to the religious side of his life. He just simply lived religion every day. The personal equation in religion he kept hidden in his own breast as all true Christians do. He was never a shining light in class meeting. He was modest, reverent, thoughtful, earnest, without any display of emotions. One peculiarity in his private talks or public addresses was that he seldom mentioned any of the names of Deity. So great was his reverence that he avoided doing that as much as he possibly could.

Of course we all feel that "we shall never look upon his like again," but his influence, his example, the memory of his good and pure life is our rich heritage.

FROM T. B. THACKSTON.

A patriarch in Israel has fallen asleep, and we shall not see his like again, at least, not in this generation. Surely the older ones of us who came under the magical spell of his influence in years agone will not permit the record of his unselfish life to be forgotten by the youth of the land. Here is a suggestion: Let those of us who as students were so fortunate as to sit and learn at the feet of this modern Gamaliel, as well as those who were privileged to listen to his public addresses, and who can now recall the matchless words of wisdom that fell from his lips, let us one and all run back over the pages of memory and embody in communications to the county papers the impressive incidents and the specific utterances that then thrilled and moved us to higher ideals and to nobler living; let his words and his works be handed down from sire to son through the cycles of the ages yet to be. Truly no one individual can write the full and complete biography of Dr. James H. Carlisle, but each and all of us by contributing a little here and there, may present a faint portraiture of his true personality and may thus help to dis-

close the secret of his great power in molding and fashioning the lives and characters of the young men of South Carolina.

Dr. Carlisle's Influence at a Distance

Dr. H. N. Snyder, Spartanburg, S. C.

My Dear Sir: I see your next issue of your college journal will be devoted to the life of Dr. Carlisle, and to add my tribute, I want to say he was the "Noblest Roman of them all." But what I really want to say to you is in relation to what happened to ———— and myself last year while at the Gayoso Hotel, Memphis, Tennessee. We went in as strangers and registered and the hotel clerk, an old man, remarked that we were from South Carolina. He said he had a guest some weeks before, a gentleman from Abbeville, S. C., who had every appearance of being a gentleman and who impressed him as such. After being there a week or more, the South Carolina man came to him and asked him to cash a check for him; and as the clerk said, it was a risky business for the average hotel to cash checks for the traveling (stranger) public; but as he impressed him as being a gentleman, he hated to refuse; and the thought struck him to ask the South Carolina man who was the greatest man in his State. The stranger dropped his head as if he were counting them; and in a few seconds he straightened himself up, smiled and said: "Dr. James H. Carlisle, of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C." The hotel man told his guest from what he knew and had heard of the State he would cash his check, as no man would carry a spurious check about who thought Dr. Carlisle the greatest man in his State, that there was surely no danger in cashing it. I was so impressed with it that I will never forget it, and every one whom I have told this to agrees with me.

Yours,

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From the Press

FROM NEWS AND COURIER.

"Like as a shock of corn cometh in his season," James H. Carlisle, the head of the faculty in South Carolina, came to his grave in a full age yesterday morning.

Dr. Carlisle was born at Winnsboro, Fairfield county, South Carolina, May 4, 1825, and was, therefore, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Since 1854 he had been identified with Wofford College, the great educational institution of the Methodists of South Carolina, for twenty-one years as professor of mathematics and for twenty years as president of the institution, and during the latter years of his life as president emeritus. It may be said of him truthfully that Wofford College was in large measure the work of his hands. Its place in the educational life of this State was made by him, and to him more than to any other single force was due the splendid record of this institution in the educational uplift of South Carolina. Under his administration and through his influence not only did this college become one of the foremost institutions of the land in the thoroughness of its teaching, but also in the character-building of its students. The influence of Dr. Carlisle upon the student body of Wofford College has for more than fifty years been "as ointment poured forth," and the effect of his teaching and example upon the educated citizenship of South Carolina cannot be measured.

Dr. Carlisle was educated at the South Carolina College, graduating from that institution with the second honors of his class in 1844, and immediately upon leaving college as pupil he entered the school as teacher. It can be said of him, as it can be said of few other men who have ever lived in this State, that there was never a good cause which he did not espouse and never a bad cause to which he was not opposed. He was a thorough teacher, a most impressive public speaker, a man of the largest intellectual force and equipment, and yet the most modest and simplest of men. His life was an open epistle, known and read of all men, and his influence upon the better life of South Carolina will never pass away.

Dr. Carlisle was one of the last survivors of the secession convention of South Carolina, which was held in this city in 1860. The other member of that historic body is Col. Robert A. Thompson, of Walhalla. In these two men we judge of the character and patriotic devotion of those who guided the destiny of this State in the most perilous period of its history. Dr. Carlisle to the day of his death entertained no doubt whatever as to the justice and rightfulness of his conduct, and though devoted with his whole heart to the newer and larger experiences upon which the country has entered, he never lost touch with the convictions of his young manhood and entertained to the last a strong faith in the sovereignty of his State.

Dr. Carlisle did all his work well, and after more than half a century of faithful service to his people now rests from his labors by all his country's wishes bless'd.

FROM COLUMBIA STATE.

The educator—the real educator of youth—is the most important and significant member of our civilized community. There are many methods of education; one may find his best education in the field and wood; another may discover the secret powers of his mind in the volumes of poetry or philosophy. But the average youth needs guidance with authority. He needs to have the true path of life pointed out to his soul by one whom he may trust, who, he feels, stands at the beginning of highways he has himself trod with sore feet and agonized heart, and so may indicate with certitude the sorrows and perils and blessings of the way.

So for fifty years, a half century, James Henry Carlisle stood at the divided pathway, at the cross-roads of life, and directed hundreds of youth into the path, directing and helping their lingering and weary feet forward to the track glimmering up the heights beyond, "on and always on." This was his life's work, and it was a labor worthy of a long life devoted to such high service. "I knew a very wise man," wrote Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, "that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care

who should make the laws of a nation." But no man has made or may make all the ballads of a nation, and, besides, we have ceased to sing or to chant or to recite ballads—"they move us not;" but the process of education continues and widens with the process of the suns. We learn methods rather than sentiment. The world needs instructors of method, teachers that help us to get out of ourselves the utmost power that is in us, and to direct that power into useful and fructifying channels.

It was such a teacher and educator in the highest sense that James Henry Carlisle was and had been for fifty years before his death. As long ago as 1854 he went to Wofford College as a professor—after teaching a classic school in this city for nine years. Since 1854 he held to his association with Wofford, first as professor and afterward as president of the institution. He was chosen president in 1875, and held that honorable and influential post up to some five years ago.

It is almost impossible to estimate the vast influence of a man like Dr. Carlisle—whose strong and intense and pervading personality was ever his most striking characteristic—in a position in which he came into close touch hourly with impressionable youth. How many minds he must have aided in their search for the light, how many feet he must have guided into the true path, how many brains he must have illumined from his own bright torch!

Wofford College may be described as the expression of his ideals, so far as he was able to embody them and to realize them. The great part of his life, all of its most fruitful period, was devoted to the development of that institution. It will remain, perhaps, despite the love and veneration of thousands of South Carolinians, as his true monument. When life had fallen "into the sere, the yellow leaf," and he felt compelled to withdraw from the active work of the presidency, his feet never failed to find the path back to the lecture room once a week, when he sought to impress upon minds tender and unpalimpsest, the great truths and the fruitful methods of life.

The life of such a man is a public benefaction, his death is an irreparable loss to his community and to his country.

FROM COLUMBIA RECORD.

Than James H. Carlisle, no other South Carolinian has wielded so strong and wide an influence for good for so long a time. His death means a personal loss to many who never knew him, and to those who enjoyed his friendship the end of this man means the severance of cherished ties.

Simple in his tastes, absolutely pure in his ideals, catholic in his sympathies, generous in his faith, broad in his judgment —a scholar and a teacher of rare powers—Dr. Carlisle for a half century has stood before the young men of South Carolina as a leader and tutor in all that is high and noble and worthy. He has been looked up to and listened to by all our people, and yet he was not one to appear in public, not an orator nor a preacher. Few men occupying so retired a position as a college president, without personal ostentation, have so firmly held the admiration and respect of so large a following as has Dr. Carlisle.

The State of South Carolina is vastly richer for his life. The memory of his character and works will linger as a sweet incense.

FROM GREENVILLE NEWS.

The death in Spartanburg yesterday of Dr. James Henry Carlisle marks the passing of one of the really great sons of South Carolina—a man who has left his impress upon the State in many lasting ways.

It has been said of him, "If you seek his monument you have but to look about you in Church and State, and see the mighty host of Wofford's men of sterling worth, whose lives are a benediction to the nation, and you will find his enduring memorial."

Since 1854 the history of Wofford College has been largely determined by James H. Carlisle. In 1875 he was elected president of the institution. At different times he has taught mathematics, astronomy, civics, ethics, and the English Bible.

He was more thoroughly conversant with South Carolina history than any living man. He was the author of an excellent textbook on astronomy, entitled "The Young Astronomer." Time and again flattering offers from other institutions have been made, but to all of them he ever gave a courteous refusal, preferring to serve that institution of his Church to which he consecrated his lofty character and resplendent abilities.

It has been oft told on the campus of old Wofford that Bishop Candler once said that he would rather his boy would simply go into a room where Dr. Carlisle's old coat was hung up than to be under the real tuition of many a so-called great educator.

The honors that have come to Dr. Carlisle have always been unsought. Being modest and unassuming, the very idea of seeking a personal honor seemed utterly foreign to his noble nature. He was a member of several General Conferences of his church—as long as he felt able to go. He was a delegate from his church to several ecumenical conferences. He was a member of the secession ordinance. He was a representative in the late Confederate legislature—1863-64. These were the first and only political offices he ever held, though time and again he has been urged to accept positions of honor and trust in State and Nation. He has ever been a spiritual magnet drawing out the highest and noblest in the young men who have come under his influence. His stately form, his graceful movement, his loving yet firm voice, and his benign face, have blended in an imperative call to young manhood that has found a response in every heart that has known him.

"Verily, a great man has fallen in Israel."

FROM WORLD'S WORK, OCTOBER, 1908.

"If you were to go to Spartanburg, S. C., and spend an evening in the home of any man who lives there, the conversation would be sure to turn on Dr. Carlisle; and if you should happen to go to the home of any one who has a direct personal interest in Wofford College, the chances are that the most of the talk of the evening would be about Dr. Carlisle.

If you would happen to be at the college at a commencement time, you would hear a reverent and affectionate allusion to Dr. Carlisle in every public address. . . . .

"And who is this Dr. Carlisle? A man who went to the college as a teacher of astronomy and moral science in 1854, when it was founded, and who has been there ever since, a part of the time as president, and again as teacher. Doubtless neither philosophers nor astronomers regard him as a great contributor to their departments of learning. Yet it is doubtful whether there be an astronomer or a philosopher at any institution or in any community in our whole land who has exerted so strong an influence upon the young men who have come in contact with him. They do not say that he taught them astronomy, or that he taught them philosophy, but they do all bear testimony to his having given them in greater measure than any other man a right adjustment to life and a moral uplift—a kind of influence that the older of his pupils, who are now themselves far on in middle life, remember with affection that has grown since their youth. . . .

"He had a habit of delivering a public lecture once a year or oftener, and anybody who did not go to hear him lost standing in the community by his absence. These lectures were lay sermons, but everybody received them as a sort of half-inspired deliverance. He never held a public office, except that he was a member of the secession convention in South Carolina. He was never a preacher, but always only a teacher, and what he taught best was neither science nor literature, but character.

"Possibly the great business of teaching may get some hint from this simple story."

FROM THE BAPTIST COURIER.

The whole State mourns the death of Dr. Carlisle. Quietly he passed from the scenes of his earthly labors Thursday morning, October 21. He had passed his eighty-fourth year. Until a few days ago his health was good and his faculties well preserved. He was able to meet his classes until recently. It is a long life of usefulness and blessed service he

leaves behind. Thousands did him reverence. Hundreds of young men annually came in touch with the good man, and for years to come his impress will be seen and felt in some of the best men in the State. To come into his presence, to look into his face, and hear his words stirred the very best that was in a young life, and blessed are all those who enjoyed the high privilege of being taught by him. Few teachers have accomplished a greater and more far-reaching work.

For many years we considered him the foremost citizen of the State. Taking him all and in all, his scholarship, his broad culture, his native intellect, his teaching ability, his power and impressiveness as a public speaker, his genuine patriotism, his beautiful simplicity and humility and modesty, his courtliness, and his splendid Christian character, and where was his superior? He was truly a great man, a colossal statue, high above everything around him, and yet in his home and in the more private circles, the unassuming, unpretentious, thoughtful gentleman. We shall not see his like again.

FROM SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

We shall not here and now undertake to write in cold words what we feel and think of the passing of this good and great man. The sense of personal loss is too keen and present to admit of any effort at an estimate of his life and work. Thanks be to the spirit-life in us and about us, we do not and cannot think of him as dead. As a living body he has passed from us but as a living, ennobling soul of service and uplifting influence he remains in our lives.

No other South Carolinian, however great, has ever entered into the personal and higher life of so many of his fellow citizens. No other has to the same degree united the graces and sympathies that make life tender and beautiful with those imperishable qualities of mind, heart, and soul which compel the recognition of its moral seriousness and stimulate its devotion to unselfish service. No man in our State has entered as a compelling personality and as an enriching influence into so many hearts, homes, or lives. As one of our leading citizens and educators has said, "This State of ours has in its

history brought forth many great men. But in all the essential qualities and traits of greatness, the greatest of them all is James H. Carlisle."

FROM CHARLOTTE NEWS.

In the death early yesterday of Dr. Carlisle not only South Carolina, but the country at large, loses one of the ablest leaders in the nation's educational progress. Wofford College particularly feels the loss keenly, for Dr. Carlisle's contribution to the growth of that worthy institution through many years past cannot be computed.

FROM GREENVILLE PIEDMONT.

South Carolina has lost a man—a great man. The Grand Old Man of this State has gone to his reward. And old and young alike will shed a tear for Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle. Many a young man has been turned into the paths of righteousness, and today many a young man now grown to more mature years will stop in his every-day pursuits and remember the things—something, at any rate—which Dr. Carlisle told him. He will remember the fatherly manner, that undoubted interest in young manhood, that love for the right and reverence for God, that sweet, but firm "lecture," perhaps—and he will resolve to be a better man and to adhere to the teachings which were given so earnestly and interestingly. No one excelled him, either in precept or example, in teaching the path of duty. And he is one of the few men in whose mere presence we felt awed, positively awed. To be with him, to hear him talk, it mattered not upon what subject, made one realize how insignificant one is, made a person realize—to express it another way—what we are not, and made us wish to be what we ought to be. The good that he did will not be interred with his remains, but its impress will stay with us "like the vase in which roses have once been distilled."

FROM UNION TIMES.

Dr. Carlisle, one of the great men of the State, is thought to be dying at his home in Spartanburg. His long and useful

life, his great mind and heart, his devotion to the cause of Christian education and his great nobility of character mark him as a great man. The Methodist Church, Christian education and the cause of citizenship will lose in him a mighty pillar. Yet the lives of such men do not cease upon the earth when the death of the body comes. They live in the hearts and lives of succeeding generations.

Dr. Carlisle died at 7:40 o'clock Thursday morning. After writing the above, this information was furnished us by *The Spartanburg Herald.*

FROM GREENSBORO N. C., NEWS.

Men and women throughout the country who love the highest type of Christian manhood will read with unfeigned sorrow of the death of Dr. James H. Carlisle, president emeritus of Wofford College, who died yesterday morning at his home in Spartanburg, S. C.

Dr. Carlisle was a man of strong intellect and sterling character, and ranked among the ablest men in the Methodist Church. Those who knew him personally place him in the front of the greatest men in South Carolina. He served well, was consecrated to duty and wise in its performance. Peace to his ashes.

FROM CHARLOTTE OBSERVER.

By the death yesterday of Dr. James H. Carlisle, member of the Wofford College faculty from 1854 to 1902 and president from 1875 to 1902, South Carolina and the Methodist Church lose a man whose life was one long inspiration to his fellows. An elder has fallen in Israel. His memory should be and will be highly honored.

FROM LAURENS ADVERTISER.

Greatness does not necessarily mean the attainment of high position in church, State or Nation; it is not the achievement of fame on the battle field or in the legislative halls, nor distinction in the courts of the nations. Greatness is an inherent

quality, made manifest, sometimes in the public arena, sometimes only in private life.

While James H. Carlisle won everlasting honor and distinction as the head of a great institution of learning, his greatness was not confined to achievements in that office. Dr. Carlisle as a man was great and good. From what we have learned of his long and useful life, that life itself, it seems to us, was the basis of his greatness. Once we heard this remark: "What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say." In other words, the life of a man outweighs his professions or utterances. What of Dr. Carlisle's life? Ask the thousands of men in South Carolina today who have sat at his feet; on their lives is the imprint of his character. His life has been inspiration and strength for the youth whom he taught; the force of his character has been imparted to them.

That is what character does. One could not but feel the force of such a man as Dr. Carlisle, the moment he entered his presence; it inspired the mind to nobler thinking and higher living. Dr. Carlisle's life has been given to the young men of this State; he is still living in the hearts and minds of men, and time can never obliterate the impress. A monument? There are thousands of them already; not in cold, unfeeling marble or granite, but in the affections of the people. The life of James H. Carlisle, not so much what he has said and done, has been a benediction to the entire State; death has removed him, but the influence of that life will endure.

FROM ORANGEBURG TIMES AND DEMOCRAT.

Every man who graduated from Wofford College while Dr. Carlisle was president mourns today the death of one of the best friends he ever had or ever will have. No young man ever came in contact with this truly good man without being benefitted.

Wofford's adored president has ever been a spiritual magnet, drawing out the highest and noblest in the young men who have come under his influence. His stately form, his graceful movement, his loving yet firm voice, and his benign

face, have blended in an imperative call to young manhood that has found a response in every heart that has known him.

If you seek the monument of Dr. Carlisle, look about you in church and State, and see the mighty host of Wofford's men of sterling worth, whose lives are a benediction to the nation, and you will find his enduring memorial.

FROM WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL.

The death of Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle, former president of Wofford College, removes the most lovable figure in Southern educational and intellectual circles. Dr. Carlisle was loved and honored as was no man in South Carolina and his influence cannot be measured in terms of words. His name was spoken reverently in Spartanburg, where he was best known.

FROM YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

The death of Dr. James H. Carlisle, president of Wofford College, marks the end of the active labors of one of the grandest and most useful men South Carolina has known for several generations. We know of but few men that we would think of trying to compare with him. Dr. Carlisle was born in Fairfield county on May 4, 1825. He was connected with the college from the day of its organization at Newberry in 1853, and was president from 1875 to 1902, when he resigned to become president emeritus. Under his able guidance and direction, Wofford College became one of the greatest educational institutions in the South, measuring up in every way with all the leading colleges; but probably excelling all in the high standards of manly, Christian character imparted to the students. This was the doctor's strongest point. He stood above all else for honesty, truthfulness and fearless loyalty to right principles. Of course there were Wofford students of whom nothing could be made, and who went to the bad as do a certain percentage of the students of other institutions; but it is fair to say that a majority of the graduates under Dr. Carlisle are men of lofty character, who know what is right and who have the courage to do it. No other man in the state has exercised a greater or better personal influence

on those who were so fortunate as to have the advantage of his instruction, and many of them have owed to him most of what they are. We have used the expression at the beginning of this paragraph, "end of the active labors," advisedly, for the good that Dr. Carlisle has done will go on and on, and his splendid influence will never die.

FROM LAURENSVILLE HERALD.

No man ever died in South Carolina whose death created more general sorrow and regret than that of the death of Doctor James H. Carlisle. Too much has not been, nor can be, said of his worth and virtues, especially his great usefulness in the line of education. As a devout Christian gentleman, Doctor Carlisle's life was an inspiration and an illustrious guide and example. If the memory of men's good deeds lives after them, surely Doctor Carlisle's will live forever.

FROM THE WOODRUFF NEWS AND HERALD.

In the death of Dr. James H. Carlisle, South Carolina has lost her brightest light. There has gone out from the State a spirit so great and so broad that the like of him will not soon be seen again.

The State of South Carolina loved Dr. Carlisle, and his memory will long be cherished by the people of his State. It has been his kindly words and deeds on the campus of Wofford College, as elsewhere, that has pointed so many of South Carolina's bright stars to the goal which they afterwards strove for, and are still striving for many of them, with such a will as only Wofford's grand old man could inspire.

Wofford College has been the training ground of hundreds of the State's greatest and grandest men, and more than any other factor in their training, the great soul, James H. Carlisle, has been the spirit behind it all. Through all these years it has been he, he of the noble soul and strong mind, that has been at the helm in the college up at Spartanburg.

The people of the State loved Dr. Carlisle for the great work which he so nobly carried on for all these many years, but it is those who were taught by him who will miss him

most. It is they, more than any others, who know and love him as only Wofford men love Dr. Carlisle. To be under him for four years, to feel his kindly and inspiring influence for four years, or even for a shorter period of time, and to have had that long forefinger point one onward and upward, it is they who have had that experience who will miss him most.

Dr. Carlisle's life has been a blessing to his country—most of all, of course, to his own South Carolina, and there is not a community in the State that is not today feeling the effects of his noble life. And in his last moments we fancy that the secret wish of his soul was, that the youth of this State might profit by the example which he had long tried to set them. Modest and unassuming, kindly and gentle, strong and brave, Dr. Carlisle was the one man in South Carolina whom men might point to and say, there stands the greatest man in South Carolina.

FROM CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

This venerable servant of his country and his church passed peacefully to his reward on October 21 at his home, on the campus of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C. He had been ill only a few days, but the end was not unexpected. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-four years.

Dr. Carlisle was a native of South Carolina, to which State his parents had passed from Ireland only a few years prior to his birth. They gave him a classical education, and in 1844 he graduated second in his class from the University of South Carolina. Ten years later, when in 1854, Wofford College was organized, he became professor of mathematics in the new institution. This position he held until 1870, when he passed to the chair of moral philosophy. Five years after that date he was chosen president of the college, and continued in the active exercise of that office till 1902—forty-eight years after the beginning of his work in the institution. That year he resigned, and was by the board of trustees made president emeritus, the labors of the active presidency having been taken by Dr. H. N. Snyder.

Such is a brief outline of one of the most impressive per-

sonalities in the whole South. For nearly fifty years he taught consecutive classes of Southern young men in the same simple and rather rudely furnished college class room. The plain pine table behind which he sat is treasured as one of the most valued pieces of furniture in Wofford College. But this outline of his life gives no measure of the enormous influence which this man exercised upon the South. His hold upon young men was phenomenal. In the councils of both church and State he was so sane, so unselfish, so high-minded, and so impressively wise that his influence was cumulative throughout his long career. The citizens of Spartanburg came to reverence him as one of the dearest possessions of their community. His students, past and present, almost idolized him. The public addresses which he made from time to time, marked by the sternest simplicity of diction and the most Puritan commonplaceness of morals, commanded the instant attention of those who heard, together with a wide audience throughout the whole republic.

As a member of the great convention that took the primary steps toward secession and a frequent delegate to the highest legislative body of his church, his was ever a forceful presence. Tall and handsome and impressive in his port, this man passed to and fro among his fellowmen, under the shade of the old oaks of his college campus and along the streets of the city in which he lived, with an air of dignity like that of the ancient prophets. Only a few months ago, during the summer school for teachers at Wofford College, he delivered his last public address. The dispatches say that in moments of unconsciousness, while he was on his death bed, he repeated this address with great vigor and fervency. It was, as it were, the words of a prophet from the brink of his own grave. Like all his public utterances, it was concerned with the high themes of morals and religion. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

FROM THE WINNSBORO NEWS AND HERALD.

The grand old man at Spartanburg has passed away. This announcement of the death of Dr. Carlisle has carried sadness

throughout the whole of this Southland. No other man in the State was so greatly beloved. None other had so largely impressed himself upon his State. His was a great life, great in its simplicity, and great in its lasting influences. Surely of him it can be said that though dead he yet speaketh. He lives on in the lives of the thousands who have sat at his feet to learns the great truths of life. What they learned in the textbooks from this great teacher is not to be compared with the impress that he made upon them in his life. No boy ever came in contact with him but who recognized that he was supremely great in his own personal character and in his influence upon the lives of others. It was this greatness of his own life, this towering personality of his, that made him so great an influence in the lives of others. With him the personal equation, as it is so frequently called, was most manifest. There is none other who could be compared with him.

His loyalty to Wofford was something remarkable, a severe rebuke to the commercial spirit of the day. Other places that offered more in money, and to all appearance in position, were frequently tendered him, but none of these moved him. He loved the college to which he had been called when but quite a young man with all his soul. He would at any time have given his life for it—indeed, did give his life to it. Yea, his life was verily consecrated to helping the young men of his native State to better living. Whatever other truths he taught and in whatever other ways he tried to help young men, most of all his life was spent in trying to help them to right living.

The reverence with which his name was always called by the students and by all who knew him was indeed striking. We have never heard any other man's name called in quite the same way. Even in the modulations of the voice there was expressed a feeling of admiration for the great teacher. His presence was a powerful restraining influence. No one would ever so far forget himself as to attempt the telling of an unseemly joke of any kind in his presence, no more so than if he had been a woman. No student in his class room would ever try to play upon him in any way. To be guilty of any flippancy in Dr. Carlisle's presence was out of the question. This

restraining influence, however, was not limited to his being present. It had its bearing on young men in his absence. Not a few men there are who when they would have done wrong were restrained from doing so by the mental vision of their great teacher.

Dr. Carlisle was master of assemblies. He never failed to hold the undivided attention of his audiences. Though for fifty years he had labored in Spartanburg, being the speaker chosen for all great special occasions, yet there was no man who ever came to Spartanburg who could draw so large an audience. This is a most remarkable testimonial as to the esteem in which he was held in the community in which he spent so large a part of his life. Surely no community ever paid one of its citizens a higher compliment.

The instances which may be recalled of when Dr. Carlisle towered so high in the esteem of his pupils and friends are many and varied. There are students who recall that morning in the Wofford chapel when the other members of the faculty did not remain. That was a signal in itself for what was to come. And then followed a talk upon personal purity that was of such delicacy and with so much good sense that no one who heard it can ever forget the dreadful silence that followed while he talked. Then there is recalled the scene on that commencement morning when the alumni through the oldest living one of their number presented him with a small token of their esteem. There wasn't a dry eye in the whole chapel. Every one felt that he was in the presence of a real hero. Again that eightieth birthday celebration when the citizens of Spartanburg marched in great numbers to his home to express to him their appreciation of his labors in their midst is a memorable event in the lives of many.

There is no estimating the great good his life has been to his State. What he did for the young men who sat under him can never be measured in words or in this world. South Carolina is abundantly richer for his having lived. Winnsboro is distinctly honored in having been his birthplace.

And just one word more in connection with his having been born here. It gave him a peculiar interest in Winnsboro and

in all people from Fairfield. To him these old clay hills were peculiarly sacred. Her people and her traditions were dear to him. Pity it is that he never committed to writing what he knew of this county. Many a pleasant hour have we spent in his presence talking about the people of Winnsboro and the traditions of this old community. His interest, too, in his State was marked. He never forgot people. It seemed that he had something to tie him to every nook and corner of South Carolina. He kept up with the old Wofford boys. Not one it seems that he ever lost sight of. His deep abiding interest in them was one of the great secrets of his life work. How they will miss him can never be expressed. They loved him and they honor his memory. And not one of them but that counts it one of the greatest privileges of their life that they were permitted to have had him as a teacher.

FROM SPARTANBURG HERALD.

Mortality of the flesh is our common lot, and as there is a time to be born so there is a time to die, saith the preacher. Howsoever, we might yearn to see our Grand Old Man linger with us yet a few years longer; still there can be no complaining, no sense of premature untimeliness, for he had been left with us far beyond three score years and ten. Time and age had treated him gently, so gently as if tempted to make an exception to their inexorable law in favor of this man, because he was so near akin to the world where time and age have no authority. But this could not be, and so at last he has been softly and tenderly withdrawn from among the living, without abruptness, without pain.

Far and wide throughout that devoted Southland, with whom he walked through the valley of humiliation in the day of her sore defeat a loyal son and undefeated, the thoughts of many men will turn this day toward Wofford campus, there to dwell in silent, sad communion with memories too deep and sacredly personal for speech. Though many tributes will be written and spoken, the only adequate and worthy ones will lie sealed within the heart-depths of those who know but cannot tell.

The man of action leaves behind him a series of overt acts, definite external achievements, that can be described, their value estimated, their revelation of motive and capacity made clear. Not so the man of inspiration, whose chosen field lies not in the visible world and whose chosen instruments are not the sword or plowshare, nor steam and steel, nor microscope and scalpel, nor yet gold or merchandise or votes. His power and energy find their sphere in that unseen region, where human beliefs, ideas, motives, purposes are born and grow to the making or marring of human life. But choosing thus, he works in a region where results will elude all measurement and shall be seen in all their fullness only from above.

James Henry Carlisle was the man of inspiration, and never did any one care less than he for the praise or blame of the "natural man," who thinketh that things of the spirit are foolishness. Without so much as the consciousness of whether there was approval of his course elsewhere than at the throne of the Creator, he chose as his field South Carolina's young, and therefore potential manhood, and in that field he wrought with ideas and motives and purposes to the end that good men and true might be the fruit of his life. From this nothing could deflect his aim. In this work no son of the South ever revealed greater power, nor wrought with a finer, more ennobling effect upon plastic manhood.

Whence came his marvellous power over that inner heart of a young man's life, where ideals and aspirations well up into being, we know not whence? In part we can explain it, in part it must ever remain a mystery past searching out. His tall and erect form, his intense, direct look, his powerful voice, his singularly impressive bearing and manner—all these had a part in emphasizing his personality. But these are mere channels of expression whereby something within was communicated to those who looked and listened.

At times the uppermost impression made was that of sheer intellectual force and grasp, but the next instant with a leap of the heart in response one would feel penetrated and controlled by a tide of strong emotion pitched on a lofty plane, rarely experienced as this life goes. You felt the mental ex-

hilaration of being lifted and swept along in some freer atmosphere of large thought and intense emotion. But range as his thought might, suffused with feeling at high tension, yet all was unified and made constructive in effect by his utter simplicity and singleness of aim, guided by convictions as steadfast as the rock-ribbed hills. Thus moulded and gifted this extraordinary teacher could take command of a young man's moral being with a look and a word, withering as with fire the evil that was in him and giving a new vision of what it is to be a man.

Thrice only was it ever given us to sit at his feet and listen, and this not until the stealing years had weakened his physical frame, yet the impression left upon us is indelible. We seemed to be in the presence of an aged prophet of old, a victorious veteran of the moral battlefield, profoundly anxious lest his people should lose vision of the spiritual eternities in this modern rush for earthly temporalities.

Rare are the men whose very presence puts moral obliquity to shame, makes the compromise virtues of conventional society seem cowardly, and the doubt-chilled faith of an agnostic age appear weak and vain. But such a man was James H. Carlisle. His influence upon young men at the critical stage in character growth was like a strong moral tonic. Himself as stainless as the purest woman, yet breathing overmastering masculine vigor, there was a revelation in his warning to the young man who dallied on the brink of sensual indulgence. Never himself infected by the wealth-hunger of our time, his warning against the corrupting poison of money worship fell upon men's ears like the inspired message of a prophet, burning with earnest solicitude. Under his touch blurred conceptions as to right and wrong grew clear, distorted perspectives of life's values were set right, dormant aspiration was energetically aroused. He who can do such work for the manhood of his State and gives himself devotedly to that work without rest, without deviation, through a long lifetime, is one of the noblest of the sons of men and one altogether to be honored.

None will question that in the passing of James H. Carlisle

to his richly deserved rest South Carolina says the long farewell to her most reverently valued, best-beloved son. Born on her soil, educated in her institutions, he never forsook her for proffered honors and emoluments far greater than she could afford. In the most momentous step his beloved State ever took, he was there with her chosen representatives to take counsel and make decision. And after the terrible struggle this solemn decision brought on was over, the precious cause lost, the State exhausted, every institution paralyzed, he threw himself into the herculean task confronting his people at a point where the outlook was darkest as the period of negro dominance overtook the State. For verily it required in those days faith that could remove mountains for one of commanding ability to give himself to educational reorganization. But this was just our direst need in that dark hour, and this was sufficient to determine the object of his devotion.

Throughout a half-century he gave himself unreservedly to the young manhood of his State, turning neither to the right nor to the left, serenely immovable though so-called "larger spheres" and richer earthly rewards might have been his at a word. There could have been no higher aim for a son of South Carolina. No son of South Carolina could ever have pursued that aim more ably, effectively or devotedly. Called now to join his fathers, let us lay his time-worn body in the soil he loved so loyally, and bless God for that He gave our people in their time of dark distress a pure, unfaltering light, one that has guided so many to better things than ever they would have known without it. Though we say farewell to him in the flesh, well do we all know that there dwells among us still an ever-spreading immortal influence in living men made better by him. This is his monument, not made with hands, and who would choose another before it?

A Most Remarkable Layman

Dr. Buckley, who made the address before the graduating class at Wofford College last June, in writing of his impressions of Wofford College, says of Dr. Carlisle in the editorial columns of the New York *Advocate:*

"In 1875 one of the most remarkable laymen that Methodism has produced, James H. Carlisle, LL. D., was elected to the presidency of Wofford College.

"Dr. Carlisle continued in this office until 1902, a period of twenty-seven years. He was co-delegate with Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, representing the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1880.

"We have never been in a college community where such veneration was paid to a president emeritus. Unfortunately for the commencement and for us, he was ill. A great number of the alumni were in the city at commencement, and though having had the acquaintance of Dr. Carlisle from the time he came to the General Conference, as above mentioned, and having had correspondence with him and heard the bishops of his church and its educators and laymen speak of him, we could hardly account for such reverence mingled with love. But at last the secret divulged itself. It was in his union of absolute frankness and purity of heart, his devotion to his high calling, and his all-including love of young men.

"We were informed that no student ever passed through the college course without on some day being accosted by the president and asked to call upon him at a certain hour. There he spoke to that young man on the high themes of moral character, exalted aims, union with God and—what was never said to us before by any other—the interview was so sacred that no student was ever willing to reveal what had been said, but each felt that truly he had been in the presence of God and one of His great men."

Prayer and Resolutions by Home Mission Conference

Charlotte, N. C., October 21.—An article appearing in *The Charlotte News* this afternoon says:

"We do not lose faith, O Lord, when we lose men."

This was a sentence in a beautiful prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Detwiller just after the news of the death of Dr. James

H. Carlisle had been announced to the Home Mission Conference in the Tryon Street Methodist Church this morning.

A representative of the *News* handed to the secretary, Mr. Gay, the following, which he read to the Conference:

"A special to *The Charlotte News* announces from Spartanburg the death of Dr. Carlisle at 7:40 o'clock this morning."

There had been some earnest discussions over papers read, and the members of the Conference were absorbed in the idea of work at the moment that these tidings from over the wires bore the news of the death of a worker—a great worker, who put hundreds and maybe thousands of men to doing the best of life-work that was in them. A solemn hush fell over the assemblage when Dr. Detwiller said: "I move we have a season of prayer."

DR. DETWILLER'S PRAYER.

Dr. Lambuth was in the chair and the motion was immediately put and carried, and Dr. Detwiller was asked to lead in prayer. "We hear with sorrow, O Lord," he said in part, "that one of Thy sons and our brother has passed to his reward. We thank Thee that death does not end all, and that our brother is one of the immortals, as well as all of us who put our trust in Thee.

"We thank Thee for the lessons this great man's life gives to us; for his service to the church, to Thy Kingdom, to the State, and to the college of which he was really the father. Comfort the young men of Wofford as they bow their heads in grief over the death of the man to whom they owe so much —these thousands who have gone out to their life work chained to the chariot wheels of a great man's influence.

"We shall miss him: yet Thou hast other sons. We do not lose faith because we lose men. Help us, Thy unworthy and inefficient servants, who are left behind, to live nearer to Thee and render Thee better service."

At the suggestion of Rev. D. E. Camak, the hymn, "My Heavenly Home," was sung, while tears were brushed from not a few eyes.

Dr. Lambuth called for a motion to appoint a committee to draft resolutions and appointed the following on it: Drs.

Chreitzberg, Kilgo, and Rev. Messrs. Camak and Betts. They later brought in the following resolutions:

It is with profound sorrow that we have received the intelligence of the death of Dr. James H. Carlisle, president emeritus of Wofford College, which occurred this morning at his home in Spartanburg, S. C.

Therefore, be it, by the Home Mission Conference, assembled,

Resolved, That in him the State of South Carolina has lost her greatest citizen; the Southern Methodist Church one of her foremost, most devoted, and most consecrated laymen; that many of our greatest men of today have lost in him the friend who drew them to the great manhood that was in himself because he pointed them to the greatest manhood in Jesus Christ.

Resolved also, That we sympathize with his bereaved loved ones at his going away; that we mingle our tears with those of all Wofford men and Wofford friends in contemplation of the loss of his physical presence and power—and that we rejoice with Abraham, and with Paul, and with the heavenly hosts who do rejoice at his homecoming.

Dr. Carlisle's Influence with Fellow Soldiers and Former Pupils

FROM D. B. JOHNSON.

Dr. Carlisle's life and teachings are a precious heritage for all South Carolinians. He was one of the South's greatest men, intellectually, morally, and in achievement. Men and women will be the better down through the coming years because of his noble Christian life and because of the high ideals he set up and stood for. He builded not in perishable brass and marble but in immortal minds and souls, and his work will live forever.

SORROW AT CLEMSON.

Clemson College, Oct. 21.—News of the death of Dr. Carlisle, which reached here through a telegram to his nephew,

Prof. Morrison, caused deep sorrow. Dr. Mell appointed Profs. Furman, Keitt and Daniel to represent Clemson at the burial.

ACKNOWLEDGES ITS DEBT.

Bamberg, Oct. 21.—The news of the death of Dr. James H. Carlisle at Spartanburg was received here this morning, and the sad intelligence has caused much sorrow among the large contingent of Wofford men who live in Bamberg. The name of Dr. Carlisle has long been associated here in the minds of the people of this community, the fitting school bearing his name being situated here. Dr. Carlisle made a visit here some years ago, and this visit has been treasured in the memories of many.

The following telegram was sent to Dr. Snyder by the secretary of the class of 1905:

"The class of 1905 acknowledges its great debt of love and gratitude to the life of Dr. Carlisle.

(Signed) "M. W. Brabham,
"Secretary."

FROM P. H. FIKE.

From young manhood to far beyond the allotted time of man, James H. Carlisle has unselfishly poured out the stainless, unsullied life of a full grown man for the betterment of the young men who have stood under the sound of his voice and listened at his feet to the words of wisdom and encouragement and practical help and suggestion. In talking to men today who have been fortunate in having had the benefit of his instructions, and many of them measure up to a success in the control of commercial, financial, industrial and professional pursuits in this modern town, all agree that the great "heart power" was that pre-eminent characteristic of this wonderfully great man.

Some term it by other name, but "heart power" best expresses it. Of great physical stature and gigantic mental proportions, Dr. Carlisle was endowed with an acute, analytical mind, for the development of which he spared no opportunity or energy in securing his education at the State university

under such a coterie of teachers as Lieber, Henry and Thornwell, whose very names suggest letters.

Only those who have occupied the position of student to this remarkable man can appreciate the timidity and reverence with which his name or life work should be mentioned. When all is said or done, it is the personal equation that outweighs all else in any estimate of results or character. No teacher ever possessed the personality of Dr. Carlisle. To see the man and be thrown with him once, one would feel that a mean, low, vicious thought was foreign to him. He was firm of manner and tone in the recitation room, but approachable to a degree that made him worshiped by his students.

And the 55 years of service to Wofford quickened and invigorated his intellectual powers and broadened his work. With the coming and going of the classes there was no fatigue or wearing away, and stranger still the kindly interest of the man followed his students far beyond the college walls and into their pursuits of life. He never dismissed interest in a student when the latter parted from the college campus for good, and hundreds today likely have letters of help and comfort and encouragement that have found their way to them years after their college days.

Would a personal incident be in good taste? Ten or twelve years after my college days at Wofford, the paper on which I was employed changed ownership. It was in the midsummer time. All the help on the sheet were at sea so far as knowing whether they would be retained or not. The new proprietor called me in one sultry evening and said: "You ought to feel highly honored. Dr. Carlisle walked down to my office from Wofford campus this hot afternoon and requested me to retain you in your present position on the paper." It is needless to add I was far more surprised than the owner of the paper. This merely shows the great heart power of the man.

I have often wondered when a student of the great magnetism he exerted in the class rooms. What man is there in this country who was at Wofford in the early 90's but recalls

that little poem Dr. Carlisle recited as he only could give expression: "The Bird With the Broken Wing."

This verse the doctor would recite ever and anon and some of the hearers committed it to memory under his dictation, prompted solely by the power and expression of the teacher. The verse is:

"I walked in the woodland meadow,
Where sweet thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wing and each morning
It sang in the old sweet strain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

"I saw a young life ruined
By sin's seductive art,
And touched with Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And his striving was not in vain,
But the soul that sin had stricken
Never soared so high again.

"But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared so high again."

This little verse, pointing a great moral lesson, quoted by the master teacher, remained indelibly on the hearts of his hearers, many of them carrying it through the long and changing years. I have heard some old Wofford men, twelve years and more after hearing the doctor repeat it, say that when in some environment of temptation that pen picture and Dr. Car-

lisle's clear, wonderful interpretation of the lines brought them to thinking seriously. That's what you call the personal equation, isn't it?

A prominent genteman of Union county, not a Wofford man, a number of years ago related an interesting incident showing clearly the character of the doctor. On a visit to a home at which the narrator resided, Dr. Carlisle was waiting for the carriage to take a ride. This carriage was driven by an old-time negro named Peter. Peter had been coachman in that family for forty years, and his great age was visibly asserting itself.

While the members of the family were busy preparing to start, Dr. Carlisle walked out to the street and began talking to Peter. The coachman told him how long he had been driving the horses. Dr. Carlisle then said, "Well, Peter, you are getting old now, are you right sure you are driving your horses to the right country?" With this simple, homely entering wedge, the great man of letters clearly evidenced that he let no opportunity slip on any occasion to do good to help people, to make them think and do, no matter how humble or exalted. The man who related this incident said: "That's been twenty years ago, but that put me to thinking, and I feel that it made of me a better man."

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As He pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in heaven expect the meed."

Dr. L. M. Roper Pays Tribute to Dr. Carlisle

FROM SPARTANBURG HERALD.

Characterizing Dr. James H. Carlisle as South Carolina's most eminent citizen, Dr. L. M. Roper paid high tribute to the man Spartanburg is now mourning in a memorial address at the First Baptist church Sunday evening. The congregation

was composed largely of Wofford students. Dr. Roper emphasized the greatness of the man as shown in his everyday life, and gave numerous instances, some personal recollections, of how Dr. Carlisle tried by his every act to do some good, though it might appear to be in too trivial a matter to attract the attention of so great a man.

"Dr. Carlisle was not a Methodist—he was a Christian," said the speaker in the course of the evening. He explained that by this he did not mean that Dr. Carlisle was not a loyal Methodist but that his energies were not confined to the work of this church. He was a regular reader of the magazines of other denominations, and often contributed to these. In this connection the speaker told of their last meeting. After but a few moments casual conversation, Dr. Carlisle asked the pastor if he fed his congregation on the writings of Alexander MacLaren. Many years ago, he said, he read a short article by the great writer in a religious paper and saw the true ring in it, though he had never before heard of the writer. Since then MacLaren has attracted world-wide attention as a writer. Dr. Carlisle, when first attracted by his work, knew nothing of the man, but his admiration was in no way diminished when he learned that the writer was a Baptist, said Dr. Roper. He believed that Dr. Carlisle might have been one of the leading Americans had he but desired fame. He might easily have earned a salary twenty times as great as that paid him as president of Wofford, or he might for the acceptance have had the presidency of the leading institution of learning controlled by his Church.

Pallbearers

The following students of the college and fitting school acted as pallbearers at the funeral of Dr. Carlisle:

Messrs. W. F. Klugh and R. L. Keaton, of the Senior class; M. S. Lively and D. T. Ouzts, from the Junior; G. M. Crum and C. R. Mosely, from the Sophomore; B. M. Keller and J. T. Moore, of the Freshman class; and J. H. Anderson and W. C. Moore from the fitting school.

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PAGE.

Bagwell, J. E., Grocer viii
Band & White, Printers . . . xvi
Bacham Hardware Co. iii
Bean, J. W., Shoemaker . . . xv
Bernhardt, H., Photographer . . x
Biber, A. W., Jeweler xi
Bishop, A. J., & Co. ix
Bomar & Crigler . . . Back cover
Business College ix

Cannon & Fetzer, Clothiers . . viii
Central National Bank v
Chapman, The Grocer xi
Chnese Laundry vii
Cofield, Jas., Insurance xi
Correll, D. C., Jeweler v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiv
Cudd, R. E. & Co., Livery . . xi

Duck, A., Barber xiii
DuPre Book Store vi

Fairyland xi
Fashion Shoe Store viii
First National Bank xii

Greenewald . . . . . Front cover

Heinitsh Drug Store xiv
Henry, B. B., Tailor ii
Herring Furniture Co. vii
Hygeia Ice and Fuel Co. . . . xv

Law, A. M., & Co. xi
Ligon's Drug Store v
Liles, Floyd L. & Co. vii

PAGE.

Littlejohn, Worth, Barber . . x
Maddux, W. E. ix
Magic Theatre iii

New York Restaurant . . . xiii

Price's Clothing Store i

Rigby's Drug Store xi
Royal Palace Theatre iv
Russum, J. M. xiv

Satterwhite, A. W., Barber . . xiv
Sheridan's Teachers' Supply...vii
Shores Electric Co. iii
Smith's Shoe Store i
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . iii
Spartanburg Dental Rooms . . x
Spartanburg Ry., Gas & Electric Co. iv
Spartanburg Steam Laundry . xi
Spigel Bros. vii
Star Cafe ii

Theatre Soda Parlor v
The Smoker iii
Thompson & Dillard xiv
Trakas, N. S. xiii
Turner, J. F. xiii

Walker, J. A. x
Whittington's Drug Store . . xiv
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . . xii
Wofford College . . . Back cover
Wofford College Fitting School . . . . . Back cover

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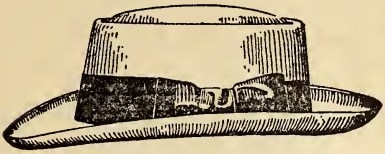

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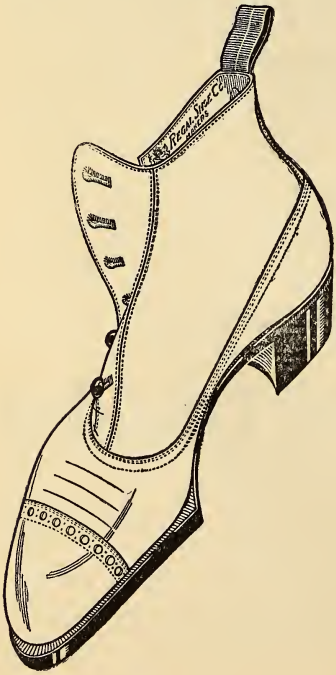

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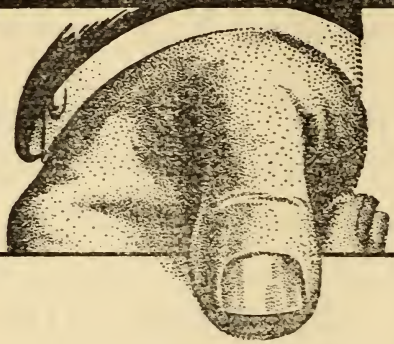

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Uncle Abe's Christmas 113

A Midnight Ride 114

Gladstone, the Man 116

Tribulation 121

"Dat ar' Jug" 122

"Why College Men Succeed in Politics" 123

Habit 127

The Enchantress and the Man 128

The Making of a State 132

Uncle George's Story 136

The Progress of Our Nation and Our Present Condition.. 142

Constitution College Press Association of S. C. 147

Editorial Department 151

Exchange Department 155

Clippings 157

Local Department 160

Y. M. C. A. Department 164

Alumni Department 166

Advertisements 168

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You owe it to THE JOURNAL to trade with those who advertise with us. They print one-half of THE JOURNAL. Those who do not advertise with us say your trade is not worth it. Make it worth while for people to advertise with us.

PAGE.

Bagwell, J. E., Grocer viii
Band & White, Printers . . . xvi
Bacham Hardware Co. iii
Bean, J. W., Shoemaker . . . xv
Bernhardt, H., Photographer .. x
Biber, A. W., Jeweler xi
Bishop, A. J., & Co. ix
Bomar & Crigler . . . Back cover
Business College ix

Cannon & Fetzer, Clothiers .. viii
Central National Bank v
Chapman, The Grocer xi
Chnese Laundry vii
Cofield, Jas., Insurance xi
Correll, D. C., Jeweler v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiv
Cudd, R. E. & Co., Livery . . xi

Duck, A., Barber xiii
DuPre Book Store vi

Fairyland xi
Fashion Shoe Store viii
First National Bank xii

Greenewald . . . . . Front cover

Heinitsh Drug Store xiv
Henry, B. B., Tailor ii
Herring Furniture Co. vii
Hygeia Ice and Fuel Co. . . . xv

Law, A. M., & Co. xi
Ligon's Drug Store v
Liles, Floyd L. & Co. vii
Littlejohn, Worth, Barber . . x

PAGE.

Maddux, W. E. ix
Magic Theatre iii

New York Restaurant . . . xiii

Price's Clothing Store i

Rigby's Drug Store xi
Russum, J. M. xiv

Satterwhite, A. W., Barber .. xiv
Sheridan's Teachers' Supply...vii
Shores Electric Co. iii
Smith's Shoe Store i
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . iii
Spartanburg Dental Rooms . . x
Spartanburg Ry., Gas & Electric Co. iv
Spartanburg Steam Laundry . xi
Spigel Bros. vii
Star Cafe ii

Theatre Soda Parlor v
The Smoker iii
Thompson & Dillard xiv
Trakas, N. S. xiii
Turner, J. F. xiii

University of Virginia iv

Vanderbilt University xv

Walker, J. A. x
Whittington's Drug Store . . xiv
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . . xii
Wofford College . . . Back cover
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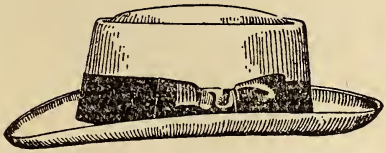

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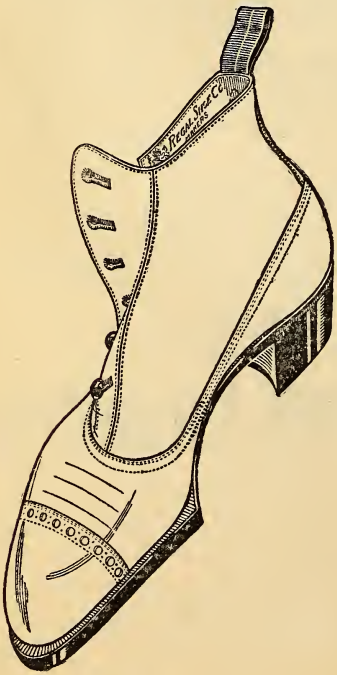

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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"Uncle Abe's Christmas"

Marse Henry, I'se er-gwine
  Down to de country sto',
An' buy sum t'ings fer Mollie,
  Dat I is, fer sho.

Fer Mollie's gittin' feeble,
  An' she nebber walks no mo';
I 'spec' she'll soon be crossin'
  To dat udder golden sho'.

Massa, Ise bin wukkin'
  In de bakin', bilin' sun,
An' in de cole er wintah,
  Fer de ole an' sickly wun.

Yes, Ise gwine to 'sprise 'er,
  An' make 'er happy, sho',
Befo' she cross de ribber
  An' I see huh nebber mo'.

An' den when she am dyin',
  Me conshus will be cleah;
'Cause I made me darlin' happy
  On huh lass Christmas heah.

—H., '11

A Midnight Ride

"Surely, John, you do not intend going the seashore road tonight. You know how dreary and lonesome it is, even at midday. Two to one that you see a ghost."

My friend's warning served only to increase my determination of taking the road along by the sea. Besides the charm of riding along a forest road on a beautiful moonlight night, and listening to the gentle murmuring of the waves, there was also something of the romantic in knowing that it was along this same road that George Washington traveled when he visited South Carolina on his Southern tour. Here, too, on either side, were old Indian burying grounds, about which have been woven numerous legends and ghost stories.

I had been visiting my friend, Ralph Murphy, at his seashore home and on this, my last evening, a merry party of young people had gone over to the beach. The night was beautifully clear and the sea unusually calm, so that we lingered long and contentedly, strolling to and fro along the moonlit strand.

It was long past the midnight hour when at last my horse was saddled and I started for home. For six long, dreary miles of my journey only one single, solitary house stood by the roadside, and in thinking of this I had little desire to reach it. As I began to recall the many strange stories I had heard of an old woman, no one knows how old, who was said to have the power of bewitching all who came that way, and who they said always stood alone at the gate before the old house watching for travelers during midnight hours, I came very near turning my horse and taking another road home. From the time I set out until I reached this place, my mind was busy picturing all kinds of ghostly scenes so that when I rode up the long hill and saw the old house there before me, a peculiar, creeping uneasiness came over me. Tall trees loomed up all around. I well remember one great elm in particular, its great arms hanging with the ivy of a hundred years' growth and reaching almost up into the skies, it seemed a ghost in itself, or maybe a great, gloomy statue in whose

shadows ghosts and goblins might be lurking. The moon was now shedding a pale, sickly light, only deepening the mysterious halo that seemed to envelop the earth. In almost breathless fear I rode on past this desolate place and nothing more than the screeching of an owl up in the old elm happened to increase my fright.

But this was only a warning of what was to follow. As I rode on, my attention was attracted by the peculiar moaning of the sea. Many, many times have I listened to the sound of the waves, but now they were singing a weird song which I had never heard before. There was nothing inviting about that song, yet some mysterious influence seemed urging me to leave my way and go over to the sea. Turning my horse, I followed an old trail through fields and marshes, past old buildings, fine old mansions of ante-bellum days, but now mouldering ruins in which only owls have their homes. We went on through the fields and over the beach hills to the water's edge, and, impelled by the same peculiar influence, stopped still instead of going on up the strand. My horse stood close beside me, trembling violently in every limb.

I know not how long I stood there in silence, broken only by the moaning of the surf and an occasional cry from a solitary owl out over the fields. Soon a great light shone out, lighting sea and land for miles around, and then a spirit-like ship came into view, moving slowly towards shore. On and on it came in majestic silence. Numerous beings were walking the deck and no sound was made. Even the waves ceased their moaning and the sea became terribly still. A few moments later many strange men stood on the shore. The leader, mounted on a beautiful white horse and carrying a long wand, guided each movement of the band. I stood still, awed and yet charmed by the awfulness of the scene, powerless to move or speak. This strange party paid me no attention until ranks were formed and a march begun. Then a flourish of the wand bade me follow where they should lead.

On and on, I followed this spirit band through fields and great, gloomy forests, strange and unknown to me. Imagine

my feelings as I followed this mysterious band whose footsteps made no sound in the dry leaves.

Finally we came to a halt on the bank of a beautiful stream. At a flourish of the magic wand all came together and I knew by the signs they made to each other that a consultation was being held, lots were being drawn and four of the party solemnly withdrew. Perfect stillness reigned while they were away. And then, horrors, I saw them returning, bearing a snow-white casket. This was placed at the feet of the chief, who beckoned me to approach. Trembling with fear and wonder, I went up and looked down into the casket and saw there my own dearest friend and companion, Hal Goodwin. They then bore him quietly away. I followed them and saw him placed on board the spectre ship and borne out to sea. In reverent awe I saw the great sails open up in a gentle breeze and the last of my mysterious band faded from view.

Again I stood alone by the water's edge, but not long. Mounting my horse I gave him rein and we fairly flew over hills, through fields, on and on, until we were miles away. Just as the first streaks of day were appearing on the eastern horizon, I reached home, stabled my horse, and hurried to my room to try to shut out the horrible vision of the night.

Three days later I placed a wreath of flowers on the grave of Hal Goodwin. Herbert Hucks, '11.

Gladstone the Man

The year 1809 is memorable in English history in that it gave birth to the greatest man of the reign of Queen Victoria, and many think the greatest Englishman of all times—William E. Gladstone. He has been called the strange man. Not even his most intimate friends understood him, and why, we are not able to say, for the means of judging and studying his life and character have been very ample. Of no man is it so hard to speak in a concise and summary way as on Gladstone.

Gladstone, when a boy, had the best advantages and opportunities, in culture, intellectual training and travel which

his time could afford. His father being a wealthy merchant, a member of Parliament and a baron, it was his good fortune to move in the best and most aristocratic society of the country. When a lad of only twelve years he left home to attend Eton College. He soon became very unpopular with his fellow-students there, because of his persistence in regarding serious study as nothing less than the business and duty of every college student. His classmates wondered at the magnificent appreciation of the form, and of the spirit and of the soul of the great Greek and Latin authors whom he delighted to study. As a student he was always pious and religious; noted for his kindness to dumb brutes and having little interest in the schoolboy pranks and games for which most boys have a fond delight. But, through his life he was an ardent participator in boating and a tremendous walker. One of his chief delights was to ramble with a few of his friends through the lonely places of Windsor.

From Eton he went to Oxford in 1828. The very atmosphere of the place, noted for its history, its traditions, and its legends, seemed exactly suited to the temperament of young Gladstone. Even at this early date he brilliantly distinguished himself in debating and in oratory. While at Oxford he was a thorough student of the Bible, of poetry and of patriotic literature and took an unceasing delight in these, which continued down through life, till his death. He had a veneration for the past, a romantic sentiment of reverence for the ancient institutions of the country and yet a mind open to the inevitable tendencies of the future.

There were always two tendencies at work in his life. First, to probe every principle to the bottom by logic, and secondly, to probe the social and intellectual and political arrangements in England. The Scotch method of reasoning and use of logic is very characteristic of Mr. Gladstone. The Englishman will try to prove himself right in spite of his logic. Not so with the Scotchman—he likes to think that it is through logic he has reached his results and it is by logic that he can defend them.

Mr. Gladstone made his first appearance in public in the

Reformed Parliament in 1832. Here he was, a young man on the threshold of a great political career, with the highest intellectual endowments and faculties, with ardent friends which he could number by the thousands, and a reputation which no Englishman in so early a stage of his political career had ever enjoyed. He had great sympathy and love for Daniel O'Connel, the great Irish lawyer and statesman, then just coming into prominence. Another leading figure of the new Parliament was Lord John Russel, the principal worker of the Reform Bill, and a man of great power and remarkable ability. Thus there were other men in Parliament destined to lead a greater career than Mr. Gladstone.

A striking characteristic of Mr. Gladstone was his courage. During his early political career he came quietly and modestly into the discussions of the day; thereby creating no great excitement and sensation as so many Englishmen have done. Never was he rash or impetuous—but self-confident and strong in character, he was willing to risk fame and fortune in a cause and the success of a cause consecrated by a principle. Popularity he almost treated with contempt. He most vehemently disliked the political demagogue, who with his silvery eloquence and the usual campaign jokes and stories, delighted to appeal to the gallery. These people he would say have no minds or convictions on any principle, but are merely seeking entertainment. As an example of his courage, take the Land Act of 1881, in some ways the most deep-reaching and profound of all his legislative achievements. He carried his scheme against the ignorance of the country; against the prejudices of the entire population; against the biased opinions of both houses of the legislature, who were steeped from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot in the strictest doctrines of contract. He was more than courageous, but even bold. So bold was he in making sweeping charges in the English Constitution, in changing the course of English policy in the East, and the disestablishing of the Irish State church, that many times he was accused of conspiracy and being revolutionary.

Mr. Gladstone was always ready and willing to listen to

other men speak, but though tolerant of their views, he would not always believe in their principles. He had an individuality which was extremely strong and distinctly his own. One could see it in all the reforms which he advocated. He never asked himself how an action would look, what construction might be put upon it, or whom it would perplex. He first lays down his principles with the greatest breadth, and then establishing his details with exceeding minuteness, he proceeds in molding public opinion to a given purpose. In his remarkable openness, freshness and vigor no one could equal him. And thus he was always accessible to new ideas and learning from the events which passed under his eye. Mr. Gladstone always had a disposition to revise his opinions in the light of new arguments and changing conditions, but of his own career he says: "It has been a career certainly changeable and with many errors of judgment, but I hope on the whole governed by uprightness of intention and a desire to learn."

Mr. Gladstone was always in sympathy with every foreign and domestic policy which represented freedom, liberty and advancement. Nothing lay nearer to his heart than the protection of the Christians in the East, where Turkey was oppressing them. When Sir Robert Peel proposed to advance a way toward the propitiation of Irish public opinion, a proposition which a man of Mr. Gladstone's honesty, sincerity and integrity could not for one moment entertain, rather than compromise by conquering his scruples which were sacred to him, he declared he would resign. Then in the great Don Pacific case, he showed that he was a man of the highest principles, and possessed with the keenest sense of honor and integrity in public, as well as in private life.

When we think of Mr. Gladstone we always associate him with his famous contemporary, the giant Disraeli. In what characteristics were they alike? In what were they different? What were the influences of each on England? Mr. Gladstone always took things with profound seriousness, while Mr. Disraeli took nothing seriously. Both were very different in their temperaments. Gladstone was no equal to Disraeli in sarcasm, but in reply Gladstone would sweep his antagonist

with marvelous eloquence compounded of reason and passion. Disraeli had no classical education, no advantages of travel, or influence of aristocratic society. While Gladstone had a classical training in the glorious literatures of Greece and Rome along with everything that care, culture and travel could afford. Besides, Gladstone had a love for all the fine arts of sculpture, architecture, painting and music. But Disraeli had no interest in those things which pertain to the beautiful and lovely side of one's nature. Political ambition was his idol and he lived in worshiping it. One passion common to both of them, however, was that of following in the path of justice and the improvement of the conditions of one's fellows.

Certainly the most important feature of Mr. Gladstone's character would be omitted if nothing were said of the thought and conduct of his belief in an almighty and beneficent power. With Mr. Gladstone his communion with the Father was a living force and more than that, a force essential to his true life. He had a lofty spiritual insight of moral conviction, of undying courage, of faith and hope unfailing. The allegiance to truth was his supreme duty and joy in life, and never did he have a shadow of doubt about his own fervent faith.

The dignity of the man is shown after his retirement from public life. He indulged in no fond regrets; he had no feeling of bitterness to those who had opposed his measures. Fascinating in society, he enjoyed it to the last and his stately simplicity always charmed those who saw him in private. As he was full of grace and charm in his early years so he was full of dignity and grandeur in his old age. During this long career he is said to have lived three lives—the life of the statesman, the life of the student, the secret life of the soul. And as elevation was the note of his oratory so was magnanimity the note of his life and character.

We call men great for many reasons apart from services wrought, or eminence of intellect, or even from force of character. They can take a leading part in transactions of a decisive moment; they can prove themselves able to meet demands on which issues hang; they can combine intellectual qualities with moral qualities needed for a given circumstance,

and with daring, energy, and intrepid initiative place themselves in the class of the greatest men of the race. Mr. Gladstone belongs to that rarer class who acquired fame by transcendent qualities of genius within, in half independence of any occasion, beyond those they create for themselves.

At all times he was a vivid example of public duty and private faithfulness. His was a long career of splendor, grandeur and magnificence, and having associated with this shining light, let us then "Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and groveling thing, that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny." J. K. Davis.

Tribulation

Starlight from a single star,
  Half hidden in the sky,
And frowning clouds appallingly
  Embanked about it lie;
The fiery darts from Jove's strong hand,
  O'erwhelm its feeble beams,
Yet after these have passed away
  It ever brighter gleams.

A man there was who humbly lived
  Far from the busy mart,
And sorrow came with heavy hand,
  Upon his throbbing heart;
And yet he loved his fellow-man,
  His star of hope was beaming;
For sordid ore through furnace goes
  And issues pure and gleaming.

—G. C. Hawkins, '10.

"Dat ar Jug"

"Whar's yo' gwine dar, nigger?"

"I'se gwine whar I'se gwine, dat whar I'se gwine."

"Look heah, nigger, I didn't ax yo' fer none er yo' sass. Whar's yo' gwine, I say?"

"I'se gwine hom', ef dat's any er yo' bizness."

"Say, nigger, what's yo' got in dat jug?"

"I'se got w'at I's got, dat's w'at I'se got in dis jug."

"Nigger, you'se gitten' too sassy. I axed you' w'at you'se got in dat jug, en I mean it."

"It's sumpen dot'll sot yo' on fier."

"Don't bliebe it. Lemme see in dat jug."

"Ain't gwinter do it."

"I'se tired er yo', nigger. I'll see in dat jug or de debble kin hab me. Gwinter gim me er run, eh? Well, yo' lit'l black scamp, my legs is longer'n yourn, an— My, he runs lak er rabbit; but I allers sed dat dram ain't good till yo' git it, so I'll— Confoun' de lit'l imp, dar he goes inter his house; but I'll hab sum er dat dram ef I ha' ter knock his do' down. Hey, dar, nigger, yo' better lemme in, er I'll bust yer do' down, squar onter yo'. Ain't gwinter do it, eh? Well, heah she goes."

"Quit yer knockin' on my do' out dar. Ef yo' won't bodder me, I'll let yer in."

"Sho pop. Open up. I jest want ter see dat jug, but my! Ain't she er daisy do? 'Bout one en er half dar, eh? En tomorrow's Chrismas. Say, nigger, I'se gittin' sorter cold. Gimme er little ter warm up on. Won't do it, eh? I tell yer what I'll do den. Dis here brand new coat agin er share in dat jug dat I can beat yo' at er game er seben up. Wat sez ye? Done; here my coat, put em bof on de table, en I'll shuffle de cyards. Dat's right, take dat cheer; but fust open de back do'. It's gittin' hot in heah. Hey, dar, sum feller's at de front do'."

"I tink dat's my ole 'oman. Hide dose cyards, man, while I let 'er in."

"Got 'im ez slick ez glass. De back do's open, so heah I goes wid de jug. Gee! but hit's cold out heah en I mus' run

faster'n dis ef I wanter keep dis jug. It'll last me all er de Chrismas hol'day ef I kin keep it erway frum de ole 'oman. Good Lawd! I'se spillin' all er de precious stuff, but tank de Lawd I'se home an' dat nigger nowhar in sight. Lemme see; de ole 'oman's gone off, an nobody heah 'cept me, er big fier an' de jug. Look er here, I smell kersene ile an it's on my han's. Dat nigger mus' er had it on his'n, too; but, see, I'se got it all over my close. Oh, I see now, de lamp mus' er turned ober on me w'en I turnt dat nigger's table ober in gittin' dis jug. Whew! Dis jug's ez cold ez ice in Jinuary. I'll jest hold 'er ober dis blaze en warm'er up er lit'l an' hab er drink befo' Chrismas. Great Jerusalem jumpers! Help! help, fier, fier! I'm er fier! I'se burnin' up! Oh, Jane, Jane, come heah quick! De wash tub; whar's de wash tub? T'ank de Lawd, so cold en nice. Golly er Molly, all er my har's burn'd an' my skin's fried ter cracklins. Oh, Lawd, how hit do hurt, an' dar's de house on fier en Jane fighten it. Jane, I can't help yo', fer I'se roasted ter de bones. I allers know'd dat licker talked mighty loud w'en hit gits loose frum de jug; but in all er my life I neber did see licker burn lak dis. De debble wuz shore in dat jug. Oh, Lawdy, it's killin' me. I nebber spec's ter fool wid licker in jugs any mo! T'ank de Lawd, here's Jane."

"Why College Men Succeed in Politics"

From careful observation it has been found that the men who obtain the greatest success in any department in life are those who can best concentrate their faculties upon any subject. The minds capable of thinking out the greatest questions and solving the most important problems are the trained minds; minds that are able to grasp a subject from every view-point, study it carefully and minutely until each part is thoroughly mastered. Therefore, it is evident that in politics, where trained minds must achieve great results, the men who have had the advantage of a college education will steadily mount to the highest rounds of success and add fame and honor to themselves and to their country.

Student life in a college community is in itself an excellent training for a political career. Light responsibilities, together with pleasant obligations, place the student in a position to make the most of his individual talents. The association of fresh young minds and lives in personal contact from day to day creates a feeling of freedom and self-confidence not readily gained by other methods. A student involuntarily recognizes his power and influence over others and is quick to use it advantageously; thus personal magnetism, the very foundation of success in public affairs, is developed best on the college campus, while a sincere feeling of brotherhood springs up to render men quick to recognize good qualities in others, cultivating the polish and pleasing address indicative of college-bred men.

In every institution of learning athletics plays a most important part in the training and development of accurate judgment and strong will power. The idea of "the man that can is the man who wins" so prevalent among all aspirants to teams of physical endurance and to make good, regular habits, steady nerves, quick, accurate judgment and strong determination are absolutely essential. Certainly men who develop fighting qualities like these will find success in public life. Victory or defeat are taken in perfect good will, because satisfaction comes from work well done. In athletic games the student learns fair play and open movements, so sadly absent in the politics of the present day, but surely to be brought about by the men trained by the clean athletics of the modern college. It is the influence of college athletics that gives to the political reformer the self-confidence which dares great undertakings.

The course of study taken up at a college is one of the most important factors in the preparation of the intellect for successful politics. The mind is taught to be quick in perception, responsive to impressions, and easily adapted to its environment. Subjects that receive its undivided attention are finally mastered and thoroughly understood. The arts of application and concentration, so necessary to every part of literary and political life, are acquired in a way to be always profitably useful. By constant practice the memory is strengthened until

it is able to receive lasting impressions without so much physical effort.

In close connection with the studies pursued at college are the literary societies, organized for training in parliamentary law and usage. Work done in this department is the beginning of greater work in the legislature; and hard, honest, sincere labor in the debating clubs is a stepping stone to successful attempts in the house and senate. It is an acknowledged fact that men entering politics from a college are successful in proportion to the efforts put forth in the debating societies, because proficiency in declamation, debate and composition is gained only by constant practice, and it is here that men learn to put their thoughts into logical form, thus carrying conviction to the listener. A great advantage is gained by the man who can make others think as he thinks and aid him in the realization of his plans.

In this day and time when politics are governed and run by party machinery and personal greed, there is a strong call for a man who is a man in the true sense of the word; a man who will act manly under any and all circumstances. The politics of today cries out for men of preparation, conviction and will power. Therefore, fellow students, let us make the most of our opportunities here, take advantage of every society duty offered within these dear old halls, and success along political lines will be ours for the taking. By strengthening our faculties and increasing our good college work we may measure up to the standard sought for by the poet in these words:

"God give us men! A time like this demands them—
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith, and willing hands!
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will!
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking.

R. B. McIVER.

In 1950

"Oh, Archie, this will be a fine time. There is going to be a storm; let's go up in the 'Zephyr' and see it."

"Yes, let's hurry, for that dark cloud yonder is coming fast. Soon it will be lightening here and be dangerous for us."

"Zephyr" was the name of their air-ship, and she was a beauty, too. Her balloon was the shape of a pecan, about sixty feet long and fifteen feet in diameter. The comfortable carriage could hold four or five persons—similar to the automobile seats. She had two propellers—one in the back of the machine for forward running, and one underneath to pull down when needed. The rudder was easily worked, either to turn around or to incline upward or down. When on the ground it rested on four legs and always had to be anchored. Anchoring or hitching places were numerous in towns and in the country. When anchored, folding steps were used to ascend or descend on. It rested two feet from the ground.

Archie and Ray were soon in the "Zephyr" and unhitched. She rose quickly above the buildings and towers of the city. Ray turned on the forward propeller and inclined the ship upward. Below, the familiar objects of the city were fast becoming blurred; other air-ships could be seen hurrying for places of shelter from the fast increasing wind. Behind them the thunder was heard more frequent and louder. The elements seemed angry that so small a craft should brave such a dangerous realm. Lightning darted near them as if seeking a chance to hurl them back to earth. But the little ship shot upward like a bird frightened by the sportsman's gun.

Soon they were past danger. The indicator showed them to be a little more than a mile from the ground. Bringing the ship to a standstill, they could watch the progress of the cloud. The edge was just passing under them, hiding the city from view. Could Hades be more terrible than the sight now presented to their view? All around was semi-darkness. The dark clouds dimly seen below were like rocky gullies and jagged hills that seemed in the grasp of a mighty earthquake. Now rugged gorges were filled by crumbling mountains; then

again high peaks were raised. Among all this upheaval the lightning constantly flashed; it was as if cannon were firing from peak to peak, and from valley to valley. With this was the incessant roar and peal of the thunder. What magnificent confusion and infernal splendor! What could show more forcibly the power of the Omnipotent?

Towards the west the clouds were breaking. On the mists and broken clouds the evening sunshine fell with gorgeous splendor. All colors, from dark purple to glittering gold, were seen. It was hard to distinguish where one color ended and another began, the tints and shades were too delicate for common earth. The sun shone with a weird beauty on the little craft, "Zephyr." She seemed to welcome the sunshine again after such a terrible pandemonium just witnessed.

The fury of the storm was spent. The wind had ceased; darkness was vanishing; the main body of clouds had gone toward the south. The downward propeller was turned on and the ship was slowly pulled toward the earth. The streets of the city were clean and clear; the air was pure and refreshing, and the sun seemed to shine on a different world than was seen half an hour ago. A. W. A., '12.

Habit

'Tis said that when a spider traps his prey
  He weaves about it first a tiny thread,
But soon he has it fastened in a way
  That holds it quite secure until it's dead.
And so works every habit—first it feels
  Scarcely perceptible unto our touch,
But 'tis not long before we find it yields
  Never to us, but we to it, and much
Do we then see how always it controls
  Our actions, words, or e'en, perhaps, our thought;
Then let us, when we see how fast it holds,
  And look upon the evil it has wrought,
Begin to fight, nor cease until we stand
Free before the eyes of God and man.

—B. M. Badger, Jr.

The Enchantress and the Man

"Dope, please."

The Man seated himself at the counter and waited for his order, and a minute later he was raising the glass to his mouth.

As it touched his lips he happened to glance into the mirror behind the fountain. Instantly all thoughts of dope took flight; for behind him was sitting the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. A wealth of jet black hair was hers; perfectly tinted with a delicate red were her cheeks; behind her eye-glasses were enchanting eyes, and such a beautiful mouth—two rows of pearly teeth surrounded by perfect lips—lips like the bow of Cupid, tinted with vermilion. All these features, each perfect in itself, were combined perfectly in one face. The Man was fascinated by her beauty and began to realize that he was under the spell of her rare charms.

When his coca-cola was half finished, The Enchantress left the store. He shoved his glass on the counter, tossed a quarter to the boy that had served him, and left also. At a distance he followed her down the street. She entered the Arlington, and a few minutes later he also entered. Walking over to the counter, he looked over the register.

"Miss Ione Walton, Atlanta." She was his Enchantress; there were no other ladies registered.

He looked at his watch and found that he had just time enough to get to a business engagement which would keep him the best part of the night. He could not see her that night.

Early the next morning he was on the street, hurrying to the hotel. Never before had he been so affected by merely seeing a beautiful girl. He was completely under a spell, just as the bird on which the rattlesnake has fixed its fatal gaze; and like the bird, an unknown power was drawing him near his Enchantress.

He entered the hotel and walked over to the desk.

"Is Miss Ione Walton staying here?" he asked of the clerk.

"No, sir; she left here last night."

"Can you tell me where she went?"

"I don't know. The night clerk was on at the time. Perhaps some one in the baggage room could tell you."

"Thank you, very much."

The Man went to the baggage room. "Say, John," said he, addressing the baggage transfer negro.

"Yessir, Cap'n."

"Did a lady have some baggage checked here last night?"

"Yessir. Two ladies come yer."

"Well—um—what kind of hair did she have?"

"One had light—"

"But the other?"

"She had the purties' black hair I have ever seen. She wo' spectacles an—"

"Where was her baggage checked?"

"Charleston, sah."

"Good. Here's a dollar. When's the next train to Charleston?"

"Four 'clock dis ebening, sah."

The Man hurried to his room. Soon his suit case was packed and he was on his way to the depot. When he arrived at the station it was an hour before the train was due; then the blame thing was a half hour late. But at last the train did come, and he was soon on his way to Charleston.

Everything did not go smoothly, however, even then. The train was delayed further by a hot box; and when it entered the station, it was half after nine o'clock. The Man was very tired. He hurried to a hotel and was soon dreaming of his Enchantress.

The next morning when he awoke the sun was shining bright. As yet he had formed no definite plans, and it being an hour still before breakfast, he strolled down to the Battery.

"Mornin' News and Courier!" shouted an urchin.

The Man bought a paper and glanced over it rapidly. In a minute he stopped with an exclamation. He read a short paragraph again to himself.

> "Miss Ione Walton is in the city on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. J. R. Stover, at No. 9 King street."

Enough. The Man arose and went back to the hotel fc breakfast. He was satisfied; he felt that he had made con siderable progress already, and it seemed that a propitiou fate was at work for him. After breakfast he lingered in th neighborhood of No. 9 King street, but was not so fortunat as to see Miss Walton. Yet her image was ever before hin Dinner time came and The Man returned to the hotel. Bu as soon as the dinner hour was over, hurried back to resum his vigil. Nor did he watch and wait in vain. About fou o'clock, Miss Walton, a vision of loveliness and beauty, wit another girl, came out from No. 9 King street and went u toward Marion Square.

Soon the two entered one of the numerous moving pictur theatres. Of course The Man entered also—he had no choice he must follow.

Just then a happy thought struck him. He went into a near by store and bought an umbrella, very similar to the one Mis Walton carried. Then he went back to the theatorium, lef his umbrella where she had put hers and walked off with hers.

Time went slowly—very slowly. The minutes would no go rapidly. But they had to go somehow; and at last The Man found that the next morning had come and he was again looking over the paper. One advertisement held his attention.

> "LOST—A silver headed parasol at the New Theatorium. Finder will please return to Miss Ione Walton, No. 9 King street. Reward."

The Man's scheme was successful. As soon as he finished his breakfast he hurried to No. 9 King street. A servant answered his ring.

"Is Miss Ione Walton staying here?" he asked.

"Yessir. Walk in de parlor."

A minute later she stood before him. He was supremely happy. The parasol was returned to its owner, but somehow The Man contrived to stay at No. 9 King street that morning. The spell which had held him since the evening he

aw her in the ice cream parlor had assumed a most complete control of him.

It was delightful to be charmed by such an Enchantress. In fact, it was so delightful that The Man obtained permission to put himself under the same charm the next evening, and then another evening, and still another.

"I leave tomorrow for Atlanta," said Miss Walton, the last evening he called. "I've received a letter from my father telling me to come home at once. I'm awfully sorry I won't be able to see you for perhaps a long time." There was genuine regret in her tones.

"I've got to go to Atlanta tomorrow, too," lied The Man easily. "I'd been hating the thought of leaving you," continued he, "but you bet I'm delighted at the way things have turned out."

Time flew after that. The next afternoon he took her to the train. Together they boarded the Pullman. Miss Walton took a seat, and The Man, as soon as he had put his suit case in the seat opposite, sat beside her. Four and a half hours in company with the girl to whom he was willing to offer his heart on the altar of his devotion! What could be better?

It seemed but a few seconds till the porter lighted the lamps in the car. A few more such seconds and supper was over and several had retired. How rapidly the time had passed!

He bade her good night and went into the smoker. And when he returned, she had retired. Soon the porter had his berth in readiness and he was ensconed between the counterpanes. And opposite he lay awake and mused on his most beautiful Enchantress.

Beauty? That is a weak term. Indeed, The Man swore she was infinitely more beautiful than Venus. Such a beautiful crown of black hair on that royal forehead! Such an arch in the eyebrows! Cheeks like red apples! Such lips! Such a mouth! All these blended so perfectly! She was the most beautiful woman in the world.

The Man was most rudely aroused by the train's coming

with a terrific jolt to a sudden stop. And for the minute he forgot the girl, and looked out of his berth to see if a porter was near so that he could find out what was the matter. But just then the curtains opposite his berth parted, and she looked out.

No! It could not be true. A hideous nightmare was before him. In place of the goregeous black tresses was just a little bit of red hair! Only one eye peered forth at him now; the other was only a vacant socket. The red of her cheeks and lips had been rubbed off on the pillow, and her face was now deathly pale and wrinkled and flabby. The beautiful teeth were gone from her mouth.

The Man stared; the spell was broken. He decided he did not have any business in Atlanta after all, or either forgot what the business was, and returned home on the next train.

The Making of a State

The history of a nation is to a certain extent connected with that of the countries surrounding, but this connection is not so strong that the history of one may not be considered apart from the others. But to follow the progress of any State of our country without reference to the others is impossible, for so closely have they always been bound together that there is little which they have not in common.

Yet, when we take the history of our country as a whole, we find that the names of some States stand out from the others as having records of their own; by force of circumstances, perhaps, for as the scene of great suffering or mighty conflicts, a State can but gain a larger place in history, an honor dearly bought; perhaps by a roster of great names more brilliant than usual, or a record bright with deeds of heroism and unselfish devotion; yet again, most enviable, too, her people might have the name of standing so courageously for great principles and being so quick in their defense, as to win special recognition.

Of all these States, none has a history more clearly distinct than South Carolina. Nor is it through one of these

causes, but through all. By location, for in each of our two great wars her suffering and sacrifice have had few parallels; by her great men, for her warriors and statesmen, her leaders in war and peace, alone might place her in the foremost rank. But it is not so much to these that she owes her place and position as to that united spirit of her people that in times of doubt and crisis has made her ever the first to take the stand for right and principle, and made her's the greatness, not of the individual, but of the State.

The question naturally arises, why are the people of this State so jealous of her rights, so quick in her defense, so loyal to her in every need? What brought them together and set such a standard that they fear lest it suffer at their hands?

And looking over her history, we find the answer—war. Into this chaos of blood and strife were brought the elements of a new people. Out of it they came as that promised commonwealth, a part of a nation, and without thought of disloyalty to its flag, yet a unit of themselves, the members of a sovereign State.

Elements of a people they were in truth, those early settlers of our State. Hardly a country, religion, or creed of a crowded continent, not a rank nor station from prince to peasant, but that contributed its quota to her population. Yet, despite this appearance of confusion, during the period of settlement there were influences at work bringing them together, and inculcating in them principles for which in the time of need they were to stand with common purpose.

It is not in luxury that the love of liberty and the spirit of independence are implanted and strengthened, and the best preparation for war is the combat. No better condition for fostering this love of freedom and developing the courage of a people could be imagined than those surrounding the Carolinians. The persecuted Puritans fled to an inhospitable coast, to a region of wintry skies and chilling blasts; but these settlers came to a land of warm sunshine and genial climate. Work; yes. The land had to be cleared of the mighty forests, and the soil which never before had been stirred be turned up to receive the seed. The labor had to be unceasing, but to

honest industry a generous nature gave back in prodigal abundance. It was not a life of ease, but its trials strengthened and its difficulties ennobled; in the voices of wood and stream was the very soul of freedom, and in response to that call, in the breast of the settler awoke again that old spirit of independence which the weary pomp and artifice of royalty might trample upon but never crush. The fabled fountain of perpetual youth for which the old Spaniard sought became here a reality.

Through three generations this spirit grew and flourished until, almost unknown to themselves, perhaps, it became the very principle of their life.

Another influence bore upon them. For sixty years South Carolina was a frontier colony, the farthest South on the coast. To the North, West, and South were numerous tribes of hostile Indians; and farther down was Florida, the stronghold of the Spaniards, not a whit less savage and treacherous than their red allies. The wars were almost unceasing. In their battle for existence, the colonists faced the enemy without hope of aid, and the fearful fate of former prisoners taught them the folly of surrender. In this grim school of war, they developed a self-reliance equal to any emergency, and a courage and desperate resolution that faced any odds without thought of yielding or admitting defeat.

South Carolina was favored as a royal province, and during these years of her growth every effort was directed to the development of the new country; their great trade to England grew steadily, and a rich stream of gold poured into the British coffers. The colonists were firm in their affectionate fidelity to the home country, for the hand of royalty lay lightly upon them. Perhaps they regarded its rule as little more than nominal, and believed themselves really free.

But as their content was the greater, so their awakening was the ruder. Taxation was laid upon them, not burdensome in itself, but insulting in its demands; from the North came news of greater oppression. It was the age-old claim of the monarchy, overbearing and insolent, and the Carolinians realized that their dream of freedom had been in vain.

Then the spirit which had become a part of their very being was aroused, and without counting the cost or reckoning the odds, they resolved to be free indeed. While others were debating, their decision had been taken, the sovereign State of South Carolina was organized, and preparations for her defense made. Theirs was the first step and when they repulsed the enemy's fleet from their coast, theirs was almost the first signal victory.

The die was cast, and well it was that their courage and resolution was so great, for it was to be tested to the utmost. Rarely has a people been so tried. Even the victories that they won seemed but to make their condition worse. Added to this, numbers of their own countrymen, through mistaken principle, or perhaps meaner motives, had joined the invaders. It was not the nature of the people, apparently, to go by halves, and the most fearful struggles, the bitterest conflicts, came not when American faced Briton, but when Patriot met Tory. Yet it was not until this moment, when the boldest might have despaired, that the full measure of their resistance was felt. At the time when the invader thought his despised foe forever crushed, he found him in arms again, and more determined than before.

We know the result, the victory that they won. Who can say that they had hesitated at any sacrifice for their State? She had called for money, and when the war was over it was found that they had given a million dollars above their quota, scarcely less than another State of greater population, and more than all the other colonies put together. She had called for the sacrifice of their property, and with unshaken nerves they saw the enemy ravage their fields and destroy their homes. Yet again she called for more, and freely and cheerfully they offered their lives for her cause. It is of this State that the historian speaks when he says: "Left mainly to her own resources, it was through the depths of wretchedness that her sons were to bring her back to her place in the republic, after suffering more, daring more, and achieving more than the men of any other State."

Had their victory been easier, the State might have suffered

by it. There is but one standard of value for achievement, and that is the price with which it is bought. And by this stern reckoning their reward was one to be cherished as more precious than their lives, dearer than all else on earth.

Have the generations that followed been true to their trust? As we look over the bright pages of the history of our State and country, with honest pride we can say, they have. On fields as bloody and in conflicts as bitter as ever were Cowpens, Eutaw, of King's Mountain, and in the more silent trials of peace and the duties of guiding the destiny of a State, they, the South Carolinians, from that day to this, have proved themselves worthy of the name.

R. L. Meriwether, '12.

Uncle George's Story

"Come in, boys! Come in!"

"Heigho, Uncle George, guess where we've been. Bet you can't guess what we have in our hats. Look there, Uncle, aren't they fine? We found just lots of 'em over in the woods behind the cemetery."

"You rascals, you; been stealing my muscadines, eh?"

"How could we help it?" replied Hugh. "They looked so tempting that a preacher would have broken the commandment. Top ran a rabbit in a hollow log right under the vine, and after we found we couldn't twist him out, like you said you used to do 'em, we discovered the grapes."

"Why, Uncle," said Howell, "I believe anybody would have helped himself to a bait, even if he had found them in a neighbor's orchard, especially if he were as hungry as Hugh and I were. And after we had eaten enough, we thought of you and decided we'd bring you a hatful."

"Oh, that's all right. I know exactly where you found 'em, for I've been saving them till you came, and am glad the negroes didn't find them before you got here. Put them away till you are hungry again. Old Uncle don't want any now."

"Take a few, Uncle George; Howell and I won't like it if

you don't. You don't know how delicious they are—much better than the California grapes we get in town."

"Very well, then, both of you give me a few. I know they are better than your town grapes. But where's your rabbit? Didn't you get him?"

"No, sir; we twisted and twisted and twisted, like we heard you say once, that you used to get 'em, but we couldn't get a thing out of the hollow except hair, and Top was just wild to get him, too."

"Never mind, you'd soon learn if you twisted as many as Dan's little motley Nick. He gets one every day. Ain't you boys a little cold? Les' go in to the fire."

"Uncle George," as he was affectionately called by his grand-nephews, is a very old bachelor living all to himself. He has an old "mammy" for a cook and housekeeper, and an excellent one for either, who has lived on the Gibson place all of her life. She and her "ole man," Gus, continued as loyal and humble to "Massa George" as if they were still slaves. The fine, spacious old home which Captain Gibson occupied is one of the ante-bellum structures, and every one of the ten rooms are kept furnished; for the old gentleman's happiest hours are spent entertaining his many relations. Sometimes he has an entire family with him at one time. Nearly all of these relatives live in the city, and regardless of what season it is, when they visit him they know they will get "something good to eat." His farm is one of the very few on which is raised a great variety of fruits of every kind, besides he takes great pride in his pigs and chickens and calves and bees.

The old gentleman is now nearly eighty. Many who have known him early in his declining years often wonder why one with his genial nature and gentle disposition has never married. But it is another one of the old, old stories. Being the eldest child, the death of his father left the care of a mother and younger brothers and sisters to him a few months after he finished college, and the havoc of the Civil War caused him to be the only one of the family to have the privilege of a college training. He is fifteen years the senior of his youngest sister, and therefore by the time of her marriage he

was already a middle-aged man, and consequently past the age when a man is likely to seek a wife.

His failing eyesight will not allow him to read much, and unless some of his relatives are with him, his childish affections are satisfied with his pigs, chickens, and calves, and the bees, too, receive their part of the care. He is so devoted to these pets that he is almost cranky about them. Many of his chickens, and every pig, have individual names, and each one knows its own name from hearing it so often. His bees undoubtedly know him from anyone else, for during the swarming season he can hive them without veiling his face and hands, and were anyone else to venture such a thing, he would be sure to be severely stung. These pets compose Captain Gibson's immediate family, and he is contented with them, if not happy. His near relatives are constantly begging him to give up his lonely life, to share with them a home of love and luxury in the city, but he cannot be induced to do so. He knows that he could be satisfied at no place except the old homestead, where he is absolute ruler and thus can conform to his own peculiar habits.

Hugh and Howell, first cousins, are home from college for a week, and while there have run down to spend a day or two with "Uncle George." It is late Saturday afternoon in early December when they came in from their ramble, with each of their hats nearly filled with muscadines.

As they seat themselves before the comfortable hickory wood fire in the large sitting room, Howell remarks, "Uncle is that little tombstone in the cemetery really a monument to a dog?"

"Yes, my boy, one of the most faithful and intelligent dogs I've ever heard of is buried there."

"Please tell us about it," said both of the cousins, for they still have that boyish love for dogs of any kind.

"Why, haven't your mothers ever told you of faithful old Gyp? I'm surprised if they haven't."

Both the boys had a vague memory of "Gyp," but neither could recall the name with any degree of intelligence, and insisted that the story be repeated to them.

"Gyp was given to me as a graduating present by a sweet little married woman, and it was valued more highly than anything else I received. You know I finished college in '57, which was a long time ago, too, boys, when you think of it. And school days meant something then; it wasn't a picnic for boys of my time, like it is for the college dude of today. We went to school at sun-up, and continued the class work till night, and what we studied wasn't a pack of -isms and -ologies then, either; we studied things that were worth something and practical. When I think of all the tom-foolery that's taught the young people of today, I'm tempted to wish that every school and college of the land were reduced to ashes.

"But as I started to tell you of Gyp, she was my most appreciated gift at graduation. Why, you'll know when I'm through. It was a few days before Christmas of my junior year, or rather a few nights. The weather was extremely cold for the season. It had been cloudy and cold for a week, and on Friday night the angry clouds relieved themselves with a heavy snow. Saturday morning dawned as clear as crystal, with no trace of a cloud to be seen. I remember that we met old Professor Stone that morning, who forgot more algebra than any of your Ph. D's. could learn in a life-time. The sun rose red and beautiful and soon the snow was studded with myriads of brilliant gems, showing every color of the rainbow. What a pity that you city-bred fellows don't even know what a sunrise looks like, and you'll never be worth anything until you do, either. The day was bitter cold, despite the sunshine, and very little of the snow had melted when twilight appeared.

"Late that night, after I had studied all my lessons for Monday, I had to go down the street to mail a letter. The letter was to father, and I remember that I had written home for money—for fifteen dollars, which was a big amount in those days. You young upstarts think if you don't have that much a week to throw away, you and your whole family would be disgraced for life. And that's the curse of the young men of this day and time, the reckless way they spend money, not a penny of which they have earned. It makes me tremble

when I think of what the coming generation will come to be. To return to my tale, though.

"The harvest moon was at its best that night. As I recall, the moon was just about full, and its radiant light only lent beauty and grandeur to the scene, but the cold was more intense with the coming of nightfall. The wind was whistling 'round the corner with a vim, and was mixing the fine, powdered snow with the moon-rays. John Durand, my roommate, was out sparking that night; he went to see as pretty a girl as anybody wants to know. Her name was Sarah Pressley, whose father kept a livery stable in town. John and Sarah were sweethearts, and were married a few months after John finished school. And by the way, you remember seeing in the paper the other day of a certain S. P. Durand being elected to congress? Well, that same man is John and Sarah's oldest son. I was telling you of Gyp, though, wasn't I?

"At the post office I found a letter from home, which somehow made me more homesick than I had been since a freshman. The beautiful, snowy, moonlight night, with its ghost-like appearance, added more to my feeling of loneliness. The very wind seemed to speak with a sombre voice. A half famished tabby-cat dashed by me with bristles raised from its ears to the tip of its tail. In front of me, to the left of the street corner, I heard the howl of a dog, which seemed filled with all the sorrow and sadness uttered in the wail of a heart-stricken mother over the corpse of an only child. My feelings were so wrought up by this time that I could have cried out like a child. As I neared the corner, I saw the dog out in the middle of the street, howling as if its poor heart was broken. Somehow, I felt that there was something in common between me and the animal, and it was such an intelligent looking dog that I stopped to give it some comfort and sympathy. This made a friend of her at once. She came to me instantly and with an almost human appeal for help. She would rub her intelligent face against my body, trot off a few paces, in the opposite direction of the college, then back to me again with such an indefinable look of trouble that I instinctively felt that the dog knew of some impending danger,

which I could relieve if I followed her. Though already tired and cold, I determined to follow her, if only to satisfy a fancy.

"She seemed to recognize my decision at once. Her actions were instantly quieter, and her anxiety now seemed bent only in leading me to the place of danger. All kinds of thoughts came to me, and I wondered at which it could mean. The dog kept a short distance ahead and constantly looked around to see if I were following. I realized that she was leading me farther away from my room than I first anticipated, but had no thought of turning back. Her nearest route was through the old cemetery, through which she went, and I need not tell you that the associations of the awful place made me tremble with awe. Our pace was not slackened as we passed through, but seemed to me my feet would slip backward with every step. Every monument, in its marble whiteness, seemed to bow backwards and forth, as so many ghosts. As an evidence of how deeply absorbed the dog was in her trouble, she paid no attention to the white rabbit as it skipped into a fallen-in grave. We were finally through to a narrow street, however, which went through a very unfamiliar part of the town. The moon was now falling low in the west and the street was shaded all the way across by the buildings. The checkered moonbeams as they fell through between the houses seemed to add enchantment to my thoughts and to the scene. The next turn was through a dark alley, over which the eaves of the adjoining houses met, and under these was harbored an old screech owl, which was saddening the night with its hideous cries. We soon entered another narrow street, and just ahead I could see a dim light through an end window of a low house. I noticed, too, that the dog pricked up her ears and increased her rate of travel considerably. She set out diagonally across the street in the direction of this house, and it was then that I somehow felt that in this dimly lighted little room was the seat of danger. The faithful shepherd galloped up into the little piazza, to the front door, and seemed to signal me to hurry there, also. But just at that moment I saw a sight through the window which I could not forget

if I were to live a thousand years. I could see a smoked, flickering lamp on a high, old-fashioned bureau, opposite the window from where I was. Quick as a flash, with the light's best reflection on it, I saw pass the bloodless face of a timid looking woman, and expressed in that face was all the various emotions of trouble capable in a human soul—appealing love, fear, sadness, desperation, resignation—all. And behind her I could see the shadow, only, of a man, with extended arms, which gave it the appearance of a legion of devils, and in the right hand the image of a dagger against— Hush! Ain't that one of my pigs squealing? Yes, it is! I must run and see what's the trouble."

"Oh, Uncle," pleaded both Hugh and Howell, "do tell us what happened in the room before you go."

"Shucks! I'll finish when I come back. I think that's 'Little Spotted Back' squealing." M. S. L., '11.

The Progress of Our Nation and Our Present Condition

(Spoken before Carlisle Literary Society.)

When we view the history of our young American nation, and thereby recall the hardships and oppressions which our forefathers suffered, both from the tyrannical rule of our mother country and from the hand of the treacherous savage race, our lives are thrilled with a deep feeling of admiration and appreciation of those noble, heroic men of revolutionary times, who gave their service and patriotic lives for the national peace and prosperity which we now enjoy and of which we so much pride ourselves.

For a century or more England held us under almost complete subjection. She restricted our trade, commerce, and manufacturing interests; she imposed unjust taxes upon us and compelled us to obey her many other unjust laws which we were allowed no representation in forming. This horrible state of affairs continued to grow worse until the Americans, though few in number, rose with one accord with that great statesman, Patrick Henry, as their spokesman, and George Washington as their leader, and said: "Give us liberty or give us

death." As a result, our long Revolutionary War ensued, in which thousands of our noble ancestors gave their faithful services and lives. After several years of this cruel war, England, realizing that her task of subduing the Americans was greater than she anticipated, was compelled, in 1783, to recognize our declaration of independence.

The American survivors of this bloody struggle, being stimulated by their great victory, began with renewed energy and determination to establish themselves as a free and independent people.

As time rolled on and our people increased in number and in general prosperity, England, not satisfied with past results, became envious of our power and concluded to take us, with all our wealth, as her booty. She at once began to plunder and rob our seafaring vessels and to take captive our sailors. She continued this depredation until she had almost destroyed our ocean commerce. As a result of this outrageous calamity perpetrated upon us we, comparatively without war equipments, again appealed to arms and after three years of cruel war won one of the most marvelous victories known in modern warfare. England then returned to her own in cowardly defeat, fully impressed with the fact that the Americans have rights of their own which they will ever assert and are able to defend. Since that time until the present England's conduct toward us has been very considerate and becoming.

In addition we have encountered many other opposing forces which have greatly impeded our nation's progress and prosperity, viz: The arduous task of subduing and annihilating the Indian race, the Mexican War of 1845, and the bloody conflict between the States, the period of reconstruction, and our late Spanish-American war.

When we behold the dark picture held up to us by the enumeration of these facts, thereby realize the trying ordeals through which our commonwealth has passed, then view our great nation in all its magnificence and power as it is today, we wonder how we have been enabled to accomplish so much in so short a time, although we recognize the fact that "Right, supported by loyalty and determination, must prevail."

Only a little more than a century and a quarter has passed since the American colonists were only about 3,500,000 in number and were serving under the tyrannical yoke of England. But today we stand a mighty nation of 90,000,000 inhabitants, 3,500,000 square miles of territory, and with an army and a navy against which no nation dares to raise her hand in conquest.

The time has long since passed when England could sing, "Britannia rules the waves," but the time has come when the American stars and stripes are respected and honored wherever they may float.

As to our natural resources, they are immeasurable. With our vast expanse of fertile territory which nature has so well diversified in elevation and climatic conditions, and by means of scientific discoveries, modern inventions, and our labor and capital organizations, and by our modern means of rapid transportation, we are enabled with comparatively little effort, to earn a comfortable subsistence and to enjoy many of the luxuries of life.

Our mineral wealth is unequaled. Recent statistics show that the United States now leads in the production of coal, iron, lead, petroleum, silver and gold.

Our agricultural products are enormous. Within our cotton belt is now produced seventy-five per cent. of the total cotton crop which the whole world produces and consumes. And it is furthermore true that several foreign nations are dependent, to a great extent, upon us for their food supply which we export to them each year.

Only about eighty years have passed since our country was mostly a wilderness and we were without any railroads and had but few villages and small cities, but our beautiful land is now thickly dotted with towns and great cities containing their numerous educational and religious institutions, manufacturing industries and commercial enterprises, all of which tend to lighten the burden and increase the happiness and well-being of mankind.

Our railroads have been extended and improved so that we now operate our trains over 213,000 miles of road, which

thickly knit our towns and cities together and are rapidly transporting our commercial goods to different parts of our continent.

In addition to our adequate railway system we also have about 25,000 miles of inland waterways over which ocean steamers are wafting our goods to the different markets of our own country and foreign ports.

Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison, and others have, by their inventive genius, given to us their electrical appliances by means of which millions of the wheels of our manufactories are being turned, our streets and residences are lighted, our street cars are run, and by means of the telephone, telegraph, and wireless telegraphy, we are enabled within a few minutes time to communicate with almost any other part of the world.

We have, by artificial means, drained our swamps and watered our deserts which once seemed almost worthless, but which are now bringing forth their valuable fruit in abundance.

Our legislative, judicial, and executive form of government is now recognized and acknowledged, even by other nations, as being the most complete form of government in existence. Yes, a government which guarantees equal rights and privileges to all, makes man secure in home and rightful possession and gives him the sacred right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, is bound to thrive.

Truly our educational system is not what it should be. Nevertheless our schools, colleges and universities are so numerous and conveniently located, books and other forms of literature are so cheap and plentiful that almost any American boy or girl, at the present time, with the proper determination, may obtain a liberal education.

This age is rightly called "the age of progress and opportunity." Yes, it is the time that Horace of old would have called the "Golden Age," for we are now realizing and enjoying many privileges and advantages which our forefathers, even a half century ago, hardly dreamed of, and each succeeding age is adding greater advantages.

In comparing the privileges, advantages, and the blessings

which we are enjoying with those of the people of other nations of today, it seems that if there be a people or a nation who should be happier and more thankful than another, that people or nation is that of the United States of today.

In the midst of our wealth and luxury, may we be mindful of the fact that many great problems are confronting us, one of which is the taking care of our soil and preservation of our other natural resources, "For the wasting of our natural resources is laying up poverty for future generations."

We cannot afford to flatter ourselves so much as to think that our wealth and power are due to any great extent to our righteous way of living, for such is not the case; yet we are constrained to believe our national prestige may be due, to some extent, to the fact that we have never bowed to the golden calf nor worshiped the graven images, but have ever worshiped a true and a living God.

Then may our nation ever beware that she does not become indifferent and disregard the rights of others and forget God, as did Rome of old. If so she will in due time inevitably suffer a similar fate. P. B. Y.

Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina, 1909

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the "College Press Association of South Carolina."

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The object of this Association shall be to promote and upbuild the college magazines of this State, to raise the literary standard, to bring the officers of these magazines into closer relationship with one another, and to hold annual meetings at such times and places as shall be decided upon by a vote of all the delegates of the Association present at any annual meeting.

SEC. 2. The annual convention shall be held on the third Thursday and Friday in April of each year.

ARTICLE III.

The Association is composed of the literary magazine staffs of the following institutions: College for Women, Columbia College, Converse College, Winthrop College, Clemson College, Charleston College, Greenville Female College, Erskin College, Newberry College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, University of South Carolina, Wofford College, and other institutions as shall be admitted by a three-fourths vote of all members present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Association shall be: President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary. These officers shall be elected annually by the staffs of the magazines which they represent.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall be appointed at once by the President.

SEC. 3. The new officers shall hold their office for one calendar year.

SEC. 4. If any office of the Association becomes vacant the college represented by the vacant officer shall have power to elect his successor.

SEC. 5. The President of the Association shall be appointed from the college that entertains the Association; and no college shalll have the President for two successive years.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the convention; and he shall have power to call special meetings by the requests of three of the colleges represented in the Association.

SEC. 2. The Vice-President, in the absence of the President, shall become active President. He shall act as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all the amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall keep a roll of the delegates according to colleges represented, and shall file the proceedings of the annual convention.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college one week before the time designated by the Constitution one month before the regular annual convention, and to do such correspondence as may devolve upon him.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all money due the Association, and to make an annual report to the Association of its financial condition.

SEC. 6. The offices, except that of President, shall rotate alphabetically among the several colleges.

SEC. 7. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college, one week before the time designated by the Constitution in regard to submitting articles for the contest, calling spcial attention to such parts of the Constituion that govern said contest.

ARTICLE. VI.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of one member from each college, and shall be appointed by the President, as provided in Article IV, Section 2, and shall assemble on the night preceding the annual convention.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall have the power to select medals.

SEC. 3. The annual conventions shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall have the power to direct the use of the funds of the Association.

SEC. 5. Each Editor-in-Chief of the several college magazines shall submit to the Vice-President of the Association, not later than the 15th of February of each year, the name of one man for the Committee on Decision, who must be eligible under Article VII, Section 1, of this Constitution. The Vice-President shall then, in the presence of the magazine staff of his college, draw impartially from this number the names of six men, and submit them to each staff for its approval. If there be no objection to these names the first three in the order drawn shall constitute the Committee on Decision.

SEC. 6. Provided any one of the first three men shall not be able to serve, the Vice-President shall continue using the names in the order drawn.

ARTICLE VII.

SECTION 1. Three persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of this committee shall not at any time have been connected with the faculty of any contesting institution in South Carolina.

SEC. 2. This committee shall pass judgment upon all essays, poems and stories submitted, and shall consider the following points: Style, Thought, Rhetoric.

SEC. 3. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision. Such objection shall be sent to the Vice-President three weeks before the annual convention.

SEC. 4. The Corresponding Secretary, one month before the annual convention, shall send a typewritten copy of one essay, one poem and one story from each college in the Association to each member of the Committee on Decision, who shall grade them and return to the Corresponding Secretary. Neither the names nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of the Committee on Decision.

SEC. 5. A medal, not exceeding ten dollars in value, shall be given for the best essay, best poem and best story appearing in any magazine of the Association for the year. Only one poem, essay and story shall be submitted. The Secretary will read before the Association the prize essay, poem or story.

ARTICLE VIII.

SECTION 1. No essay, story or poem shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words. Essays that have been used in debate or oratorical contest are not eligible. Every essay, story and poem shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, and they must be members of the student body at the time they are written.

SEC. 2. The staffs submitting the essay, story and poem shall send three typewritten copies of each to the Corresponding Secretary one month before the annual convention.

ARTICLE IX.

The essays, stories and poems shall be selected by the several staffs of the magazines in the Association, and no staff shall submit more than one essay, story and poem.

ARTICLE X.

Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of $10.00, which shall be paid on or before every annual convention.

ARTICLE XI.

SECTION 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the delegates of the several colleges, of whom only one-half shall have been members of the magazine staff of the preceding year, and officers of the Association.

SEC. 2. The Association shall meet at such time and place as the

convention may select. Each college is entitled to two votes. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, and shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the same.

ARTICLE XII.

Any college of the Association failing to send a delegate to the convention, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit without a satisfactory reason to the Executive Committee, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIII.

An honor roll shall be kept by the Secretary; the roll to contain the names of Presidents and winners of the medal.

ARTICLE XIV.

The Association shall have no official magazine of its own, but each year the various colleges represented shall publish, in their December issue, the Constitution of the Association and a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XV.

Parliamentary rules not provided by this Constitution shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVI.

By a two-thirds vote of all the delegates present at any annual convention the Constitution may be amended.

Copies of this Constitution may be obtained by addressing Alan Johnstone, Jr., Newberry; A. D. Oliphant, Carolina; R. B. Hicks, Wofford; Committee on Publication.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889. Spartanburg, S. C., December, 1909. Whole No. 182

STAFF

W. Grady Hazel .. .. *Editor-in-Chief*

CALHOUN

Business Manager .. .. E. B. Hammond
Alumni Editor .. .. J. R. McColl
Assistant Exchange Editor .. .. E. K. Epps

CARLISLE

Literary Editor .. .. B. McRoy DuBose
Exchange Editor .. .. D. L. Betts
Assistant Business Manager .. .. M. S. Lively

PRESTON

Local Editor .. .. G. A. Beach
Assistant Literary Editor .. .. W. P. Meadors
Y. M. C. A. Editor .. .. J. K. Davis

Entered at Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

W. Grady Hazel, Editor-in-Chief

Student Body Organization

Some few weeks ago the different classes of Wofford were called to meet, and at this meeting the student body organization was formed. This has been talked of a long time and needed longer. It gives a unity of thought and feeling and action to the students which nothing else can. It aids and strengthens college spirit which, or the lack of which, in the end, is the making or ruining of any college. This spirit must have some organization to foster it and about which it can center. Of course there are the class organizations and literary societies and these breed a certain kind of spirit, but not college spirit. Each man feels a love for his class and also for his society, but, when these unite and form themselves into one body, he feels and sees and realizes more fully that the members of different classes and societies are, none the

less, members of one great body and should be drawn and held together by the strong cord of fraternal love and friendship.

This organization will also be of another great benefit. It will insure concerted action on any undertaking the students may attempt. As it has been, one class goes one way; another, another. Now, there will be unity; we will know no classes, no factions, no parties—all united, indivisible. When there is any enterprise to be undertaken we will work together with one accord and endeavor to do honor to ourselves and our college. It is well known that for any undertaking to be a success there must be unity, both of purpose and of action. All must strive toward the same goal. "In union there is strength." Internal strife will break up any nation, State, organization or anything else. We do not need it. We now have the means to get together and stick together, so let us endeavor to do so. Long may our organization survive and be a potent factor in the furtherance of all elements that will work for the betterment of the students and the welfare and upbuilding of our institution.

—o—

The Bohemian

This year the Annual staff will meet with more difficulties than is the common lot of such a board. We have the smallest number of students here this year that we have had in some time; the standard has been raised considerably, thereby requiring more study and leaving less time for work for the Annual. They must overcome these and we must help. The Student Body Organization has decided to back this publication. This means us. We must either pull together, or else get behind and push together and make the Annual this year the best that has ever been gotten out here. There are several ways in which each of us can help.

We can talk it, get up enthusiasm among the students, faculty, friends of the college, business men and all others who in any way can help. Talk is cheap, but may amount to much. It may get some one interested who would not have been so otherwise and turn others' influence to bear on this subject. We wish to succeed; we must have enthusiasm and

get everybody to thinking, planning and working for the Annual.

We can help in getting the material for the Annual. Some literary matter, such as short stories, poems, etc., will be needed; jokes, class, club, and organization pictures, and so on, will be needed. We should make The Bohemian flashy, brilliant and witty, or as nearly so as possible. To do this we must concentrate our every faculty to this end. We must not only write, but must also get our clubs, organizations and team pictures in. These pictures show up well for the college, make it seem that there is more doing here and make the Annual fuller and more attractive.

We must each and every one subscribe. We may not care for it so much now, but in after years we will be glad to look over its pages and let our memory drift back and linger on our college chums and classmates and think of the days that will then be long past. This will be one of the sweetest parts of our college life, the reflections and memories that will come to us in after years. Some day we will prize this college memory book as one of the dearest of our possessions from which under no consideration would we part.

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Examination

A movement is now on foot which, if successful, will do away for the most part with exams here. A petition, signed by practically every student in college, asking that each student who makes an average of eighty-five or over on daily recitations be excused from examinations, has been handed to the faculty for their consideration. As yet they have not passed on it, or if they have, have not reported their decision to the students.

We believe that this would be a good plan. One of the greatest faults of our present examination system is that it is the mother of cramming. A student will let his daily work lag and then, the last night or two before the examinations, will try to get his whole book into his head. The evils of cramming are so well known that they need no further discussion. This plan, urged by the students, would almost en-

tirely eliminate this, and would, we believe, bring about more regular studying. A student would work his best to keep his daily average above the deadline and would do much steadier work, and therefore more satisfactory than under the present system. We hope that the faculty will see fit to adopt this plan and, at least, give it a trial.

—o—

The Lyceum

The Lyceum course this year has been especially good. This is a vital part of every man's education. There is nothing like hearing men of reputation and getting their thoughts in giving a person broader views and a deeper perspective into life. This year we have had Dr. Southwick, president of the Emerson School of Oratory, and Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, leader of the minority party in the House. These are both men of wide reputation whom one could not afford to miss hearing. We have also had two singing attractions, "The College Singing Girls," and "Hinshaw Opera Company," both of which were elevating, pleasing and instructive. Each student should attend every one of these attractions. All of this goes into the making of an educated person.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Daniel L. Betts, Editor
E. K. Epps, Assistant Editor

We are very much pleased with the November issue of the *Furman Echo.* The first article is a poem, "To a Wild Rose by the Wayside," and possesses a kind of tender pathos not usually found in college publications. Another poem, "All Thine Own," also has this pleasing quality. The two essays in the issue are very interesting. One of them is a strong call to public opinion to awaken and exert itself against child labor. The three stories in the issue start out in pleasing style. The first, "The Undertow," lapses the times into the mere statement of facts somewhat like the average history text-book. "A Matured Rose" is the best story in the issue. The first part is artistic word painting, but it ends up rather commonplace. "The Haunted House" is in a pleasing narrative style, but we are somewhat disappointed, for we expected a thrilling climax, but it was not well aranged and the matter-of-fact scene described in the last two paragraphs rather jars the unity of the story. On the whole we are pleased with the *Echo,* and we expect other very interesting issues.

The Palmetto is gotten out in very neat style, the simplicity of the cover making it quite attractive. The literary material, however, is quite varied in regard to quality. We are more or less disappointed with the poetry. There are four poems in the issue which are very pretty for light reading. "When the Year's at Spring" and "Shipwrecked" contain some very good description. Both might have been worked up better. In the one essay, "South Carolina's Vacant Lands," we expected to find copious information on a subject which would awaken considerable interest in us; we did not expect to be bored with the copy of a territorial grant of George II., which constituted about half of the article. The stories, "Heart's

Desire" and "Young Love," are clear and very interesting, and it can easily be seen that they are the best productions in the issue. In fact, they are as good as any stories we have yet seen among our exchanges. "Brer Rabbit" is also good. The frame work of "Twins and Twins" is admirably chosen; the rest does not come up to it. It seems that the author wished to rival Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," but succeeded only in working up complications in which the fine thread of connection seemed unable to support its own weight. We hope the next issue of *The Palmetto* will possess greater unity of quality.

The *Converse Concept* contains but one story and that might have been worked up better. The plot, however, is good and the climax well arranged. There are two good poems, "Roses of Yesterday" and "What We Are." A unique article is "A Swamp in Winter." We would like to know just where that swamp is located. Judging from this description, where snakes bask on the logs and frogs croak in the winter, the scene must be laid in the land of eternal summer. We enjoyed reading "The Utility of the Beautiful." "The Lemon's Lament," a bit of class room verse, seems to be a rather pedantic display of high sounding words and phrases. When we saw the abbreviation, "Psych," we expected something about habit, or associations, of memory, or some other lofty theme of the great mind study, rather than a collection of technical terms regarding the anatomy of the brain. We do not feel justified in saying the *Concept* is up to its usual standard.

[NOTE—The above criticisms were written by Mr. F. Warren Dibble, the editor, Mr. Betts, being ill.]

CLIPPINGS

PRAYER OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Mother of all—of earth and sky and sea,
We earthly children, too, we cling to thee,
Thou once so gentle, wilt thou ruthless be?
Leave us our life!

Leave us our life! Still let us drink the bright
Warm love of day, rest in the cool starlight,
And feel the dewy kisses of the night.
Oh, let us live!

Oh, let us live! Have we rejected one
Of all thy gifts? One color of the sun?
Our gold and crimson show what we have done,
How true we lived.

How true we lived, O, mother of earth and sky!
True as thy stars, which never, never die.
Wilt thou keep them and throw us idly by?
Leave us our life!

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

We see the falling of the leaves —
Perhaps this is the cause:
'Tis college time; they're shaken down
By our husky Rah! Rah! Rahs!

Beneath the moon
He told his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder
Of his coat
It showed up for a week.

But never mind, old sport, send that coat to the "Pressing club" before you wear it again.

Stella: "Have you saved your gas receipts?"
Bella: "Yes; I have an engagement ring."

He: "You are the breath of my life."
She: "Why don't you hold your breath awhile?"

"No, Harold, mamma said I mustn't let you kiss me, 'cause you might get microbes, and then I 'spose I'd get your-crobes."

Small Boy: "Play train with me."
Grandmother: "Certainly, dear. What do you want me to do?"
Small Boy: "Oh, just stay where you are and look like a railway station."

In de vinter time,
In de valley green,
Ven de vind blows
On de vinder pane,
And de vimmen folks
From de vaudeville
Ride velocipedes through the vestibule,
O, vimmen; Ah, men!

CONFESSION.

Something in thine eyes
  Sets my heart afire;
Something 'neath their skies
  Makes my soul aspire,
Just to hold thee mine—
  Ever very precious,
Sweet as eglantine,
  Nature's fairest treasure.

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

GOD AND I.

I love to wander off alone,
  To think and pray and dream,
Amid the wilds of nature's world
  Where things are as they seem.

Oh, rapturous joy! Oh, perfect bliss!
  When soul and spirit meet,
As undisturbed I take to God
  From nature's safe retreat.

—*Ouachita Ripples.*

"Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could fade,
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade."

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Geo. O. Beach, Editor

STUDENT BODY ORGANIZATION.

For several years we have felt the need of an organization on the campus which would include every member of the student body. Such an organization was recently perfected, the purpose of which is to have the students more united in matters pertaining to the different phases of college life. Several enthusiastic meetings of this body have been held recently and we believe it will do much to create college spirit and good feeling among the men in college.

The officers of the organization for this year are:

W. F. Klugh, President.

C. E. DuPont, Vice-President.

J. L. Glenn, Secretary.

H. R. Sims, Treasurer.

SOCIETY OFFICERS FOR SECOND TERM.

The literary societies have chosen the following officers for the second term:

Calhoun Society—W. F. Klugh, president; J. L. McCall, vice president; G. M. Heinitsh, first critic; C. W. Shockley, second critic; O. N. Bowman, first censor; S. O. Black, recording secretary; L. C. Braddy, second censor; W. Y. Dillard, third censor; R. R. Nickels, corresponding secretary.

Carlisle Society—W. B. Baker, president; B. M. DuBose, vice president; E. B. Roberts, first critic; E. L. Horger, second critic; J. E. Wannamaker, first censor; W. D. Hutto, recording secretary; H. Hucks, third critic; D. M. Galloway, corresponding secretary; R. L. Cox, second censor.

Preston Society—J. K. Davis, president, G. A. Beach, vice president; R. L. Keaton, first critic; C. O. All, second critic; J. L. Cely, first censor; C. E. DuPont, recording secretary; T. E. Crane, second censor; R. L. Meriwether, third censor; H. N. Folk, corresponding secretary.

THANKSGIVING GAME WON BY THE JUNIOR-SOPHS.

Although inter-collegiate football is prohibited, each class is allowed to organize a team, and a series of games is played between these teams. Each year there is a game played in which the best players of the four class teams participate, picked men from the Senior and Fresh teams opposing the best players of the Junior and Sophomore teams. This game is always played on Thanksgiving day and is the last class game of the season.

The game this year was an interesting and hard fought contest, resulting in a victory for the Junior-Sophs by a score of 5 to 0. At first it looked as if the terrific line bucks of the Senior-Fresh could not be checked, but soon the plucky Junior-Sophs began to pile them up. Then the Junior-Sophs recovered a long punt and started down the field with short and long end runs, using perfect interference on all of these. A fake tackle over tackle ending in a long end run with perfect interference, carried the ball over for a touchdown. In the second half, the Junior-Sophs played the kicking game and kept their goal out of danger until the last few minutes of play.

Following is the line-up of the teams.

Senior-Freshs, 0.		Junior-Sophs, 5.
Stilwell	R. E.	Wrightson
Cely, Craig	R. T.	Alexander, Ouzts
Bunch	R. G.	Carlisle
Davidson	C.	Haynes
Plyler	L. G.	Mobley
Henderson	L. T.	Meadors
Wilkes	L. E.	Edens, N. W.
Baker	Q.	Ellerbe
Keaton, Capt.	R. H.	Glenn, Capt.
Roberts	L. H.	Moseley
Greene	F. B.	Black

Referee—C. P. Wofford.
Umpire—J. B. Peebles.

THE BOHEMIAN.

At a recent meeting of the study body it was decided to get out an Annual this year. A staff has been elected and its members are now at work and are determined to get out the best annual ever published at Wofford. The name of the publication will remain the same as the annual of last year, "The Bohemian." The Bohemian is in the hands of the following staff:

J. K. Davis, Editor-in-Chief.
T. B. Penny, Assistant Editor-in-Chief.
B. M. DuBose, Business Manager.
G. A. Beach, Advertising Manager.
W. G. Hazel, Literary Editor.
O. C. Bennett, Assistant Literary Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Literary Editor.
H. G. Hardin, Assistant Business Manager.
H. M. Snyder, Assistant Advertising Manager.
J. E. Wannamaker, Athletic Editor.
S. O. Black, Assistant Athletic Editor.
J. R. Walker, Assistant Athletic Editor.
F. W. Dibble, Art Editor.
D. M. Turbeville, Assistant Art Editor.
R. B. McIver, Assistant Art Editor.
Speigner.
Asbell.

HON. CHAMP CLARK'S ADDRESS.

Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, leader of the minority in congress, delivered a lecture at the College Chapel on the night of December 1st, this being the fourth number of the Lyceum course. The lecture was interesting and instructive, giving a good idea of the personal work of the house of representatives.

CALENDARS READY FOR DELIVERY.

The Wofford Calendar is now ready for delivery. It was gotten up this year by Messrs. R. A. Goolsby and R. B. McIver, who were fortunate in obtaining excellent cuts of all

groups and of campus views. The cover is of very beautiful design and the entire calendar for 1910 is a very attractive souvenir.

PERSONALS.

D. L. Betts, of the Senior class, who has been confined to the hospital with typhoid fever for the past seven weeks, is now better and will be able to take up the work of his class after the holidays.

—

J. G. Galbraith, who was unwell at the beginning of the term, has returned to college and resumed his work with the Seniors.

—

R. A. Goolsby, of the Senior class, was compelled to leave for his home several weeks ago on account of sickness and it is thought that he will not return to college this year.

BACK AT YOU.

W-ho spoke of melancholy fall?
O-ur Converse girls know none at all.
F-all brings again our Wofford boys,
F-rolic and fun with double joys,
O-ur hearts pit-a-pat at sight of a fellow,
R-egardless of leaves brown and yellow,
D-ead the foliage we see,
E-vergreen the boys will be.

—*Converse Concept.*

C-ease thy silly, senseless prating,
O-you meddling, little maid;
N-ever go a-hunting trouble—
V-enture not; be thou afraid.
E-'en when trouble comes they way, dear,
R-ush not out with boldest tread;
S-ometimes, surely it will best you,
E-ven you; enough is said.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

JOSEPH KENNEDY DAVIS, EDITOR.

We believe that the Young Men's Christian Association is filling its mission at Wofford College this year. More interest, more enthusiasm, more consecrated earnestness seems at work in it than for several years past. Our course of lectures this year has been unusually attractive and the attendance at the association meetings have been unusually large. One of the most vital questions which confronts the college student is that of choosing his life-work. He thinks of this occupation, or that profession, and it is hard to decide upon any certain one, unless he has distinct talent for a given thing. Every one of us, though, first of all, ought to do the thing we can accomplish most at, and do the greatest service to our fellow man. In order to bring to each young man the importance of his life work, the Y. M. C. A. has arranged for a series of "Life Work" addresses to be delivered from time to time through the year by typical representatives of each of the leading professions. These services are drawing out large crowds and we hope the present interest will continue.

The Y. M. C. A. Bible study department is the best in the history of that body here. More men than ever before being enrolled, the total number about one hundred and fifty, and great effort is being made to even surpass this number. The groups have avoided the inconvenience of previous years, that of having the fellows meet at the college every Sunday afternoon, by allowing each group to choose its time and place of meeting. Let every man in college connect himself with one of these groups. The habit of daily Bible study once fixed upon a young man, will be one of the guiding stars of his career. Indeed, we cannot be truly educated unless we have a knowledge first and last of this, the greatest of all books.

We have a very large Y. M. C. A. membership this year.

Every man in the Freshman class is a member of the association. Let us of the upper classes be up and doing and see to it that we can make just as good a record. Yes, it would be a fine thing to say—that every man in Wofford College was a member of the Y. M. C. A.

We have been very fortunate this fall in getting some of the very best speakers obtainable for our Friday evening services. Dr. Snyder, Prof. Gamewell, Prof. Rembert, Prof. Clinkscales, and Prof. Wiggins, of the faculty; Rev. W. H. K. Pendleton, Hon. H. B. Carlisle and others have honored us with their talks. This makes us feel that the faculty, the ministers of the city, and the professional men of the city are with us and have an interest in our welfare. With their interest and co-operation we are sure to win.

The holidays are almost here. Let each one of us carry home a bright and cheerful smile, that will be consolation to the loved ones at home. Let us have the consciousness that we have done a hard term of work, did it honestly and to the best of our ability, as a man should do. With this record behind us, Christmas ought to be a time of genuine pleasure and happiness both to us on our returning home and to the home folks having us there with them.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

J. L. McCall, Editor

CLASS OF 1908.

H. B. Atkins is in the real estate and insurance business at his home, Waynesville, N. C.

C. E. Bethea has a position at Latta, S. C.

H. F. Bethea is taking a course at Union College.

W. C. Boyle is in the livery and sale stable business at his home, Sumter, S. C.

R. A. Brown is teaching at Eastover, S. C.

C. P. Calvert is manager of the advertising department of the Spartanburg Journal.

R. L. Carter is teaching at Carlisle, S. C.

G. S. Coffin, Jr., is taking a course at Cornell University.

A. B. Copeland has a position with J. W. Alexander, dealer in real estate, Spartanburg, S. C.

J. W. Crum is studying law at Bamberg, S. C.

J. L. Dukes is practicing law at his home in Orangeburg, S. C.

W. B. Garrett, Jr., is at his home, Laurens, S. C.

E. H. Harley is teaching school.

J. L. Hydrick is taking a course at Oxford University, Cambridge, England.

T. M. Hamer is on the Wofford Fitting School faculty and is also taking his A. M. degree this year.

M. D. Jackson is in the mercantile business in Bennettsville.

L. K. Jennings is taking a law course at Vanderbilt University.

C. A. Johnson is at the Charleston Medical College.

C. E. Klugh is teaching in the graded school at Greenwood.

D. E. Knight is teaching school.

E. R. Mason is preaching at Ninety-Six.

W. A. McKelvey, Jr., is farming at his home near Anderson.

G. R. McKewn, Jr., is assistant in the treasury office of Orangeburg county.

F. B. Morgan, Jr., is in the mercantile business at Central, S. C.

R. F. Morris has a position at Manning.

A. S. Nettles is taking a course at Harvard University.

J. L. Nettles is also at Harvard University.

M. P. Orr is in the cotton mill business at Greenville.

B. B. Patterson is teaching.

G. C. Peterson is teaching school.

J. H. Ramseur has a position with a bank at Central.

H. C. Sheridan is teaching at Cheraw.

McG. B. Simpson is with the Carolina Trust Company of this city.

C. D. Smith is at the Charleston Medical College.

Yates Smith is the court stenographer of this circuit.

LeRoy Stanton is in the mercantile business at Tatum, S. C.

J. T. Taylor is superintendent of the Saluda (S. C.) High School.

L. H. Tolleson is in Arizona.

J. A. Willis is in the newspaper business at Woodruff and is also taking his A. M. degree at Wofford.

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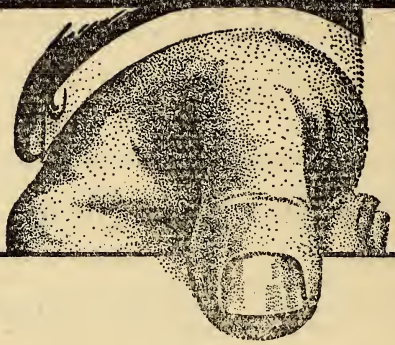

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Watching the Old Year Out 169

A Heart of the Hills 170

Winter 179

Was Shaftsbury a Traitor? 180

Bad Dreams 187

The Ways of Love 187

A Dream 189

France and the Spanish Succession 189

The Old Year 197

Uncle Blake's Celebration. 198

To ———— 204

The Trouble 205

Tribute to Bismarck 205

Tom's Error 212

The Light Fantastic 215

The Hart Moss History Prize 216

Editorial Department 219

Exchange Department 223

Clippings 225

Local Department 228

Y. M. C. A. Department 230

Alumni Department 237

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PAGE.

Bagwell, J. E., Grocer viii
Band & White, Printers . . . xvi
Bacham Hardware Co. iii
Bean, J. W., Shoemaker . . . xv
Bernhardt, H., Photographer .. x
Biber, A. W., Jeweler xi
Bishop, A. J., & Co. ix
Bomar & Crigler . . . Back cover
Business College ix

Cannon & Fetzer, Clothiers .. viii
Central National Bank v
Chapman, The Grocer xi
Chnese Laundry vii
Cofield, Jas., Insurance xi
Correll, D. C., Jeweler v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiv
Cudd, R. E. & Co., Livery . . xi

Duck, A., Barber xiii
DuPre Book Store vi

Fairyland xi
Fashion Shoe Store viii
First National Bank xii

Greenewald . . . . . Front cover

Heinitsh Drug Store xiv
Henry, B. B., Tailor ii
Herring Furniture Co. vii
Hygeia Ice and Fuel Co. . . . xv

Law, A. M., & Co. xi
Ligon's Drug Store v
Liles, Floyd L. & Co. vii
Littlejohn, Worth, Barber . . x

PAGE.

Maddux, W. E. ix
Magic Theatre iii

New York Restaurant . . . xiii

Price's Clothing Store i

Rigby's Drug Store xi
Russum, J. M. xiv

Satterwhite, A. W., Barber .. xiv
Sheridan's Teachers' Supply...vii
Shores Electric Co. iii
Smith's Shoe Store i
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . iii
Spartanburg Dental Rooms . . x
Spartanburg Ry., Gas & Electric Co. iv
Spartanburg Steam Laundry . xi
Spigel Bros. vii
Star Cafe ii

Theatre Soda Parlor v
The Smoker iii
Thompson & Dillard xiv
Trakas, N. S. xiii
Turner, J. F. xiii

University of Virginia iv

Vanderbilt University xv

Walker, J. A. x
Whittington's Drug Store . . xiv
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . . xii
Wofford College . . . Back cover
Wofford College Fitting School . . . . . Back cover

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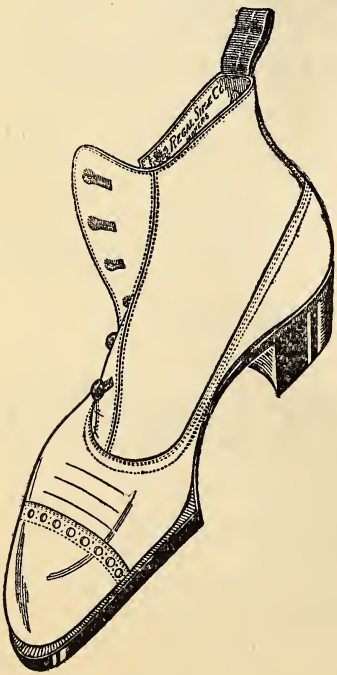

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Watching the Old Year

How silent is the night!
  No zephyr breathes a sigh
For the old year whose end is near,
  The year that soon must die.

Perhaps some heart is glad
  To see you go, old year;
But ere you die I'll heave a sigh
  And shed for you a tear;

For you have been my friend,
  Like friends we then must part,
Like friends who've felt their sad hearts melt
  And into teardrops start.

You gave me many joys,
  And sometimes brought the tear;
But I cannot scorn the pointed thorn
  For the rose's sake, old year.

I grieve to part with you;
  The hour is almost here;
Yon towering moon will soon, too soon,
  Shine for a new-born year.

The bell in yonder tower
  Now tolls your funeral knell;
Ah! you must die and I must sigh,
  "Farewell, old year, farewell!"

H. F. Gault, '12.

A Heart of the Hills

The warm sunshine of the September evening fell full upon the western hillsides, and every bush and tree seemed to stand still to receive its share, as though the coming night were to be perpetual. The slight haze of the autumn evening softened the deep blue of the eastern sky, but in the west the sun shone with scarcely diminished splendor. On the horizon beneath were long banks of cloud, while on either side great masses reared their heads far above, their golden glory contrasting with the darker hues beneath. Half hidden by a grove of trees on the top of a low hill was a small but neatly built house. The well-kept yard and friendly shelter of the trees added to the attractiveness of the place, and the onlooker must have said to himself that this was, in truth, a home.

As the shadow of the lofty hill west of the place reached the grove, a man of middle age came down the steps. His strong, healthy form showed that his life had been led in active out-door exercise. He had only gone a few yards when a clear voice called to him, and he turned to answer the question of the fifteen-year-old girl standing on the porch.

"Only going to get the cows," he said with a smile.

"Then I'll go, too, and open the gate for you," and she ran lightly after him. His face lighted up as he gazed upon her slender, graceful figure and into her clear blue eyes, shaded by rebellious brown locks, and cheeks showing the bloom of health; the pride of his heart, almost his idol.

Back of the house they turned into a wide lane that led down to the valley. On their right a narrow field of corn stretched toward the north between the wooded slopes of the enclosing hills, while on the left was the rapid descent of the valley to a still lower level. Climbing the steep slope in front, they came to the gate of the lane at the top. There they paused a moment, both lost in gazing upon the silent beauty of the scene, she with eyes aglow with the enthusiasm of

imaginative youth, while his showed the deep, quiet love and appreciation brought by the associations of forty years.

But quickly recalled to the homely cares of earth, the farmer started briskly along the path which ran down the steep hill, and across the valley to the pasture a quarter of a mile away. The girl turned, and picking her way for a few steps across the half-bared edges of rock, she came to the edge of the bluff, the spot from which she could obtain the best view of the scene she so loved.

Behind her, the long, narrow, wooded ridge stretched toward the north and was lost in the higher range. At her feet was the abrupt descent of over a hundred feet to the little stream in the ravine below. On the opposite side rose the corresponding bluff, almost as high, but not so steep. To the west was a succession of hills and valleys, rising higher toward the distant mountains. To the southeast the eye traced the course of a small river along narrow but green valleys flanked by low hills, some wooded, others showing small fields of corn and cotton. From point to point her eyes wandered, taking in the part each played in the whole scene, until her gaze rested upon the stream below. The steady murmur of its waters pouring over the rocky bed came up to her as though telling her of its purpose to reach the broader world beyond the horizon. She followed the course to where it joined the larger stream, and traced the windings to the scar on the eastern horizon where it passed from sight.

She thought of the journey to the sea, the towns and cities it passed. And one place she knew of, by the banks of this same river, where men and women had devoted their lives to training the minds of those who came under their care. And many were the times that the mighty longing tugged at her heart that she might some day at this place broaden her mind and widen her life; a longing born of the taste of knowledge she had already acquired.

But there was little more than a living to be had from the old hills around, though they gave the best of the little

they had. And while the river called to her, regardless of circumstances, the hills seemed to sympathize with her, and grieve that it was not in their power to give her the desire of her heart.

She leaned lower on the gray moss stone at her side, as her imagination pictured the seemingly impossible. A great hawk suddenly sailed through the air overhead and settled upon the top of a dead tree in the ravine. As he turned his head from side to side, a feeling of resentment against the intrusion of this cruel bird rose within her, and picking up a small stone, she threw it towards him. The hawk half spread his burnished wings as the missile came near him, then settled back on his perch; and she fancied she could almost see the angry light in his eye as, turning his head to one side, he looked at the height above. Going back a few steps, she stooped for another rock, when she started back as she almost put her hand on a large snake, a hideous looking moccasin. But with real determination and seeming courage she seized a stick as though to attack the coiled reptile.

"Let me kill him for you," said a voice behind her, startling her almost as much as had the first sight of the snake. A tall form brushed by her, and the next instant she saw the broken-backed moccasin striking vainly at his enemy in helpless, venomous rage. A few more blows and the boy, for he seemed about eighteen, with his stick tossed the snake far over the bluff. As though insulted, the hawk sprang from his perch and wheeled away through the air to more congenial quarters.

As the moccasin disappeared from view Alice Edgerton turned with interest for a closer look at the stranger who had come at such an opportune time. She saw a rather handsome, well-built youth, clad in full hunting garb, on his left arm a light rifle, while in his right hand was his hat and the stick which had been of such good service.

As for the boy himself, he gazed in secret admiration on this maid of the hills, and indeed he might have been pardoned, for, laughing in slight confusion as she thanked him

for his aid, her heightened color making her even more attractive.

"I am really very grateful to you, for I believe I would have been foolish enough to have attacked his majesty, and might have been struck. You certainly came in the nick of time."

Immediately disclaiming any great service on his part, and expressing his pleasure in doing a slight favor, he explained his presence at that timely moment.

"I had just left my chum on the hill yonder," pointing to a wooded slope near the river about a mile away, "getting our camp ready for night, while I came on here to get a shot at something; or at least I told him so, for I really came to get a view of this sunset."

But he failed to mention the fact that he had been standing behind a nearby pine since the father and daughter first appeared.

Naturally, both turned for another look at the now setting sun, and it was a sight well worth the youth's trouble, if that indeed had been his reason for climbing the hill.

While they waited for the farmer to arrive, the conversation drifted easily along the scenery of the country and the trials and delights of camp life in the hills till, while they stood by the bluff, he asked her a question as though the thought had been revolved in his mind more than he might care to admit.

"Tell me, is there any pass or gap like this anywhere near here?"

She shook her head decidedly. "Not for many miles in either direction. Why? Are you thinking of building a railroad that you are picking out the best route?"

He started a little and seemed somewhat confused, and then in a burst of boyish frankness that showed how near was the subject to his heart, he said:

"You came nearer to it than you possibly thought, only I have very little to do with the road, and asked only from personal interest."

Then he told her of a railroad that was to be built along the valley of the same river, and must undoubtedly pass the ridge by the ravine, as it was on the direct line and would save some expense.

She listened with eager interest, and warmed by the flattering fact of her attention, he went on further, telling more of the undertaking and what it would mean to the country.

"But I ought not to be telling you this, for it is not known to the public yet, and I might get in trouble about it. I talk too much anyway," he added ruefully.

Laughing at his confession of weakness, she hastened to assure him of the perfect safety of his confidence, and then asked him more of the subject she readily saw was uppermost in his mind.

He told of his determination to go with his friend over the supposed route before it was surveyed, and added that his father would be in charge of the construction of nearly all the fifty miles of the line which was to connect two large cities.

"I don't suppose your father will object to selling a right of way through his land and through the gap, will he?" he inquired.

"Why, of course not," she answered at once. "He will be only too glad to learn that such a road is to be built. But I must remember to say nothing to him about it."

Then a thought darted through her mind. Sell! And railroads pay high for their right of way! The blood surged to her face at the mighty pounding of her heart before she could repress what she regarded as a foolish emotion. She inwardly thanked heaven that at that moment the sounding of the bell had caused the boy to turn his head. The cows were just coming up the last steep slope of the hill, and she ran to open the gate.

The surprised father looked keenly at the strange young fellow, but even before he heard the explanation of his presence he was very favorably impressed by his open, manly face. His manner spoke of a cultured home, while from his

dress his family might be of some means.

The kindly farmer warmly urged him to bring his friend and spend the night at his home, but the boy, though showing his appreciation of the kindness, explained that they must start again before dawn next morning, and could not trespass on them in such a manner.

"Richard Arnold," mused the farmer to himself as with Alice he climbed the hill to their home. "A good name, it sounds like to me, and he seems to be a nice young fellow."

But beyond a slight assent she made no reply.

The boy had started briskly down the hill toward the west, but when out of sight he paused, and a little later might have been seen near the spot he had just quitted, looking down into the darkening ravine. Possibly not all of his thoughts were of the railroad to be built through there; at any rate, the twilight had deepened into night before he roused himself and began his circuitous route to his friend at the camp.

Three months later the survey had been made, and true to Arnold's prediction, it passed through the ravine. Shortly afterwards the sale of the right of way was satisfactorily arranged. The dream of Alice Edgerton was to come true, and the following September she entered the college of her choice.

Not once through the four years of her course did she see Arnold, though several times they narrowly missed each other. Some strange chance seemed to forbid their ever meeting again. But from many sources she learned of the fine record he was making, first at college where he graduated with high honors, then in the course he took in order to fit himself to be a partner with his father. His love for his profession and his ambition to rise high in it combined with his natural talent to carry him onward. During his vacation nearly all of his time was spent with his father in the construction of various railway enterprises, and the practical knowledge thus gained afterward proved of greatest value.

Although her life was well taken up with her work, work none the less pleasant though hard, perhaps at times Alice's mind drifted back to that evening in the past, and then she

might have idly wondered if she would ever again see her acquaintance so strangely met.

Three years passed, but work on the railroad in which she felt such a personal interest was not begun. The affairs of the company were tied up by a seemingly endless litigation that at one time threatened its very existence. But at last the company won, and when Alice went home at Christmas of her senior year, work on the line was well under way.

The firm of Arnold & Son had been given the contract for the whole line, and their great force of men and machinery had started the work in earnest, when the elder man's health had broken down completely, and he had been compelled to go to a distant resort. But instead of turning the work over to other firms, Richard Arnold had taken the whole responsibility on himself. Under his management the construction was being pushed with utmost dispatch, and by his tireless energy and seeming genius the line bade fair to be finished on time. But many doubted if even his powerful young manhood could stand the strain.

Alice did not see him during her stay, as he was then with his father. If she thought frequently of him during the months following, if her sympathy and admiration for him grew as the days passed, she could easily attribute her interest to the fact of his brave effort in his work. The letters from home told her of the uninterrupted progress of the construction, and the certainty of its being completed by June, the time the contract expired. The elder Arnold, though improving, was not yet able to give any thought to the work, and his son still bore the whole burden.

The weeks passed very quickly for Alice. Almost before she realized it commencement had come, and the four years of her college course, with their toils and pleasures, were at an end. Two weeks later she reached home, and nothing appeared to mar the happiness of the little family. The tender pride of the parents seemed amply justified in their daughter, who returned from college the same simple, unaffected girl she was when she entered.

"Where now, Alice?" asked her mother the following afternoon, as the girl ran down the steps.

"To the ridge. I want to see if the railroad has spoiled my valley of the hills."

A few minutes later she stood by the same gray mass of rock on the bluff. With the exception of the roadbed far below, so close to the bottom of the ravine that it appeared to be barely above the channel of the stream, everything was as before. Her eyes shone with quiet joy as she looked on the scene so dear to her heart.

Her mind went back to the evening, now nearly five years ago, when she received the first intimation of the changes that had taken place. The events of that evening came before her mind, and so real was the picture that, as she turned at the sound of a slight footstep, she scarcely started when she faced Richard Arnold.

Her greeting was instant, and as she held out her hand, the pleased smile of welcome and the evident sincerity of her words sent a glow through the heart of the one before her, and his rather confused words in return showed not only his pleasure at the meeting but also at the welcome.

In one quick interested glance they looked each other over. The figure of the man fulfilled all the promise of the boy of eighteen—powerful, erect, and healthy—and in his face and form Alice found a realization of the image she had formed in her mind. The face that showed the determination his work had evidenced had not lost the old frank, almost boyish look. His elastic young manhood, even in the short time given it, had recovered seemingly entirely from the strain of the past months, and his eye was not languid nor his step lax.

On his part, Arnold wondered if he had ever seen one in whom grace of figure and charm of expression were so well combined. Four years of study that had put her at the head of her class had not marred nor altered the healthful color on her cheek, nor dulled the brightness of her eye. From girl to woman she had not changed but developed.

"So we meet again," she said laughingly—"the same place, the same hour, with only the difference of a few years in time!"

But in his reply he expressed the length of time more emphatically. "Nearly five years ago I met you, the first and only time, and it has looked since as though I would never see you again. I had determined to be at your college during commencement, but before I started a telegram saying that my father was worse called me to him instead. A week ago, however, he became much better, and I came on back, for two reasons. One was that I had not seen this part of the work since it was finished; and the other—"

"Was to catch one more glimpse of these old hills," she broke in, with seeming enthusiasm, "for I know you said before that you climbed this hill to see the sunset."

Arnold would have set her right on this point, but without waiting for him to speak, she turned towards the ravine and started another subject.

"I have just been admiring your work. I heard of your great achievement in carrying it out single-handed, and when I think of the task you set yourself to, I can only wonder that you succeeded so well."

Naturally embarrassed at this warm praise, he reddened a little and said the honor was not due to him, but to those who worked with him in the construction.

She shook her head, as evidently unconvinced she smiled at his modest statement, but without speaking she looked down at the ravine and railroad below. "Tell me," she asked, "why is it that while most railroads utterly destroy anything beautiful they pass through, this one seems to have slipped into its place as though it belonged there, hardly changing the valley at all?"

"They told me," he answered, and his voice showed which had been the ruling mind, "they told me that I was a fool for taking pains to keep from scarring and ruining such a scene. But I had my way, and I can defy anyone to say the roadbed suffered in consequence."

Alice wondered skeptically if he had carried out this plan along the whole line. She knew why he had been so careful at this place; she needed no second glance at his face to tell what was going on in his mind; but she gave no sign of the fact, and in seeming enthusiasm she exclaimed:

"And you took so much trouble to keep from spoiling a bit of hill and valley? I had no idea that such a thought ever even entered the mind of an engineer!"

But he was too much in earnest to see the mischievous gleam in her eye or to catch the irony in her tone; and he threw all reserve to the winds as in a quick, tense voice he began:

"It was not that I loved the place, but"—he hesitated a little, but only for a very, very little while; then he went on.

R. L. M., '12.

Winter

A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee,
  Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple tree;
Blue-lipped, an ice-drop at thy peaked nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding along through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heaped hearth,
  Old Winter, seated in thy great arm-chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
  Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
  Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the smouldering fire,
  And watch the sparks as up they take their flight.

M. G. W., '12.

Was Shaftsbury a Traitor?

Patriots and traitors are close of kin. So close indeed is this kinship that often the patriot proves a traitor, or a traitor merges into a patriot. For, let a man who is a true statesman begin to believe that the existing order of government or social arrangement is contrary to the principles of civil liberty, and he will seek to bring about, in one fashion or another, a rearrangement of the relations which the different factors of government, or society, as the case may be, bear toward each other. Then he is by his attempt on the existing powers, if he is sufficiently resolute, either a traitor or a patriot—a traitor if his plan fails, a patriot if it succeeds. Of course there are different classes of traitors—those who fight, either with arms or plot and intrigue, in the interest of what they believe to be the common weal, and those who seek only personal and selfish ends. The latter, however, even if successful in the extreme, are never reckoned among the patriots, after the lapse of time has allowed the smoke to be blown away and the dust to settle, after the passion of the time has abated. The former, on the other hand, may be utterly defeated and the "rebellion" stamped out, yea, the leaders condemned to die the death of traitors to the very country they were striving to better, and their followers covered with ignominy and shame. It is from this class that the verdict of succeeding ages removes the odium which might, not right, has cast upon them, and accords to them a place among the nation's patriots.

In the days of the Restoration, when confusion was as rampant and as impenetrable as a London fog, in a time of violent change and headlong reaction, civil liberty found a champion in Sir Antony Ashley Cooper, afterwards the first Earl of Shaftsbury. Through all his changes of policy and of affiliations he fought to maintain this principle. It was a time when it seemed as if the vociferous loyalty of the people would bring upon themselves another tyranny as soon as they had thrown off the yokes of Cromwell and the major

generals. It was a time when the Anglicans, released from their thraldom, were eagerly wreaking vengeance upon the Puritans who had formerly held them in check. This debt they were repaying with compound interest. It was also a time in which it seemed that immorality and licentiousness were passports into government service and even respectability; when the officers of the navy—there was no army to speak of—were the nominees of the king's favorite mistress; when the only requirement for civil service was a "pull" at the court. In such a time as this it was that Ashley "fretted his fiery soul" to maintain the principle for which he stood.

Louis XIV. across the channel was at this time the most powerful monarch of Europe. Besides being the confessed arbiter of the continent, he held securely in his own hands the reins of government of his immediate realm; the Church, though presumably Catholic, he had separated in large measure from the control of the vatican under the name of the "Gallican Church;" his subjects were models of passive submission to his "divine" authority. In short, Louis was absolute over all the estates of his realm. Now, Charles II, while "on his travels," as he expressed it, had been largely under French influence, and it was with the French ideals of government that he was attempting to re-establish the House of Stuart in England. His purpose was to establish just such a tyranny in England as Louis maintained across the channel. To this end, by a policy of toleration toward all "dissenters," he hoped to reunite the English Church with Rome, and, on one pretext or another, finally to get a standing army under his control. But the strongest card that Charles played in this game was the secret aid he received from Louis himself.

Ashley was a man of marvelous insight, yet he could hardly have read the king's intentions at once, or even after an association of several years with him as a privy counsellor, for, to ferret out the succession of deceptive treaties, plots, and intrigues, was a more bewildering task than the threading of Solomon's diamond. He, however, quickly saw the temper

of Charles, and put in play all his tact and art to gain favor with that business-hating though capable monarch by dispatching with speed and accuracy the business entrusted to him, and also by posing as the most profligate and voluptuous courtier in Whitehall.

The principles for which Ashley fought belong to every age of mankind, but outside of that he was a man of his own times. If he had in the time of Charles I. been a loyalist and then deserted to the cause of the Roundheads and become "the loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train," it was in order to be on the side of the constitutional government. If later on he disagreed with the Protector and poured volley after volley of the bitterest and most scathing invective and abuse upon the disappointed Cromwell, who was vainly trying to keep internal peace by the power of his own might, it was because he believed that Cromwell was overstepping his authority and infringing the rights of the people. If he intrigued with Monk in restoring Charles II, thereby destroying the tottering commonwealth, it was to carry out what he believed the main body of the people desired, but were afraid to do themselves because of the vigilance of the detested army. A change of attitude on the part of the nation was anticipated by a like change in Ashley's own policy, and since the principle of national liberty was the end of his endeavor, the means toward that end were but matters of little moment, for he held that the end justifies the means.

It is not to Ashley's discredit that, in his opposition to Clarendon during the parliamentary fights over the latter's famous "code," he indirectly served the ends of the king, who was pitting the one against the other. He was really making the fight against a man who, while not more dangerous to the rights of the people than was the king, was far more passionate and even more zealous in his loyalty than the king himself desired. When, after Clarendon's fall, Ashley became a member of the hated Cabal, he endeavored to undo as much as possible of the nefarious work of Clarendon, and his first move was in the interests of the Protestant Dissenters, whose

influence, by the way, was beginning to be felt in the politics of the nation. Now Ashley's zeal in behalf of the Dissidents was not on account of any religious bonds of sympathy, but rather because he saw that the opposing factions of the kingdom could never be united by persecution, and that in their present abnormal condition the liberties of the country were laid almost at the mercies of the king. Likewise his bitter opposition to the Catholics was based upon political grounds, in that he knew that Catholicism and Despotism had always gone hand in hand; besides, he had reason to suspect that the king was trying to force that combination upon the English people again, when a favorable opportunity should arise.

In his struggle for Protestant toleration, Ashley made a move for which he has been severely criticised. Charles and the Catholic members of the Cabal had, by entering into the secret treaty of Dover, laid a trap for him; hence, when the sham treaty was laid before him, he by no possible means short of divine could have known that by that very treaty, Louis, Charles, and the Catholic members of the Cabal were intriguing against the liberties of the English people. Now, Ashley had long ago recognized the futility of trying to repeal the code of Clarendon while the cavalier parliament sat in Westminster, and he had turned, as the only alternative, to the king to exercise his prerogative in their behalf. Although Charles wished to grant an unrestricted indulgence, he agreed to grant one on Ashley's own terms, if by doing so he could gain his support in a proposed war with Holland. Here was the opportunity to gain a much-needed though temporary benefit, but at the price of increasing the king's arbitrary power. What was he to do? On the one hand there were the thousands of non-conformists still in prison who would be released by such a declaration. On the other hand, even though it would not technically be a violation of the "Triple Alliance," it would ally England with the Catholic power—France—and it would also augment the king's prerogative. In condemning Ashley for entering into this closely driven bargain we should be cautious, for who can understand all the conditions in-

volved? and who can begin to realize the desperateness of the time? Besides this, the standards of conduct in that period were foreign to those of today. Let it suffice to say that Ashley deemed this the only way then possible to secure the Protestant toleration that he considered so necessary to the integrity of the nation and the ultimate preservation of her ancient rights and liberties. When, a little later, Ashley learned the secret of the treaty of Dover, his chagrin and vexation was unbounded. He had been duped and used as a cat's-paw in the furtherance of the very designs which he was fighting! He would yet have his revenge on the king! He would force his policies upon him! From this time on there is a decided change in Ashley's tactics, and it is at this time that selfish aims find a place among the motives of his conduct.

If heretofore he had in the councils of the king championed the cause of the non-conformists, the field of his activities was now considerably widened. He had been raised to a peerage by Charles at the time of the treaty, and now he occupied a seat in the House of Lords under the title of Earl of Shaftsbury. The Country Party gladly welcomed him to their ranks, and it was as its leader that he accomplished his most lasting works. He fought strenuously in the parliament for the "Test Act," and finally forced the king to withdraw the Declaration of Indulgence, for the Protestant Dissenters were willing to be still persecuted and exempted from all participation in the government if so be they could save the country from Catholicism. Finding himself practically at the head of affairs upon the dissolution of the Cabal, a direct result of the "Test," Shaftsbury hoped to undo what he had unwittingly aided in bringing about. The war had turned out badly for the king, who was now helpless. It was Shaftsbury's opportunity. He would end the war; he would bring up a bill excluding from the throne James, whom the "Test" had proven a Catholic; and he hoped to secure a Protestant heir to the throne by dissolving the king's fruit-

less marriage with the unhappy Katherine of Braganza, and securing a Protestant bride for him.

Just when Shaftsbury's hopes were highest, they were blasted by the king's prorogation of parliament. Charles unexpectedly active, and he was determined to rid his council chamber of the man who had thwarted his plans, although he entirely gave up the idea of re-establishing Catholicism in England. He dismissed Shaftsbury from the chancellorship, but it was "only laying aside his gown to buckle on his sword," as he expressed it.

To record the deeds of Shaftsbury after this is to trace the development of the Country Party through its different stages of growth and organization. Throughout the period of Danby's ministry the Opposition was organizing its forces, making its influence felt in Parliament for securing a new election. Shaftsbury's unscrupulousness as to means of attaining an end seized upon the tales of Oates and his fellows as a method of creating a general agitation. This "Popish Plot" he manœuvered with consummate skill, until he achieved the fall of Danby and brought the king under his thumb. The Cavalier Parliament, after a life of eighteen years, was dissolved and a new election ordered. The strength of the Country Party was shown by the overwhelming majority it received in this election, and it stands out in history as a monument to the ability of Shaftsbury as an agitator and organizer. The king was at his mercy again, and he could now have his revenge by forcing the exclusion of James from ever occupying the throne and making Monmouth the heir apparent. But in this move Shaftsbury reckoned without his host.

Monmouth was popular, and would doubtless have made a good constitutional king, according to Shaftsbury's proverb: a poor title makes a good king. But, however much the people may have desired a constitutional government, they were unwilling to deprive the legal heirs of their birthright, and it was upon this that the party divided into two factions. Shaftsbury's fate was certain. He not only wished to force Charles to his policies, and thus satiate his thirst for re-

venge, but he would insure his permanent power over the throne by making Monmouth king upon the death of Charles. He, by this policy of self-aggrandisement, soon began to lose the hold on the Country Party which up to this time he had held, and the other prominent leaders of the party put forward a scheme of restraint upon the royal authority when James should come to the throne, which scheme was perhaps more impracticable than Monmouth's candidacy, yet it had in its favor the fact that it would not be a direct violation of right and customary practice, and that it would finally give England a Protestant sovereign in William and Mary.

Here Shaftsbury let his ambition get the better of him, and he staked all on Monmouth—and lost. It would be useless to go into the details of his fall. Charles' observant eye quickly discerned the breach in the party and he awaited developments, which he knew would be to his own advantage; he watched the waning interest in the revelations of Oates and the revulsion of the public against such violence, until he felt himself strong enough to dismiss again the intrepid minister. In the confusion that followed Shaftsbury proved a daring pilot, and as the event seemed more and more likely to be against him, he became desperate and "sought the storms," even stooping to acts that cannot be defended on any grounds. The reaction against him reached finally such proportions that he had to flee the country—he, the one-time patriot.

Had Shaftsbury not taken up the support of Monmouth, the supposed illegitimate son of Charles, as a claimant of the throne, he might perhaps have been today accounted one of England's patriots. Yet this can be questioned, since he made the fatal mistake of corrupting his cause by the use of questionable means. That Romish fallacy that "the end justifies the means" was at the foundation of his policy, and it undermined the work which he performed by opening the way for even worse mistakes. Doubtless the verdict of all history upon the life and career of the First Earl of Shaftsbury

is that he was once a patriot and then degenerated into a traitor to the cause of English liberty.

D. L. BETTS, '10.

Bad Dreams

"I had a dream," the maiden said,
"Ah, yes, a sad, sad dream—
It makes me shudder even now
To think how things did seem.
Of all the awful, hideous dreams,
This dream would take the cake;
And in a race with nightmares e'en,
It'd sure sweep in the stakes."

"What was your dream?" I asked the maid;
"Some relative was dead?
Or was it that your raven curls
Had turned to brilliant red?"
"Ah, no," she said, with half a frown,
"'Twas worse by far than that—
I dreamed," and here she heaved a sigh,
"The cat had got my rat!"

The Ways of Love

"No; it can never be."

It was an evening in June. Cecil McAltern looked into the large blue eyes of Ethlyn DeCourtney as she spoke these words. Never before, he thought, had he looked into such a pure and childish face nor gazed upon such a superbly rounded figure. Its every line and curve was the epitome of grace. Around her lips played a sad smile, and her face, usually bright and smiling, now showed evidence of some great sorrow, as though she had lost her best friend or false teeth. Evidently this was a crisis in her life; something had come into it which had never before entered.

Both stood and stared; neither spoke. Cecil was lost in

rapture, gazing upon the sensuous beauty of this girlish figure, which he had ever kept enshrined in his heart as sacredly as though it were the image of the three graces encompassed in one form. She was thoughtfully and silently chewing the quid of reflection—and also a wad of chewing gum as big as a book agent's gall.

"Won't you tell me what is wrong, darling?" asked Cecil, looking sadly into her eyes.

"Don't call me darling, you base deceiver. I will listen to no more of it."

"Is it that you do not love me any more?" he asked.

"You have deceived me. I was once so foolish as to believe that in you lay all the honesty, purity of devotion and manliness that could be in the make-up of one human being. You have utterly deceived me. You have caused all my ideals of manliness and virtue to be shattered and destroyed. You have thrown down and broken the image set up in my heart of truth and faithfulness until it now lies in dust and ashes at my feet. I gave to you all the purity of a woman's love, and now find that you have but spurned it and made a plaything of it. I have found you out, and that, thank heaven, before it is too late. You are a base deceiver, a lurer of women's hearts with the tongue of an angel and the heart of a demon. You brave the thorns to capture the rose only to touch and shatter it and see its petals strewn to the four winds of the heavens. You seek the game only for love of the quest. No; I love you no longer. Once I was foolish enough to adore you, but now it is different. Go, and never let me look upon your face again. I hate you, and you deserve all the condemnation I could possibly heap upon you. Go!"

"Ah! And this is what you think of me. I don't deserve it all, but I will go. But, first, I have one request to make of you. Will you grant it?"

"Speak. If it is within reason I will, for never again are you to cross this threshold. What is it?"

"Will you please take your arms from around my neck?"

Ah! Such is love. No one understandeth the workings thereof.

A Dream

Last night as I lay sleeping,
  A vision came to my mind;
The angel of death stood over me
  And seemed my soul to entwine.

He told me the joy of heaven,
  And said with him I must go;
For my time on earth was ended,
  And my trials of life were o'er.

But to my mind a second vision
  Loomed up as bright as before,
For I saw a blue-eyed maiden
  Standing near my chamber door.

And I asked the winged angel,
  Might the maiden with me go;
But his answer failed to reach me,
  As he passed from out the door.

Then I beckoned to the maiden,
  Whom my heart did so esteem;
But she, too, had left my presence,
  And I found 'twas but a dream.

H. DUPRE HIGH, '12.

France and the Spanish Succession

The events which caused the War of the Spanish Succession are very much involved, and much study is needed for a thorough understanding of these events.

When it was clearly seen that Charles II. would die without leaving any direct heir to the Spanish throne,, it became necessary to seek his successor from the descendants of the

sovereigns who had preceded him. The elder daughter of Philip IV. had married Louis XIV. of France, and the younger had become the wife of the Emperor Leopold. Thus the son of Maria Theresa and Louis was clearly the rightful heir to the Spanish crown. But, on her marriage, Maria Theresa had solemnly declared that neither she nor her descendants would make any claim to the Spanish throne, thus preventing the possible joining of the French and Spanish crowns in the same family. As no such promise had been required when the younger sister married, it seemed that her infant grandson, the Prince of Bavaria, was the legitimate heir of the Spanish monarchy. His claims were thought by the people and court of Spain to be the strongest, especially as Charles had made a will in 1696, leaving his entire dominions to the Prince of Bavaria.

There was a third claimant, the Emperor Leopold, who claimed that his wife Margarita had made a renunciation similar to that made by Maria Theresa, and that, therefore, he himself was the rightful successor of Charles through his mother, Maria Anna, a younger daughter of Philip III. of Spain. On these grounds Leopold claimed the Spanish succession for his younger son Charles, setting aside his own claim and that of his elder son.

Louis XIV. claimed that the conditions on which Maria Theresa had resigned her claims had not been complied with, and therefore the resignation had no force. On this ground he claimed the Spanish throne for the French dauphin.

Moreover, Charles II. had a great hatred for France and could not bear to think that a French prince would succeed him. Charles' wife, Maria Anna of Bavaria, who had great influence over him, did all that she could in favor of the Austrian claimant, and succeeded in persuading him to destroy the will in favor of Charles of Bavaria, and to say that no one but a member of the imperial family should succeed him. Louis XIV. knew that he had very little chance of gaining the entire Spanish possessions for his son, but hoped that he might secure some territory. After the peace of Ryswick he

proposed to William of England a plan which he claimed was to preserve the balance of power and prevent a disastrous war. William accepted the proposal and the arrangements were all made in secret by the representatives of the two countries, and on October 11, 1698, the first Treaty of Partition was signed. By this treaty the dominions of Charles should on his death be divided among the three claimants. The Prince of Bavaria was to get Spain, her colonies in America, and the Spanish Netherlands. The French claimant was to get Naples and Sicily, and Milan was to be given to the Archduke Charles. Charles II. soon heard of this treaty, and becoming angry at the attempt to divide his kingdom, declared the little Prince of Bavaria heir to his dominions. But this declaration and the Treaty of Partition had no effect, for the young prince died soon after this at Brussels.

Louis now made a second treaty with England, giving Spain and the Indies to the Archduke of Austria, and to France the Italian kingdoms and Loraine. Charles himself was in favor of the Austrian house, but most of his councilors favored the French claimant. At last, by the advice of his ministers, Charles asked Pope Innocent XII. what he should do in this dilemma, and the pope gave an answer in favor of the Bourbons. Acting on his advice, the king drew up a will declaring Philip, the second son of the dauphin, to be his heir and successor. About a month later, November 1, 1700, Charles died.

For a time there was some doubt whether Louis would accept the Spanish throne for his grandson, or keep the agreement which he had made in the Treaty of Partition. Some of Louis' advisers wanted him to maintain the treaty, but Torcy, a nephew of Colbert, argued for the other course, claiming that, since war would come either way, it were better to take the step which would place France and Spain in a union. Louis listened to Torcy's arguments and accepted the Spanish throne for his grandson, and immediately had the young duke proclaimed as Philip V.

Spain and several foreign powers, including England and Holland, immediately recognized Philip's title. Leopold, on

the other hand, claimed that this was unjust and began to prepare for war. Europe did not want a new war just at this time, and actual hostilities might have been avoided if Louis had not acted so as to cause a fresh union of his enemies, and to bring about the most terrible war that Europe had ever seen. Early in 1701, French troops suddenly drove the Dutch from the line of forts along the border between France and the Netherlands. Holland and England protested against this, but in vain; so William began to prepare for war. Louis had also declared that Philip V. would succeed to the French throne if his elder brother left no male heir. And when James II. died in 1701, Louis recognized the Pretender as king. War was then declared and an alliance signed by England, the Emperor Leopold, Holland, the Elector of Brandenburg, and the Elector of the Palatinate. The objects of this alliance were to make Flanders a barrier between France and Holland, and to so arrange matters that France and Spain could never be united under the same king.

Actual warfare had already started in Lombardy, where the French had been severely defeated by the Imperialists under Prince Eugene. Just at this time William III. died; but the allies were not such great losers by this, as Queen Anne decided to follow his example. Lord Marlborough was now made commander-in-chief of the forces of the allies, and from this time on the war was waged chiefly by that great Englishman.

As Louis had at this time no great statesmen or generals, he still attempted to carry on the government and his wars in person; but he was very unfortunate. His chief minister was the Marquess of Torcy, and his chief generals were Bouffers, the Duke of Vendome, and Villars, none of whom had the ability to cope with Marlborough.

In 1702 Marlborough took command of the united armies of the allies and overwhelmed the French forces under Bouffers, who was compelled to retreat and abandon the entire line of the Meuse river. There was no actual warfare carried on in Italy and Germany at this time; but England had

again proven her right to the title of "Mistress of the Seas." On October 22, 1702, the fleet of the allies met the French and Spanish fleets in Vigo Bay, and the French admiral was compelled to burn his ships in order that the allies might not capture them. In spite of this, the English captured about twenty, several of which were treasure ships just returning from the Spanish colonies in America. This was a great loss to France and Spain, as they lost not only their fleet but also many millions of dollars, which were captured with the treasure ships.

The next year, 1703, is noted for Villars' brilliant march into Germany. After crossing the Rhine, he advanced swiftly toward central Germany, where he was joined by the Elector of Bavaria with an army. Villars then wished to invade the Austrian Empire and march upon Vienna, but the elector was opposed to this, and they finally decided to invade the Tyrol. Consequently the elector marched into Innsbruck, but was soon defeated and compelled to retreat. In the meanwhile the imperial army was threatening Munich. Villars was able to defeat the imperialists on the plain of Hochstedt and to free Munich from immediate danger. When after this victory the elector again refused to invade Austria, Villars resigned and Marsin was placed in command of the French army in Germany. A little later the elector decided to invade Austria, but was prevented by the cold of the winter. These victories for France in Germany were counterbalanced by the joining of Portugal with the allies, which gave them an easy entrance into Spain.

The invasion of Germany caused the allies to turn their attention in that direction, and in 1704 war was carried on chiefly in that country. Although the forces of the French marshals were much superior in number to those of Marlborough and Eugene, their movements were not well combined, and Villeroy never reached the actual fighting. The battle of Blenheim was fought on August 17, 1704. The allies attacked the right wing of the French, which was commanded by Tallard. This wing of the army was stationed before

Blenheim. After a long and bloody battle the allied army carried the position, thus dividing the French into two portions. While this was going on Eugene had defeated the right wing under Marsia, and the entire French army was in full retreat. The consequences of this defeat were very disastrous to the French cause. Their loss amounted to no less than thirty thousand. The French armies now withdrew from Germany and the empire was freed from fear of invasion.

In Spain, too, the war went against France. Gibraltar was taken by Admiral Rooke in August, 1704, and remained in the hands of the English despite every effort to recover it for France. The Archduke Charles landed in Portugal and captured Barcelona in October, 1705.

Vendome, in Italy, had met with some success. He had defeated Eugene and again routed the Imperialists at Cascinato, when he was ordered to Flanders to oppose Marlborough. However, the over anxious Villeroy had not waited for reinforcements, but had attacked the allies, in consequence of which he was utterly defeated. The allies then entered Brussels and proclaimed Charles III. king of Spain.

In Italy, after Vendome's departure, the operations were very disastrous to the French. At Turin they were attacked and compelled to retreat in utmost confusion. The army became panic-stricken and fled to the Alps. Lombardy submitted to the allies and Charles III. was proclaimed at Milan. France now agreed to a treaty by which she should evacuate northern Italy.

Many and rapid changes now took place in the fortunes of the claimants to the Spanish throne. In 1706 the allies carried all before them, and the Bourbons were filled with despair, and some proposed that Philip give up Spain and rule over her possessions in America. But Louis was determined to place his grandson on the throne, and in 1707 the tables were turned in his favor. The Bourbon claim was made more firm by the battle of Almanza, and Philip was joyfully welcomed back to Madrid.

The French had other successes also. An invasion of

France by Prince Eugene failed, and the allies lost over ten thousand men. Villars captured Stolhoffen and Vendome suppressed Marlborough in Holland. The expenses of these wars had exhausted every French resource, and the need of money became daily more urgent.

In 1708 the allies defeated Vendome at Oudenarde, and thus laid the French frontier open to invasion. The winter of 1708 was very severe, and all operations were completely suspended. Great discontent was shown against the government in France, and Louis sued for peace. The allies then demanded that he dethrone his grandson and proclaim Charles king of Spain, and that he promise that no Bourbon would ever sit on the Spanish throne. They also demanded the cession of much territory. In spite of his need, Louis refused these humiliating terms. His appeal to the patriotism of the French people met with an immediate response, and the war went on more furiously than before. Great sacrifices were made by the French in order to raise money for carrying on the war.

Villars was the commander in Flanders, with Bouffers as second in command. With ninety thousand men they marched against Marlborough, who was threatening Mons. Near that place, at Malplaquet, these two armies fought one of the greatest battles of the war on September 11, 1709. Villars was severely wounded, but the retreat was well conducted by Bouffers. The allies lost over twenty thousand men, while France did not lose near so many.

After this battle a diplomatic conference was held at Gertruydenberg, but when the allies demanded that Louis join them in forcing Philip to renounce all claim to the Spanish throne, all hopes of peace were destroyed.

The following year France gained two brilliant victories in Spain. Charles III. was unable to hold Madrid and retreated towards Barcelona. Vendome followed him and surprised the English at Brihulga, and captured the entire division. Two days later Vendome completely routed the Imperialist forces

under Charles at Valla-viciosa. Philip was then again proclaimed king of Spain.

Just at this time the ministry of Godolphin in England was displaced by that of Harly and St. John, who were opposed to Marlborough, and Mrs. Markham became the queen's favorite. Soon after this new ministry came to power, arrangements were made with the Secretary De Torcy for a conference of all European powers at Utrecht. The Emperor Joseph died about this time, and Charles became his successor. This caused a change in the feelings of the allies, who did not wish the empire and Spain to be united in a personal union any more than they wanted Spain and France united under one king. England therefore decided to withdraw from the alliance, and proposed that Philip V. should keep Spain on condition that France and Spain should never be united in a personal union; that Naples and Milan be given to Austria; that Queen Anne be recognized by Louis; that Newfoundland and Gibraltar be ceded to England; and that the Pretender and his family be driven from France. Louis agreed to these terms and a preliminary treaty was signed on October 8, 1711.

But this was not the end of the war. The other members of the alliance claimed that England had acted falsely and refused to make peace for a long time. So Prince Eugene and Villars fought another campaign. Eugene threatened Laudrecies. By a false attack on that place Villars fooled him, and attacked and completely defeated Lord Albemarle at Denain. This successful campaign freed northern France from danger and had great effect on the treaty of Utrecht.

Louis' only legitimate son died in April, 1711. This left the Duke of Burgundy as heir to the throne. The duke, his wife, the dauphiness, and their eldest child died in February, 1712, leaving only the sickly boy duke of Anjou between Philip of Spain and the French throne. Thus there was danger of the two crowns being united if peace were not made at once. This and the decision of England to withdraw from the alliance at last prevailed, and the Peace of Utrecht was

signed April 11, 1713. In addition to the conditions already named, the Netherlands, Milan, Naples, and Sardinia were given to the emperor; a line of fortresses along the French frontier should be garrisoned by the Dutch; England received certain commercial advantages; and Sicily was given to the Duke of Savoy.

The emperor alone refused to agree to the treaty, and was overwhelmingly defeated by Villars in a brilliant campaign. Peace was finally made by France and the emperor at Rastadt in March, 1714.

By the treaty of Utrecht Austria and England were the greatest gainers. The French were glad, after so many defeats, to have kept her boundaries intact and maintained her independence.

Thus ended the greatest war that France had ever experienced. Her national debt amounted to eighty-six million pounds sterling, and all industry and agriculture was almost utterly ruined, and the poorer people were many of them starving. These were some of the results of the war, as a result of which France had gained but one advantage, and that a doubtful one—she had placed a Bourbon prince on the Spanish throne. C. H. C., '11.

The Old Year

Another year has come and gone,
  Its joys and sorrows now are o'er,
And many happy, joyous days
  Have passed away forever more.

Full many sorrows, toils, and cares
  Departed days have brought along,
But flowers, too, oft cheered our way,
  And sometimes snatches of a song.

We would not have the year return,
  Nor live again one single day;
We would not mourn that it has gone,
  Nor fret us o'er the stony way.

If we have learned its lessons well,
  And left no duty half-way done,
The old should aid us in our tasks
  Throughout the year that's just begun.

The earliest days of nineteen-ten
  Are flying by at rapid pace:
Whoe'er would reach a shining goal
  Must enter early in the race. H., '11.

Uncle Blake's Celebration

Nothing like it had ever happened in Swinton. That a man should reach a condition of hilarious intoxication, that he should set out to "do up" the town, that he should begin to smash things generally, and finally land in the lock-up—all this was not, in itself, sufficiently unusual to cause special comment. But Uncle Simon Blake's was an entirely different case.

In the large town of Swinton Uncle Blake was, in his way, almost as well known as any of the local doctors or even the president of Swinton college. He was a sturdy, cheerful, hard-working, illiterate farmer, who minded his business, went to church weekly, paid his bills, and had never been known to drink anything stronger than a concoction of molasses, ginger, and water.

Just behind the college grounds lay Uncle Blake's farm which for forty years he had industriously cultivated and with as much success as could be expected after making necessary allowances for the fact that nearly three hundred students roomed within forty rods of his orchards and garden. Bad weather and potato bugs he regarded as dispensations of providence to be endured with patience, but he was not so reconciled to the depredations of the young men. And this was not strange. Living so near the campus, he was subjected to more annoyance than any other man in the town. Only a few days before the happenings recorded in this story, a football victory furnished an excuse for a nocturnal raid which made him unusually bitter against the disciples of learning.

The morning after the game he found his horse yoked to one of his cows, a plow and a harrow rested side by side upon the roof of his stable, a rooster and an old gander were missing, the wheels had been removed from a cart and hoisted to the top of a chimney, while his barn door was ornamented with certain signs and Greek letters, plastered on with the reddest of red paint. The orchard had not been overlooked. Several apple trees had been stripped of their fruit, while the garden had an appearance of complete desolation. A complaint was made to the college authorities, but as they were unable to fix the blame of the raid upon individuals, they did not reimburse the old man for his losses.

It was only a few days after this that Uncle Blake had his spree. That such a man, at the age of sixty-five, after a life of total abstinence should engage in a carousal was amazing and even preposterous. A few charitable souls insisted that he was not intoxicated at all, but that he had suddenly lost his mind; and two or three good citizens recalled the fact that his grandfather, shortly before his death, had shown symptoms of mild insanity.

But the sheriff made no allowance for temporary aberration. He promptly took charge of Uncle Blake as he was in the act of demolishing a barber's pole in front of the Swinton hotel. This was the last of a long series of similar misdemeanors committed in various parts of the town.

On the following day Simon Blake was brought before the local magistrate. About two hundred persons, crowded inside the court-room door. About forty students had rushed in and secured front seats, anxious to see the expected fun.

Uncle Blake looked cool and collected, and not at all ashamed of the unenviable notoriety which he had brought upon himself.

After the judge stated the charge made against him, great was the surprise in the court-room when Uncle Blake confidently answered:

"I never got drunk in my life, Jedge."

The officer who had made the arrest was called upon to give

his account of the affair. This was the substance of the story:

Friday, the day preceding the farmer's appearance in court, was the last day of the county fair and a very busy day for the local police, as there was an unusual amount of drunkenness. Early in the evening, the officer declared, he had been told that Mr. Blake had been drinking and that he should be looked after, but as he was urgently called elsewhere at that time, it was nearly nine o'clock before he was able to look him up. He had then found him in the act of carrying off a barber's pole. He was surrounded by a crowd of boys and men who were greatly amused by the old man's antics, and who were giving him every encouragement to continue his unlawful act.

The officer also stated that the prisoner, before his arrest, had attempted to break up a meeting of the Woman's Social Alliance; he had disfigured the doors of the Baptist church and the college chapel with great daubs of paint; he had been decidedly noisy, singing and yelling at the top of his voice; and what was more to his discredit, he had rigged himself out in such a mixture of male and female attire as only a fool or a drunken man would ever dream of wearing on a public street.

As the officer finished his statement the boys in the front seats nudged one another and grinned; some of the older men looked sympathetically at the prisoner, while the prisoner himself smiled complacently.

"Mr. Blake," said the judge after the officer had finished his story, "what have you to say in answer to these charges?"

Uncle Blake stood up and looked at the judge.

"Well, yer honor," he began, "I admit that it does look as though I had been takin' a leetle too much, but I hadn't; I was jest celebratin', but I wa'n't drunk. If you'll jest let me tell the whole story in my own way, I think I can explain it satisfactory to yer honor and to the rest of the folks here."

"You may proceed," said the judge.

"Well, the fact is, jedge, it was all on account of those steers

of mine. You know that this week we've had our county fair and my steers took the pullin' match. I've been tryin' to git it fer five or six years, but it never come my way till this fall. I started in more'n a year ago to put them steers of mine in trainin', and I never let up on 'em till last Thursday.

"Perhaps, jedge, you know that Cy Archer has been takin' that pullin' prize fer the past three or four years, and he thought he had a cinch on it this year. But, by jings, he didn't! More'n three weeks ago I knew I had it solid. When I put them steers in trainin' I begun by pullin' an easy load on the stone drag; then every day I'd make it a leetle heavier, but I alluz took good care never to stick 'em. One moonlight night about a month ago I took 'em down to the fair grounds when there wa'n't any one 'round. The same rocks was right there on the ground that they'd used fer ten years. I piled 'em onto the drag till I knowed I'd reached the limit and then hitched on the steers. Gosh, didn't they stretch out and pul! I knowed then that I had a dead sure thing. The next day I met Cy on the road.

" 'Cy,' sez I, 'who's agoin' to win the pullin' match fer two-year-olds this year?'

" 'Wal, Simon,' sez Cy, grinning, 'I've got inter the habit of takin' it, and I guess I'd better keep it up.'

" 'Now, look here, Cy,' sez I, 'I've got five dollars that sez you'll git out er the habit this year.'

" 'I'll take it,' sez he.

"You see, jedge, I don't believe in gamblin'—never did in my life—but this was too good a chance to let slip, so fer the sport of it, I thought I'd put up five, jest as the college boys do on a football game—kind of shows your loyalty to the home team."

The college boys applauded and the judge was obliged to call for order.

"Last Wednesday afternoon," continued Uncle Blake, "was the time fer the match. First we pulled off the preliminaries —that's what they call it at college, I believe—and then we come to the finals, which was narrowed down to Cy and me.

The committee put another rock on the drag, and Cy started in first. He had a purty pair of critters, and they pulled well, movin' the load about ten feet. Then I hitched on Star and Bright. I prodded 'em up a leetle jest to let 'em know that somethin' was expected of 'em, and then I straightened 'em out. They started off and snaked that drag more'n twenty foot without stoppin'. Then I turned 'em 'round and hauled it back agin. Once Bright balked a bit and started off one side. 'Who, hish! Bright,' I sez, lapping him on the nose and gittin' him in line again. 'Who, hish!' I sez.

"Perhaps, yer honor, I didn't feel good! Why, I felt like I jest wanted to hug them steers. Cy, he looked jest as if he'd et somethin' that was givin' him trouble. He was awful cut up and surprised, but he forked over the bet."

"Mr. Blake," here interrupted the judge, "your story is quite interesting, but you are not explaining the charges brought against you."

"I'm comin' to that right off, jedge; I had to tell you what I have told so you'd be sho to understan' the whole situation.

"Well, yer honor, it was this way: On my way home from the fair I made up my mind that I ought to celebrate the vict'ry. At first I didn't jest know what I better do, as I never done much celebratin' in my life. Then I thought I'd do jest as the college fellers does when they win a match. Of course I thought that was the proper way to do it, because at college they're supposed to learn you how to do things as they orter be done. When I got home I told Maria all about it—that is, all but the bet. I knew she wouldn't like that—and jest what I was goin' to do. First along she was a little doubtful, but after I'd talked to her a while she sez:

" 'Well, Simon' she sez, 'I never did like the goin' on of those college boys, and it will look dreadful foolish in a man of your age to go 'round town hootin' and yellin' the way they do; but if you want to celebrate that way, why, you've got jest as good a right as anybody, and I'll help you fix up.'

"Then she got out her old sun bunnit, a caliker dress, and an old green veil. She rigged me out in these with the veil

tied over my face. Next she tied a red table-cloth 'round my waist and pushed a feather duster down my back so that the feathers stuck up over my head. Then I hunted up a can of red paint and a brush, put the dinner horn under my arm, and started out.

"As for the rest of it, jedge, I guess you know pretty much all about it, fer the officer here has got it about straight, only he's left out a few particulars. Of course I looked like a lunatic or a fool, but folks seemed to think I must be a student in disguise, doin' some stunts, so they didn't pay much attention to me at first. When I give my yell, though, they began to collect about me like flies 'round a merlasses barrel."

"What do you mean by 'my yell?' " asked the judge, who had entered into the spirit of the situation, and was enjoying the fun as much as anybody in the courtroom.

"Why, yer honor, you know they have a yell at the college, and they think they ain't celebratin' unless they let it off every few minutes, so I reckoned I must have one in order to do it up brown. Probably my yell ain't quite so scholarly and elegant as the college yells, but it seemed to jest suit the occasion. Here's what it is:

"Who-hish, who-ho,
Har, Bright, Gee Star!
Get up, Go on,
Git!"

The old man brought this out with a swing and a dash that would have satisfied the most enthusiastic freshman, and the old court-room again rang with applause which the judge did not even attempt to quell.

"It's mighty queer, jedge, what a difference it makes who does a thing. Now I've heard tell of the students goin' in the theatre after the college team has won a vict'ry an' takin' full possession, yellin' and throwing things 'round the hull evenin', or even breakin' up the show afore it was half done, an' nobody didn't find much fault. But as soon as I begin havin' a leetle of the same kind of fun over my team, the town is in an uproar, an' I'm pulled up for bein' drunk.

"Well, when I got into the street I thought I would sling round a leetle red paint, so I marked 'S. B.—'09' on the Baptist meetin' house door, on Deacon White's door-step, and in half er dozen places on the sidewalk. 'S. B.' stands fer 'Star and Bright,' and "09' fer the year of their vict'ry.

"I hadn't got half through my list of stunts when the sheriff jugged me. I was intendin' to ring the Methodist church bell, knock out a few lights of glass here and there, and burn up two or three panels of the cemetery fence.

"Now, yer honor, this celebratin' business is somethin' new fer me, but it ain't new fer the town. Of course, I ain't studyin' trigernometry nor Latin, and I don't belong to no Cow-Fires, S. A. E's, nor K. A.'s Greek societies. If I did, probably I wouldn't hev been pulled up here before you. To tell yer the truth, I don't see no reason why a man should have a free license to make a fool uv himself in public an' destroy other folks' property jest because he's goin' to college. But if I want ter put on my Maria's clothes an' go out on the street an' make myself redikerlous, ain't I got as good a right to do it as if I was gittin' a higher edication?"

"I think you have," said the judge with a smile. "The case is dismissed."

M. G. WEST, '12.

To ————————

O love, thou art my light,
My vision, my whole sight;
Thy presence is to me
A joy eternally.

Thine eyes are two great suns,
Which blending into one,
Make life a sun-set's gold—
A pleasure to behold.

Thy raven locks a charm
To work some mortal harm;
Now they have entwined one—
Me, poor son-of-a-gun.

The Trouble

I gazed into her anxious eye,
  I saw her face turn white,
As though she had received a shock
  Or some terrific fright;
I saw her eyelids twitch with pain,
  Her lips were drawn and tense;
The look of trouble in her eye
  Has not been equalled since.

I saw a frown upon her brow,
  A tear come in her eye;
Her breast was heaving now with sobs
  And many a deep-drawn sigh.
I wondered what the trouble was;
  I asked, but she was dumb,
But after awhile I found it out—
  She'd swallowed her chewing gum!

Tribute to Bismarck

"The business of politicians is politics," said "The Man of Blood and Iron," and no dream of ease or pleasure ever deterred the uncrowned king of European politics from illustrating this greatest truth of his utterances. Prince Bismarck was thrown into the seething sea of European politics during the revolution of 1848. A soldier of eminence, fearless and indomitable in will and purpose, the evolution from the loose confederation of independent states and cantons to the greatest of military empires demanded a mind of lofty purpose, a hand of iron to cope with the treacherous scheming of petty princes, and to check disintegrating tendencies taught by the centuries of false political philosophies.

The dark days of the French Revolution foisted upon Europe two tendencies wholly opposed to each other, both destined to be instrumental in nineteenth century civilization. These were the tendencies toward absolutism, opposed by that toward anarchy. The history of the revolution of ideas from

the time-honored despotisms of the Louis's and of Richelieu to the communistic and anarchistic rule of Danton, Murat and Robespierre is familiar to even the schoolboy of America; but the history of the revolution of the idea of state and of statescraft which took place in European courts as the direct fruit of the "Reign of Terror" is not so familiar, even to the politicians of this land of the free.

The French were leaders in European political thought to the date of the final overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte. Upon the eve of the setting of the great Corsican's sun, the common centre of political thought shifted from Paris to Vienna. In Vienna sat that Michaevelli, of the nineteenth century, Prince Metternich, whose whole life and energy were devoted to the maintenance of the Austrian's position as political dictator. Austria's course was the one involving the retrogressive element, and a strong hand and a subtle though faulty philosophy made the Austrian prince an almost invincible foe to German unity and centralization of government.

Bismarck was the strongest European advocate of Absolutism. He believed implicitly in centralization of government. He was a student of Richelieu and the French system of the control of estates. The great Austrian prince and politician was also an absolutist, though a man who did not hesitate to substitute policy for principle. His age was an age of revolution—revolution from ancient customs, ancient civilization and ancient political principles. From these revolutons, liberty sprung. Though dominated by the spirit of revolt, revolutions have always wrought out peace and progress for mankind. The age of Metternich was the age in which these ideas became institutions.

The diseased policies of the long period of misrule had evolved the diseased conditions of the Reign of Terror. Reactionary movements against age-bound conservatism had progressed in every country of the old world. The German states were clamoring not for free institutions, but for free constitutions and German unity. Spain had established her limited monarchy and was sweeping on toward more univer-

sal freedom; Russia was awakening from serfdom, superstition and ignorance; from absolute monarchy to better conditions and broader possibility. Democracy was on its upward struggle, and the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man, that "all men were born free and equal" was rapidly becoming the universal law.

Through all this incentive toward German unity, the strange yet powerful personality of Prince Metternich barred all the schemes of centralization. Though he was an imposter in religion, a servile flatterer in diplomacy, and an insincere suppliant at the throne of papal indulgence, he was the German, if not the European, dictator. His policy was designed to maintain the Austrian supremacy.

After the revolution of 1848 and 1849, Prussia contended against the hand of Austria for the ruling power in German politics. The hand and the head at the helm of Prussian politics were just as strong and as active as that of the Austrian court. Prince Bismarck was as strong in intrigue, as cruel when necessity demanded, and as indomitable in will and purpose as the great Austrian dictator. He held his place in the face of a capricious people through the crystalizing sentiment of the German confederation, and through the recognized necessity of a strong hand to oppose the Austrian policy. He was oft styled the Uncrowned King of European politics. His was the hand that wrested the power from Prince Metternich, and his was the glory that has rested with his native state to the present time.

Upon the conditions which confronted the German states during the years of the early fifties, Prince Bismarck looked with determination, without hesitating or faltering. He was determined to stamp out further possibility of rebellion and authority of the petty states of the German people, though he never lost the temper of the diplomat to seize the sword of the soldier. He could scarcely be called the ideal statesman, for he laid down his pen to wield the mightier instrument when convinced that might would more quickly enhance the cause of right. In fact, he once said that he was by no means

shy of war; that it was a part of his program. But though a tried soldier, he did not believe in bloodshed when rights were immediately the offspring of diplomacy; but he brooked no delays. He was unscrupulous in methods and satisfied simply to reach cold, logical conclusions through illogical and subtle premises. He believed in the efficiency of armed absolutism and military despotism, yet he possessed the cool, calculating disposition to obtain for his causes through diplomacy the full fruits of his victories. He succeeded in fastening the principles of empire upon all the states of Germany, and thereby obstructed the way to democratic ideas, yet he obtained the thanks and congratulations of the extreme democrats of Great Britain for giving to North Germany a constitution based on universal suffrage.

Bismarck became the greatest politician of Europe, simply through force and will power. His method of bringing things to pass was by his stupendous power of personality. For when the Prussian king could not obtain the consent of the lower house of the German parliament to the new military organization bill, because of his forceful character, Bismarck was offered the portfolio of minister of foreign affairs and the presidency of the cabinet. Being unable yet to pass the reorganization bill, Bismarck announced to the deputies that the king's government would be obliged to do without their consent, but the army reorganization went on. Session after session of parliament was closed or dissolved without the government obtaining or seemingly caring to obtain the sanction of the people's representatives, but the reorganization of the army still went on. The people looked for a *coup d'etat* as was foisted by Napoleon III upon the French, and the government of Prussia was looking for a revolution.

In the very crisis of affairs, when the government seemed to be most oppressing the people, and the people most opposing the government, the death of the King of Denmark opened up an avenue for Bismarck's energy and statecraft. His skilled hand directed sentiment and excited the German people to a fever heat upon the question of the acquisition of the Duchies.

This was Bismarck's opportunity, and the German national feeling showed the wisdom of a military absolution for a nation in Germany's situation. From being the most hated of all men in Germany, he became the most loved and most respected politician in all Europe. Henceforth he was not only the imperial chancellor, but the dictator of European politics. His dictation of the terms of peace to the French, at the fall of Paris, after the six-weeks war of 1871, was but an incident of his power.

Prince Bismarck is descended from an ancient noble family of Pomerania, noted for its extremely aristocratic opinions and feudalistic tendencies. He was first brought to the public notice by an appointment as ambassador to Russia in 1859. As yet he was scarcely known beyond the limits of Prussia, but his sternly aristocratic ideas of government soon became apparent so that it occasioned the greatest alarm among the German Liberals when William II. placed him at the head of the government three years later.

His conflicts with the assembly are well known. He faithfully carried out the king's idea of placing the government upon a military basis and of making a soldier of every citizen. His motive was mistaken and the assembly refused its support, yet this did not deter him from his purpose. With a strength of will and a persistency of effort that was surprising, he carried forward the work as though he had the entire concurrence of the people. He clearly foresaw the ultimate result of the rivalry between Austria and Prussia for the leadership of German states, and how well he had prepared Prussia for the conflict, the event of the seven weeks' war give abundant proof. The declaration of war was a great surprise, even to the German people and it was not until the terms of peace became known that they realized the full significance of it. The change of sentiment was at once thorough and overwhelming. "In a day Bismarck the Despot became Bismarck the Liberator."

Thus one long step toward the unification of the German states was taken, but the work was not yet complete. The

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new nation was yet destined to pass through another fiery ordeal before it could become thoroughly united. France had already become jealous of the rapid rise of the new nation among the powers of Europe. A pretext of war was soon found and the two nations rushed into conflict which, while destined to prove terribly disastrous to the French, was to perfect the union of the loosely united German states. The cause was, by them, regarded a national one and gave rise to a feeling of pride that was now able to weld the whole nation firmly together. Scarcely had the din of battle ceased when King William was proclaimed Emperor amid the greatest enthusiasm.

From this time on the policy of Bismarck has been an object lesson of the most intense interest for all who delight in historical study throughout the civilized world, and, as may be expected, widely different views of it have been taken. By some he is regarded as little less than a tyrannical despot, while others ascribe to him statesmanship of the highest type. His exremely stern ideas of government, no doubt, prejudice many, who are imbued with modern ideas of freedom, against him. He has no liberal ideas of governmentt. His ideal of government is one of power and which can exercise that power vigorously in cases of necessity. But these traits of character, which would cause most men to become narrow, bigoted and domineering in spirit, are held in check in him by a mighty intellect. He had wonderful powers of observation in historical matters, and rarely worked for an immediate result. He sought not for mere popularity but for results that were permanent and enduring.

As a speaker he never rose to the heights of an orator, but his speeches are logical and full of reasoning. However, it is said that at times he would display such a passion, vehemence, and eloquence of speech, which swept all before him. He has the power of condensing much thought into few words and many of his expressions come into immediate use among the people.

Bismarck, in his social life, was witty and accomplished.

He was the ideal German gentleman. Above all else he was a Christian; nor was he ashamed or afraid to confess it, for he ever followed in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Nazarene. In his public life he fought for the cause of the policy he thought was right. In war he was one of the most active soldiers and was undaunted by slaughter and carnage. He was in every great battle his country fought upon the the field of battle or within its diplomatic chambers. His life and his work must rank with that of the statesmen and philosophers of old, for he fought for world principles.

Alexander fought for universal empire; Socrates fought for the emancipation of right and the establishment of universal knowledge; Christ suffered upon the cross for universal justice—these advocated world principles struggling for expression.

Nero combatted a mighty movement destined to effect radical change in human character and life. Richelieu built by broken oaths and treacherous alliances an absolution so strong that Louis XIV. could arrogate to himself the dignity of "The State." Napoleon built upon the ruins of France's barren and sterile monarchy, and the excesses of its reactionary revolution, an empire in itself, strong and aggressive, though not strong enough to combat the combined power of Europe; and Prince Metternich of Austria combatted the world principles of social progress for forty years as the dictator of European politics. Bismarck built upon the right premises a structure that promises to stand throughout all time. He combatted no mighty movements towards political liberty though he effected radical changes of unity and German centralization. In that he advocated world principles, mightier than man, mightier than the Iron Chancellor himself. He must be placed with Socrates, Alexander and the world's greatest philanthropists, for the good he has done has not been interred with his bones. It can be truly said of him that he was one of the makers of the modern world. Indeed, what student of history is there that can look eastward across the broad and

rolling Atlantic without seeing the great form of Bismarck loom up before his eyes on the German horizon.

He devoted the best years of his life in raising Germany to the proud position she now occupies among the nations of Europe and is entitled to rest and peace, assured that he will ever live in the affectionate remembrance of the German people, and that they will ever point with pride to him amid the stars that burn brightest in the glory of their firmament as their wisest and best of statesmen.

S. B. CONNOR, '10.

Love's Error

"But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I sween,
The marks of that which once hath been."—*Coleridge.*

It was a quiet midsummer evening. A gentlebreeze softly fanned the roses and evergreens in the garden of a beautiful Southern home. On a rustic seat among the flowers sat a young maiden reading aloud, entirely unconscious that her every word was music in the ears of him who had stolen into the garden and was standing a few yards away. Again she read the lines and said aloud:

"May those lines prove true, and may no days ever be less happy than these I now enjoy!"

"And would that the vision I now behold ever remain before my eyes."

Margaret Harlow sprang up, blushing with embarrassment, when she found that she was not alone and Charlie Volney thought that he had never seen a more beautiful creature than the blushing girl before him.

They had been children together. Their homes were neighboring estates, and they had grown up much in each other's company; then he had gone to Carolina and she to Converse. Both had graduated and were now at home again. This evening they lingered long in the garden, and not until the sun had set and twilight was deepening into dark did they finally make their way towards the house. Charlie was always a welcomed

guest at the Harlow home, and this evening he was given a hearty welcome.

Early the next morning Margaret was walking in the garden and saw an unfolded letter at her feet. She picked it up and with woman-like curiosity glanced at the heading and this is what she saw:

"My Dearest Charlie: You can never know how much I miss you since you have gone away. I have been very lonely, but will try to be contented, for I know it will not be long before we can be together again. But, oh Charlie! those intervening days will be long and dreary. And now, my dear boy, you must not forget your very best friend, As ever,

"ELLIE MARTIN."

Margaret knew not how long she stood there. She only knew that the fondest dream of her life would never be realized. A passing wind caught up the note and it was gone forever. Now, she could not return it to its owner and all chance of an explanation was gone. The next mail took to Charlie a tiny note.

"Dear Charlie: You have deceived me. Old times are gone forever. Here is your ring. Please do not ask me to explain, for I cannot. MARGARET."

Charlie Volney was puzzled. He had no idea why Margaret had written him thus, but determined to stay away a while at least. A few weeks passed but being unable longer to endure the weary days away from Margaret he again, one pleasant day in autumn, sought the garden, hoping to find her there. But he did not, and the dead and dying leaves almost covered the rustic seat, while overhead the wind seemed softly sighing. For a long time he stood there, wondering if the dead leaves and sighing wind had any significance in themselves. Rousing himself, he slowly approached the house. Margaret met him, but not with the joyous welcome of old, and he soon took his leave. During the next winter and spring they seldom saw each other and when at parties they were sometimes thrown together and their hands met, he always found hers cold and trembling.

* * * * * * * * * *

A great ocean liner was slowly moving out of New York Bay. Among those on deck was a young man of tall stature and manly appearance. In his dark eyes burned the fiery ambition of youth, and as one looked deeper into them, there was visible a trace of sadness.

Charlie Volney had won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford and was now leaving home for his three years abroad. On the morning of his departure many friends had gathered at his home to bid him farewell. But there was one face he did not see, nor had he scarcely hoped to see it. Just before leaving he wrote Margaret a tiny note of farewell. Charlie was not a fanatic about love, but as he stood on deck watching the shore line grow dimmer and dimmer and finally fade from view, the memory of a slender, girlish figure had entire possession of his thoughts. Both had changed during the past year. One year previous they had been lovers, though it had been unexpressed. Perhaps they were still, but this cloud had come between them and he could not guess its source. Charlie had grown in that year from an impetuous boy to a mature man. A change even more marked had come over Margaret. A year ago she had been lighthearted and gay, but already the bloom was fading from her cheeks, leaving her face sad and pale, but none the less lovely.

Many, many times during his three years in Europe the picture of this sad but lovely girl rose before Charlie's eyes. And often as he thought of the many pleasant hours in the garden when she was happy and gay and then of her drooping form a few months later, he half hoped that her regard for him was the secret of it all. And yet, for all the world, he would not have trifled with the affections of this innocent girl. Indeed he himself had suffered, was suffering still. Then about six months before he would complete his course the news came to him that physicians had despaired of her life. Every device known to man was used but still she was slowly fading away like a leaf in the balmy days of autumn. He heard no more and knew not whether she was living or dead.

* * * * * * * * * *

The morning paper had announced the return of Charlie Volney and with him his old chum and classmate, Ellie Martin. Like a flash Margaret's mistake came to her. After all she had judged him wrong. Ellie Martin was his chum instead of his sweetheart, as she had understood from that letter. Perhaps he would come over this afternoon and away she went to the garden.

The sun was low down over the western hills when Charlie Volney turned aside into the garden, half hoping to find Margaret there again. The afternoon was so like that one four years ago that he half expected to see the blithe little maiden of old seated among the roses and ready to greet him with a smile. Suddenly he awoke from his dream of the past, and saw Margaret in the same old rustic seat and recognized the book in her hand as an old volume of Coleridge. She was not reading aloud now, but he saw her glance at the book and a sweet, sad smile spread over her face.

"Margaret!"

"Charlie!"

Ah yes! Those lines are true. There are those things in life that live on and on, throughout all time. Though fading away for a while, they return and their influence is felt as long as men live and love and are conscious of things around them.

The Light Fantastic

The streets were enveloped in darkness,
  The night was somberly drear;
Outside the storm shook the windows
  As if ghosts, uncannily near,
Were striking the panes with their fingers
  To fill us with sadness and fear.

I was light, yes, light as a feather,
  As the music rose and fell,
And we drifted away together
  Under its rapturous spell;

Unknown all else beside this—
  She danced divinely well.

So what cared we for the tempest,
  My own little partner and I?
For didn't she dance like a vision,
  And wasn't there love in her sigh?
The world outside was a nightmare
  And the darkness itself seemed a lie.

But soon all spent was the pleasure
  The whirl of the dance was o'er,
The mem'ry alone was left us,
  The feet of the dancers no more
Kept unbroken time to the music—
  Outside the wind howled as before.

G. F. H., '11.

The Hart Moss History Prize

I avail myself of the kindness of the editors of the Journal to announce to the student body the rules and regulations connected with the contest for the Hart Moss History prize, as the contest is open to all students, but quite a number are not in my classes.

The prize, consisting of twenty dollars in cash, has been awarded for the past five years. The winners and their subjects are published in the college catalogue, where the entire list since the founding of the prize can be ascertained by turning to the department of History and Economics. An essay may be upon any approved historical subject; however the suggestion of the following list may be suggestive:

History of the Papacy.

Mediæval Civilization.

Relation of Church and State in European History (or any given period).

The Italian Renaissance (or any phase of it).

The Protestant Reformation.

The Influence of the French Revolution upon the Civilization of Europe.

Bismarck.

The Struggle for German Unity.

History of Trial by Jury.

Legislation of Edward I.

Wycliffe and Lollardry.

The Peasant Revolt of 1381.

Oliver Cromwell.

History of the House of Commons.

The English Reformation.

Mary Queen of Scots.

Permanent Constitutional Gains in the Period of Long Parliament and Civil War.

Ireland as a British Possession.

The Irish Land Question.

William E. Gladstone.

Great Britain's Indian Empire.

The Oxford Movement.

The Democratic Movement in England in the Nineteenth Century.

The Colonial Basis of American Institutions.

The Development of Nationality in the United States.

The Influence of the Supreme Court in the Development of American Nationality.

Causes of the American Revolution.

The Work of the Federalist Party.

The Influence of the West upon American History.

The Secession Movement in New England, 1804-14.

Thomas Jefferson.

The Burr Conspiracy.

The History of Reconstruction in South Carolina.

Economic History of South Carolina.

The Character of John C. Calhoun, as revealed in his private correspondence.

The following are the rules of the contest:

1. The essay required of each student in History as a class

exercise will be considered as entered for competition, unless the essay bears a request in writing to the contrary.

2. The competition is open to all students in Wofford College, graduate instructors and assistants excepted.

3. Essays may be written in either pen or machine writing.

4. Essays may be of any length. They should contain enough material to evince considerable knowledge of the subject. From 2,000 to 5,000 words is a good length.

5. Essays must be signed with the name of some historical character. At the time of handing in his essay, the contestant must deposit with the Professor of History a sealed envelope containing his own name and bearing upon the outside the name of the historical character which he has signed to his essay.

6. A bibliography of all books, articles, maps or other authorities used must be appended to the essay.

7. Essays will be judged from three standpoints—thoroughness of research, independent judgment manifested, and literary style.

8. Essays must be handed to the Professor of History not later than May 1. There will be positively no extension of time. The professor will select the five essays which he considers the best and submit them to a committee composed of two professors of history not in Wofford College and one person not a professor in history. D. D. WALLACE.

Wofford College, January 12, 1910.

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183

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Reports

The faculty are getting rather negligent or careless about sending out the quarterly reports on time. For the past quarter they have not yet been issued, although it is now the thirteenth of the month and they were due to have gone out on the first. When a student is at home Christmas he expects his report at a certain time; if it does not come, he is greatly disappointed and rightly so, for if it is a good one, he can give his parents nothing that would be more appreciated as a Christmas gift; if it is bad, he wishes to know the worst. This delay is not due to the negligence of the secretary, but is the result of some of the instructors neglecting their duty as if it concerned no one but themselves. Perhaps they do not realize or else do not take time to think that by their negligence they cause over two hundred students to be disappointed; or

if they do realize it, simply do not care. Sometimes the professors have other business that may delay them in their work, but it seems to us that, unless this is very urgent, their college duty should come first. More frequently it is simply that some of the faculty go off for the holidays before they have finished correcting their examination papers and consequently reports are delayed until these professors return and correct the papers, which should have been attended to before they left. But what right have they to leave before their regular duty is attended to? The students are required to finish all their college work before they leave for the holidays; why shouldn't the same rule apply to the faculty? It certainly seems that they should be more punctual about this matter, that is of such vital importance to every student. They try to hold the students to strict punctuality and then they themselves break the rules. How can the faculty expect to hold those who are under them to a higher standard than that up to which they themselves measure?

True Education

Some time ago we heard a man who is a graduate of one of the colleges of this State, say that he believed that time was wasted in taking a college education; one should spend his time in learning the trade he would follow. It is not strange that a person should say this, but it is that a man who has a college education should say it. Really, we have very little respect for the style of education he has. Of course it is his own fault and not that of the institution he attended. This person has not, in the true sense of the word, a college education. Any one who goes through college and receives a college training and does not feel that he has been bettered to a great extent by it, leaving out increasing his capacity to make money, and that he is far more capable of seeing and feeling higher ideals and higher purposes and that a greater and broader life has opened up before him, is in a pitiful condition. He certainly has not taken advantage of his opportunities as he should. An education is worth to a person ever cent it costs

and more, too, in one's feelings alone; he sees a higher vision and catches a deeper persepective of life. It matters not how little he may be able to do with his education, deep down in his soul he feels that it has not all been in vain. The best part of education is not on the outside but is firmly implanted in one's very being. It is not the process of stuffing in, but is that of bringing out, developing, rounding, polishing, and smoothing down the edges; this not only applies to the body and mind, but even to the heart and soul themselves. And we believe that a person who does not feel and realize this has not education in the truest sense.

The Library

The new library is now completed and most of the books have been moved in. This is a great improvement on the old, which had hardly any place in which to read and was very badly arranged. We now have plenty of room, reading tables and chairs and everything is neat and in order. There is no place where one can better spend his time than in this place reading either the papers, magazines or good books; he may take his choice. There is nothing worth more to a person than reading standard authors and getting the views and thoughts of the greatest men of different countries and of different times. It learns one the best usages of the language and cultivates him and polishes his conversation and writing. It is indeed a rare treat to be able to commune with such souls as Shakespeare, Milton and other great writers and learn from them their ideals and purposes and catch from them their inspiration. Shut in to ourselves, we see and enjoy only the beauties that surround us, when through the great writers we may enjoy those of ages and countries far distant and catch the truths from their lips which are as vital and living now as they were then. But even if we do not wish to read the standard books, we should read the magazines and newspapers. In the magazines we keep up with the best literature of our own day, and in the newspapers the things that are happening around us. Both

are important. It is at least each person's duty to keep posted on the history that is being made during his own time.

Prizes aad Medals

The Bohemian staff is offering one annual for the best short story, one for the best poem, and one for the best essay. The Journal offers a medal for each of the following: Best short story from either the Senior or Junior classes, best short story from either the Sophomore or Freshman classes; best poem, open to whole college. The same production might win an annual and also a medal. Each person who can write should begin at once and endeavor to capture a prize or a medal. The Journal needs your support for it to be a success. The Annual also needs it. We want to make it the best this year that has ever been gotten out here and we can do it if all will co-operate and do all they can towards its success.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. L. Betts, Editor.
E. K. Epps, Assistant Editor.

The College of Charleston Magazine is a neatly printed, well edited magazine. It is not as bulky as some others, perhaps, but the contents is worth while. "His Outlook" holds one in suspense as to the final answer until the close of the story. Both of the characters, and they are well portrayed, too, are human beings who excite our sympathy. There is a quality possessed by this story for which we know no technical name; a fascination which holds the attention even after the story is finished. "A College Triad" is a sensible classification of campus *fungi*—the back-biter, the sore-head, and the knocker. "Lost in Siberia" could be made over into a fairly good story, although it is rather far away to be handled successfully by an amateur, and especially one who puts the reader to the inconvenience of climbing three or four barbed-wire fences of asterisks before the end is reached. The poem, "Soul Worship," is the production of no mere artisan, for the author seems to have imbided somewhat of the classic spirit of sunny Italy, where he imagines himself to be.

When it comes to short stories the *Winthrop College Journal* had better try again. "Many in One—A Christmas Story," might pass just as well under the title, "Mammy's Monologue —Another Love Story." We fail to see where the "many" part comes in, unless it is *many words* in the mouth of one. The plot of the story readily falls into three divisions, viz: Mammy's telephone-like garrulousness, the nameless heroine's soliloquy, and the orthodox "pressing" engagement. "The Lassie With the Golden Hair" is a pathetic little short incident —and we dare not call it a "short story;" no, not even for courtesy's sake—but rather top-heavy with an introduction longer than the incident itself. But—

O, you darling Poetesses,
  How you tire of college life!
Longings for a few caresses
  Are the sources of your strife.

The poem, "Things Ain't the Same," has a ring about it that sounds true, despite the oft-recurring "den,"—then—a change from the singular to the plural, and a bit of faulty rhyming. And it is vividly realistic, too! What a scene that must have been "behind the kitchen wall!" The old slave-master reading the first Christmas story to his slaves as they sat out there (the author for some unaccountable reason fails to give the location of the back side of the kitchen wall, whether indoors or out—surely the scene must have been enacted where it don't get very cold), the darkies holding the Christmas viands from the "massa's" table, or trying to stop the squealing of the "little shoats" they had just received. O, shade of Homer, how the maiden rivals thee! There are, however, two contributions which merit considerable praise. "Wordsworth and Nature" and the poem, "December." On the whole the Christmas issue does pretty well, when we take into consideration the fact that there were only some seven hundred to call upon for material.

We are glad to welcome to our table a new arrival in the realm of college journalism—this also from the City by the Sea—*The Aesculapian.* Now, we can turn to these disciples of Hippocrates for relief, after floundering through the monthly flood of "slush" and love stories, which composes so large a part of our college literature. Aesculapius, the god of medicine, is a myth, but the pages of this magazine are devoted to scientific and historic research. We believe it will prove a valuable journal.

In *The Emory Phoenix* "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of" is pretty good "stuff." The hero of the story appears to have seen an ancient alchemist in modern surroundings, but the story is rather interesting despite the fact of its improbability. We would classify it as a pseudo-scientific fairy tale

of the twentieth century. There are two poems, by the same author, that are more than mere verse: "In the Street," and "The Butterfly." In the former the picture of the orphan "living the life of an unfound love," as the poet aptly expresses it, is well drawn; but there is a stroke of genius in the latter one:

> "Her chums said 'She's a dandy,'
> As they nibbled on her candy
> Bought by Billie with his dough."

"The Chivalry of the Twentieth Century" is the best essay we have had the pleasure of reading this month. It is eminently worth while.

CLIPPINGS

NATURE'S VOICE.

I wandered idly through the vale
  In peaceful, happy mood,
Soft summer breezes touched my cheek,
  The birds were in the wood.

Bright, dancing flowers decked the earth,
  The murmuring waters ran,
And, teasing, turned aside to side
  And melted in the sand.

The mountains spoke majestic power,
  I gazed with awe profound;
A strain of music rose and fell,
  And God was in the sound.

Exalted high I wandered on
  With trembling, joyous soul;
The heart that had been music-swept
  Was nobler than of old.

—*Columbia College Criterion.*

A youth, a book,
A lass, a look;
Books neglected,
Flunks expected.

A LADY OF MARK.

Belinda is a village belle,
Her beauty has no =

Her charming manner is perfection,
There's no one like her in this §.

I wonder would she think me rash
If after her I made —.

And with a manner suave and bland
I frankly asked her for her ☞

Then I murmured, "Tell me, dearie,"
Would she say "Yes" unto my ?.

And yet—Belisda's tongue's so brisk
I fear I'd be an *.

There's a girl from the Land of Lynn,
Who was so exceedingly thin,
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade,
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

IT WAS RELISHED.

"Grandma, did you like that gumdrop?"
"Yes, dear; it was very sweet of you to give it to me."
"Well, Towser didn't; he spit it out twice."

Freshman (quoting Latin): Haec in Galliam important. "Hike into Gaul, its important."

REST.

They tell me, in this human life,
Who live the darker, dimmer side,

And struggle with the bleak, wild tide,
That rest is sweetest after strife.

They tell me, in the longest night
Who greatly toil with anguish'd soul,
And reach at last the long'd for goal,
That dawn is sweetest to their sight.

—*The Mercerian.*

"Sun, moon and stars forgot," quoted a Senior as he flunked in astronomy.

A man can scratch his back against a hat-rack or a whatnot for a year or two and attribute it to buckwheat cakes, but after he has gone on this way for about seven years the public and his friends begin to lose faith in him.

In anger flew her agile jaws,
And swear words darted from her tongue;
The maid was fighting mad because
She couldn't make her bangs stay bung.

STUNG.

Enthusiastic professor of physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms: "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so, and drop my head—so, and should not move, you would say I was a clod! But I move, I leap, I run; then what do you call me?"

Voice from the rear: "A clod-hopper!"

Class is dismissed.

Even when trade is rather dull in other lines, there is generally a bustle in dry goods stores.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Geo. O. Beach, Editor

WHITEFOORD SMITH LIBRARY COMPLETED.

The students were given an appropriate New Year's gift on their return after the holidays, in the opening of the new Whitefoord Smith Library, on January 3. A gift, indeed, it was where the home-sick soul, after participating in all of the joys and festivities of the Yuletide might go and bury itself in happy forgetfulness of the pleasures just given up. Also where it might go to rid itself of those longings and almost uncontrollable desires to get back into the surroundings from which it had just extricated itself. For this is the place where the students went for just these purposes and they were not disappointed. It is one of the handsomest and most commodious library buildings on any college campus in the State. With a reading room of a hundred capacity finished in quartered oak and stock rooms to contain sixty to seventy-five thousand volumes. One may spend hours and hours profitably with those "windows of the soul" that count for permanency. The majority of the books have now been transferred from the old library in the main building and everyone feels like congratulating himself that Wofford can offer something in the shape of such a splendid building besides a complete list of all the current magazines and daily papers, not to mention the twenty thousand volumes contained in the stocks.

SOCIETY OFFICERS.

The literary societies have elected the following officers for the third term:

Calhoun Society.

J. L. McCall, president; O. N. Bowman, vice president; G. M. Heinitsh, first critic; J. S. Jones, second critic; C. W. Shockley, first censor; L. C. Braddey, second censor; P. H. Thompson, recording secretary; C. E. Zimmerman, corresponding secretary.

CARLISLE SOCIETY.

B. M. DuBose, president; J. Wannamaker, vice president; J. D. Griffith, first critic; B. F. Cromley, second critic; P. B. Yarborough, third critic; E. B. Roberts, first censor; J. D. Brown, second censor; B. S. Haynes, corresponding secretary.

PRESTON SOCIETY.

C. O. All, president; R. L. Keaton, vice president; J. F. Munnerlyn, first critic; J. L. Cely, second critic; M. C. Zemp, first censor; A. L. Humphries, second censor; W. L. Ouzts, third censor; D. D. Tinsley, corresponding secretary; D. T. Ouzts, recording secretary.

GAMBLE CONCERT PARTY.

The Ernest Gamble Concert Party, consisting of the distinguished young basso-contralto, Ernest Gamble, Verna Page, violiniste, and Herr Otto Stuermer, pianist and accompanist, appeared Tuesday evening, January 11, in the college chapel under the auspices of the Wofford Lyceum. The programme contained songs which offered the best opportunity for the display of Mr. Gamble's splendid voice, and they were understood and enjoyed by all the listeners.

Several Sundays ago, while Mr. Truesdale was at Conference, one of the verdant Sophs, thinking there was to be preaching, remained after Sunday school until nearly every one was gone. He stood and stared and wondered why everybody was leaving. He asked a certain young lady but she only answered, "Oh, you Freshman!"

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. K. Davis, Editor.

This department for the month of January will be devoted to an account of the World's Student Volunteer convention, recently held at Rochester, N. Y. The delegates from Wofford College being Mr. C. B. Dawsey, Mr. T. E. Crane and Mr. Henderson.

TRIP TO ROCHESTER CONVENTION.

The delegations from the Carolinas assembled at Charlotte, N. C. Two Pullman cars were chartered to take the delegates to Rochester, N. Y. A third car was put on at Greensboro, N. C. There was a very jolly crowd of students, teachers, and professors from the two States. On Tuesday morning, just before arriving at Washington city, the delegates assembled in one Pullman and held a song and prayer service.

We spent the day in Washington visiting the capitol, congressional library, Washington monument, National museum, United States treasury, art gallery, and other places of interest. At seven thirty p. m. we boarded a special train of six Pullman cars over the Pennsylvania limited for Rochester. It was snowing and the ground was already covered over with several inches of snow. We were three hours late on arriving at Rochester. Due to a wreck, our train had to take a different route in order to get around. At the depot in Rochester there was a reception committee from the Rochester Y. M. C. A., who directed us to the convention hall, which was eight blocks from the depot. The streets and pavements were frozen over and it was quite amusing to watch the people slipping and sliding as they would try to walk. The delegates were assigned to the different homes and churches of the city.

I will say that the people of Rochester treated me royally and I am sure that every delegate will heartily endorse this statement.

It snowed every day during our stay up there, and on Wed-

nesday afternoon the thermometer registered three degrees below zero, which was not very pleasant to the southern delegates, but regardless of the weather the delegates would assemble around the doors of the large convention hall long before the doors were opened and such a Christian fellowship existed between the thousands of delegates from twenty-nine different countries that they could be heard blocks away singing, "The Song of God Goes Forth to War." Inside the hall the delegates were seated in State delegations, having the name of their State on a cardboard. The hall was a large one, having a balcony and seating five thousand people in all. A quartet of unusually fine voices made the services the more impressive. The connvention lasted five days, closing Sunday night. The number of students, professors, teachers, missionaries, secretaries of Bible classes, students' secretaries of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. associations, international State secretaries, European delegates and other Christian workers, numbered 3,624; institutions, 722; States and provinces, 49, and countries, 29. The number of visitors at Rochester convention was five thousand.

On Monday morning there was a special train from Rochester to Niagara Falls for the delegates, of which a great many took advantage. The delegations from the two Carolinas came back by way of Philadelphia, and were delayed several hours on account of a snow storm. After arriving at Philadelphia a great many of the delegates took a side trip to New York.

The convention is passed, but it has stamped an impression on the minds of those who attended that will last until the next convention, four years hence.

W. O. HENDERSON.

THE ROCHESTER CONVENTION.

The Student Volunteer Movement originated at the first international conference of Christian students, which was held at Mount Vernon, Mass., in 1886, at the invitation of the late D. L. Moody. In 1888 they organized under the name of the

Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, which is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.

The Student Volunteer Movement is in no sense a missionary board. It has never sent out a missioary. It is simply a recruiting agency. Those who become student volunteers are expected to go out as missionaries of the regular missionary organizations of the church.

It is primarily a movement of the students and is not in any sense an organization forced upon the students.

The purpose of the movement is as follows:

1. To awaken and maintain among all Christian students of the United States and Canada intelligent and active interest in foreign missions.

2. To enroll a sufficient number of properly qualified student volunteers to meet the successive demands of the various missionary boards of North America.

3. To help all such intending missionaries to prepare for their life work and to enlist their co-operation in developing the missionary life of home churches.

4. To lay an equal burden of responsibility on all students who are to remain as ministers and lay workers at home, that they may actively promote the missionary enterprise by their intelligent advocacy, by their gifts and by their prayers.

The Rochester convention was a success. It was in session for five days, having a regular attendance of four thousand delegates. These delegates represented seven hundred and twenty institutions of the United States and Canada. However, there were representatives from twenty-nine different countries. Dr. John R. Mott presided during the entire session. The first afternoon of the convention Dr. Mott called the house to order and pointing to a sign in front of the balcony, read: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel;" and pointing to the motto above the rostrum, read: "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." And then Dr. Mott, with that commanding look and yet appealing voice, said: "Let there be quietness in the hall, and let every one be in silent prayer; let us pray that we may get in the spirit of

this great work, and let us pray for strong men and strong women to go into the faraway lands where thousands know not our Christ."

After this first prayer Mr. George Sherwood Eddy addressed the audience on the subject, "Is Christianity Worth Passing On?" Then Mr. Robert E. Speer spoke of "The Need of Christ in Our Own Lives."

Each day we had the morning and evening sessions in the Convention Hall. The afternoon was given over to sectional conferences in the different churches of the city of Rochester.

There were present one hundred and sixty-five foreign missionaries, including those great leaders of the work in foreign fields. The most impressive services imaginable were those when some great pioneer of the dark heathen lands would describe the conditions and the needs of certain countries and make a plea to the strong men and women of this great America to join ranks and help save the world in this generation. They told how it is possible to do it if we only had the men with Christ in their lives and this burden upon their hearts; of how the heathen long for a religion, of how they are now, as never before, ready to accept Christianitiy, but that God has no hands with which to reach them except by our hands, no tongues to speak to them except by our tongues. Mr. Speer told of the great needs in South America, that country without a religion—except Catholicism. He told of the immorality of the Catholic priests, of the illegitimate children and illiterate people and yet of their wanting a Savior, the readiness of some of them to take our Savior. He said that they were even paying the way of missionaries into their land. As Mr. Speer closed this lecture he said: "Two months ago as I was leaving South America, I came up the river in a boat which was fired by wood; and in the night the wood gave out and the boat pulled up to the bank, the ropes were thrown out and wood was taken on. In the meantime I awoke, and as I lay there the boat pulled off with a lurch. I heard a splash, a gurgling sound, and then a cry: 'Oh friends, won't you help me; I am going down; oh, wont you save me?' The

next morning I learned that it was a British soldier who had gone to sleep on deck and was knocked off and drowned. Mr. Speer says that he has seen the great needs of South America, and that as he thinks of their condition he never retires without hearing the call of that British soldier as he went down that night; and that he can hear the thousands in South America calling: "Oh, Americans, won't you help us; we are going down; wont you give us your Christ and your Savior?"

T. E CRANE.

THE JERRY McAULEY MISSION.

For a great many years I have had a great desire to visit the famous McAuley mission. At last this longing has been met. Just after the Rochester convention a trip to New York City brought me to this place. Two nights were passed in the great metropolis and both evenings I spent part of my time in this mission.

An adequate idea can't possibly be given with pen and ink of the wonderful work as it is carried on there, and I shall try here to give only an impression or so made on my heart and life from the two visits that I made there.

Permit me to say here that never before did I have an idea what God could readily do with and for men. I, of course, had seen him take the lives of what we generally call decent and respectable men and women and transform them into something greater and nobler, but here I saw how He could take the lives of men who had wandered furthest in sin, so far as to go beyond the notice of the church and make of them bright and precious jewels. Oh, it was marvelous to hear those men get up and testify as to the saving power of Jesus Christ.

One man, a Mr. Hall, from Jersey City, conducted the meeting the first evening I was there. He with a great crowd of others celebrated on this occasion what they called their "fourth anniversary." The services were simple indeed. Mr. Hall, after a short song and prayer service, read a few verses from the New Testament and then gave his experience, and how touching it was! Said he: "When I was but a young man I

gave my heart to Christ, for I had good friends and had been brought up in a Sunday school; I was made a deacon of my church and became assistant Sunday school superintendent of my school. In this life I lived happy, but alas sin began to do its work for me. Bad company led me to drink; I lost all interest in my church work and on and on the evil one led me until at last I found myself without a home, without friends and without money, left to the mercies of an indifferent world, but one evening I came into this mission merely for protection from the cold and here I found the Christ."

After telling this part of his experience he then took up the facts of his life since he was converted four years ago. "During this time," he said, "the Lord has been blessing my life. He has given back my home to me; I have a prosperous business and my life is happy." I wish so much that every college boy and girl of South Carolina could see this man. He has now one of the finest personalities that I have ever seen and is a very prosperous business man of Jersey City.

Not only this leader, but a great many others got up during the meeting and told of the change that had come into their lives. The strange part of the experience of each one of these men was that they had been gamblers, thieves, drunkards, and burglars, and had gone, so to speak, to the end of their journey, some said until they were "down and out," and then to be saved by Christ and have their lives transformed in such a wonderful way.

Another interesting fact about these men who have been saved is that nearly the whole are highly educated. One of them is a graduate of Oxford University and was at one time quite a distinguished scientist of England. Strong drink ruined his life and he wandered over the earth for quite a long while, homeless and friendless but at last found a friend in Jesus Christ at the McAuley mission. Today he is a power for good in New York city and is doing much there to help lighten the burden from the heart of many helpless drunkards.

One of the testimonies given was by a woman of nice manners and attractive in personality. She said in words sweet

but earnest that God had since Christmas night saved her from a drunken and sinful life, and today she is living a life of victory over sin. It was so strange to me as a southerner to see a woman who had so wasted her life and then to hear her tell of her victorious life since Christmas night.

Both visits to this, the most famous of all missions, made very clear to my mind the two classes of men represented. Probably half of the men were those who had been converted there during the past few years. The others (exceptinng a few visitors) were of the lowest of all men to be found in the city of New York. Many looked worse than any tramps that I have ever seen in our Southland and some there were too drunk to stand straight. Yet there is almost an unbelievable difference in the looks of these two types of men. Once they were of the same class and looked very much alike. What has brought about the change? Nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ.

Surely no man could hear the testimonies of the saved men of McAuley mission and see the work that they are now doing without believing that it does pay to be a Christian and that Christ can truly save to the uttermost.

After every man had been given a chance to speak for his Master, an opportunity was given to the unsaved to make a public confession and start the Christian life. Several of those poor fellows came forward, led by the Christians of the hall and made a decision for Christ. One man said: "I wish that I had come here before now. If I had it would likely have saved me of a great deal of trouble." Continuing he said: "Before leaving home I got into trouble, had to leave, and since I have been in this city I have been on a drunk. Tonight I know not where my wife and little children are. How I do wish that I had for God labored. What trouble He would have saved me!"

How great if we had more Jerry McAuley missions!

C. B. DAWSEY.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

J. L. McCall, Editor.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COLLEGE LIFE OF A WOFFORD STUDENT JUST AFTER THE CIVIL WAR.

About October 1, 1866, a youth that had seen service in the Confederate army, packed his trunk for a trip to Wofford College. On his way, at Columbia, Mr. Robert Bryce ascertained accidently at the depot that he was on board and kindly introduced him to his daughter, Mrs. Caston, who with her two little boys, was going on the same train to visit the home of Prof. Carlisle. Arriving at Spartanburg, Prof. Carlisle met Mrs. Caston, who introduced to him the said youth as an applicant for admission to the college. The professor invited him to stop at his house for that night, as he knew no one in the town of Spartanburg, and the invitation was accepted. College was to open the next morning and the said youth wended his way to the college building, where he found the boys gathering who expected to become students for the ensuing term. The building, which had been erected about thirteen years, had gone through the war without repairs and the front steps had rotted away, and there was no access from the front; the winding stairs leading to the wings of the building on each side being the only means of access to the chapel. Our youth on reaching the portico saw a young man of sober mien walking to and fro smoking his pipe, engaged in poring over a book as if studying a lesson. The face looked familiar and inquiry ascertained that it was none other than Edwin W. Peeples, whom our youth had meet in the army and with whom he was on terms of intimacy. This was the first person of former acquaintance our youth had meet since leaving home, and it brought a thrill of comfort that relieved the tension of moving among strangers. A place to board was secured, through the aid of Peeples, with him and R. D. Smart at Mrs. Moultrie's, across from the college on Church street. At the college our

youth's credentials were examined and he was admitted to the Sophomore class for which he had been prepared. He was soon introduced to all the professors and the president, all of whom gave him a hearty welcome and much encouragement. The faculty then consisted of Dr. A. M. Shipp, president; James H. Carlisle, professor of mathematics; Warren DuPre, professor of chemistry, natural philosophy, mineralogy; Dr. Whitefoord Smith, professor of belle lettres; David Duncan, A. M., professor of ancient languages, and Rev. A. H. Lester, D. D., professor of Biblical literature and Oriental languages. The president taught moral and mental philosophy and also heard some of the classes in Latin. Dr. Carlisle could teach the languages and anything in the department assigned to Prof. DuPre; while the latter could teach mathematics and the languages as specialties and was able to assist in almost any of the departments. It was a feature of the college that nearly all of these great teachers could take charge of the chair of any department. They were all sincere workers, without ostentation of dress or manner, with the single exception of Prof. Duncan, who always dressed in the very best of style and neatness. He was as sincere as anybody and as true as steel, but he seemed fond of fine dress. It may be added that no better linguist ever graced the hall of any institution in the land. His greatest point was accuracy and woe to the boy that failed to come up to his ideals. He used to frail the Freshmen in a way that was considered severe when they failed to get their lessons. Prof. DuPre was candid but kind. Dr. Carlisle was grave always and often severe. Dr. Shipp was dignified, pointed, positive and shrewd. He knew how to keep up with wayward boys and bring them to repentance and submission. Dr. Smith never had anything to do with discipline. If the boys listened to him attentively he was satisfied. Dr. Lester was like one of the boys. He could not see well and always had to use a magnifying glass in reading or writing. He would sit in the middle of the class-room with his legs hanging over the back of the chair and allow the class great liberty. He was fond of the boys and would take their arms in walking along

the campus or street. The campus presented the appearance of an old field interspersed with pines with weeds in many places. Spartanburg was a little town with about 500 to 600 inhabitants and everbody knew everybody else, and the college boys were the pets of the town. No people were ever more loyal to their own institution. Our youth was fond of books and loved good treatment and he found plenty of both here and was immensely satisfied. He had been trained in a Christian home, but three years of the war had rubbed away much of the home influence, and it was fortunate that he was now placed under the care of such a corps of educators. He went to work with alacrity and zeal, and feasted his mind upon the fat things that were provided by these great intellectual caterers. They opened to him the fountain of knowledge and bade him drink to the full. They also led him to understand that all knowledge acquired was to be used as the means of doing good, helping the world and disseminating light and salvation through the blessed Christ. The lives of these great men enforced their teaching. Their respective personalities gave great force to whatever they said. Their small classes brought the students to their feet every day in the classroom and face to face with the professor at very short range. There was no intervention of space and time to lessen the power of the teachers. Our said youth was tamed and centered upon a better career. His associations were such as to foster only that which was best in life. No boy that misbehaved to any great extend could stay at the college; so that the society of the students was really a select one. He passed his first year successfully and with ambition pitched for graduation. The sessions of the college were long—lasting always into the month of July. He returned the following October, but could stay only the first session for lack of funds. He had to return home the first of February, 1868, and seek employment to make the money to complete his education. He was fortunate in finding a school which he was engaged to teach with good tuition fees that paid him well and he went to work at this and continued his college studies while he taught. He was thus

enabled to make the money to complete his education by taking him through the senior year with the same class in which he entered college. He prepared at his school for the freshman year three boys and coerced them back with him to Wofford in the fall of 1868, all of them graduating in due course. He taught his school, through the kindness of patrons, from February until September of the year 1868. On returning to his class in October he stood his examination on all the studies of the previous session and was passed up to be senior along with his class. His cause was gained. His hard work had brought him through to his A. B. degree and he was happy on the 14th of July, 1869, when Dr. Shipp handed him his diploma. Truly spoke the Greek philosopher who said, "the roots of education are bitter, but the fruits are sweet." He doubtless meant that it took large brain toil to accomplish it, but when once acquired it brought happiness and peace. Fortunate was the young man who was brought under such influence. More fortunate still for the communuity in which he was to live. The impress of such educational conditions could not fail to be lasting. Many such have gone forth in the last forty years to bless the old State of South Carolina. The work of the great men that built Wofford abides. They are perhaps beholding it with intense satisfaction from another sphere of being. What an inspiration to their successors! What an inspiration the educational career of our youth should be to all the young!

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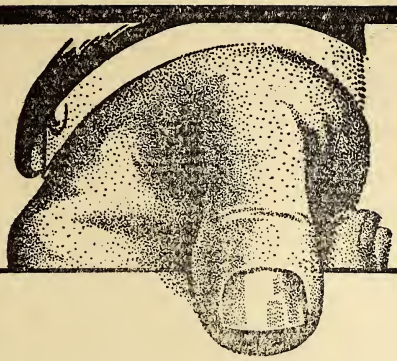

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—
The Class of Nineteen Twelve 241
The Hero of the Moment 242
The Aching Heart 245
The Pied Piper of Converse 246
Why Is a Dream? 250
Sometime, Somewhere 255
Providence in a Lion 255
The Glass 260
The History of "Catawba Falls" 261
Twilight 263
Friendship, Love and— 263
Sunny Florida 266
Immigration, as Regards Our Country 266
The Stingy Man 268
The Political Effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" 269
Forget Me Not 270
Our Neighbor, The Clinchfield 271
A Student's Dream 273
The Amateur Wireless Operator's Power 274
Editorial Department 276
Exchange Dfpartment 278
Clippings 280
Local Department 283
Y. M. C. A. Departmfnt 286
Alumni Department 288
Advertisements 291

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PAGE.

Bagwell, J. E., Grocer viii
Band & White, Printers . . . xvi
Bacham Hardware Co. iii
Bean, J. W., Shoemaker . . . xv
Bernhardt, H., Photographer .. x
Biber, A. W., Jeweler xi
Bishop, A. J., & Co. ix
Bomar & Crigler . . . Back cover
Business College ix

Cannon & Fetzer, Clothiers .. viii
Central National Bank v
Chapman, The Grocer xi
Chnese Laundry vii
Cofield, Jas., Insurance xi
Correll, D. C., Jeweler v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiv
Cudd, R. E. & Co., Livery . . xi

Duck, A., Barber xiii
DuPre Book Store vi

Fairyland xi
Fashion Shoe Store viii
First National Bank xii

Greenewald . . . . . Front cover

Heinitsh Drug Store xiv
Henry, B. B., Tailor ii
Herring Furniture Co. vii
Hygeia Ice and Fuel Co. . . . xv

Law, A. M., & Co. xi
Ligon's Drug Store v
Liles, Floyd L. & Co. vii
Littlejohn, Worth, Barber . . x

PAGE.

Maddux, W. E. ix
Magic Theatre iii

New York Restaurant . . . xiii

Price's Clothing Store i

Rigby's Drug Store xi
Russum, J. M. xiv

Satterwhite, A. W., Barber .. xiv
Sheridan's Teachers' Supply...vii
Shores Electric Co. iii
Smith's Shoe Store i
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . iii
Spartanburg Dental Rooms . . x
Spartanburg Ry., Gas & Electric Co. iv
Spartanburg Steam Laundry . xi
Spigel Bros. vii
Star Cafe ii

Theatre Soda Parlor v
The Smoker iii
Thompson & Dillard xiv
Trakas, N. S. xiii
Turner, J. F. xiii

University of Virginia iv

Vanderbilt University xv

Walker, J. A. x
Whittington's Drug Store . . xiv
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . . xii
Wofford College . . . Back cover
Wofford College Fitting School . . . . . Back cover

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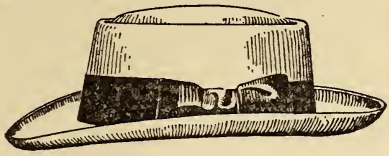

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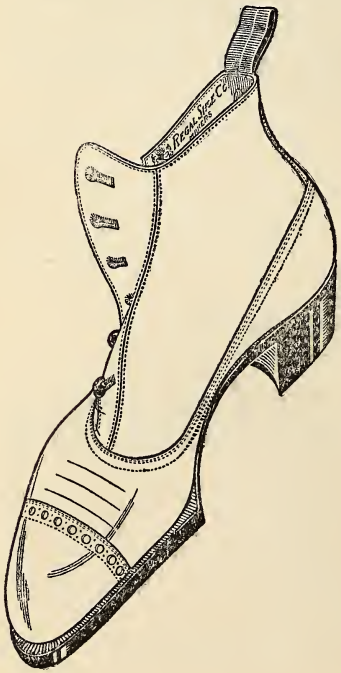

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. McRoy DuBose, Literary Editor
W. P. Meadors, Assistant Literary Editor

The Class of Nineteen Twelve

What makes Wofford College famous?
  Who will keep its record straight?
What's the answer you can name us?
  The Class that dates from nineteen eight.

If you say this now needs proving,
  Proof is here within your sight.
Only do a little looking,
  Then you'll say that I am right.

Read this Journal you're now holding,
  Search its pages o'er and o'er,
All you see is but th' unfolding
  Of the mighty Sophomore.

Then they won the baseball trophy,
  And on gridiron won great fame,
Bucking Freshman, Junior, Senior,
  Never lost one single game.

R. Roy Griffin.

The Hero of the Moment

The pines were waving to and fro in the brisk December wind, and a low and mournful tune could be heard in their branches. The moon shining down through their tops made beautiful and varied pictures on the grass and leaves below. A little brook, dashing playfully along over the rocks, and its waters sparkling in the moonbeams, added beauty to the scene.

The attractiveness of the place and a desire for a breath of fresh air led four boys, Zebulon Burns, Bill Johnson, Zach Reynolds, and Ben Moffett, to quit the dormitory of old Floral College and wander out in the shadow of the pines which lay behind the building. Seated on the brow of the hill and above the little stream, the four drew a breath of relief, and began to talk over college problems, when Bill suddenly broke in: "But, fellows, haven't we had the nearest nothing to eat for the last week you ever saw?"

"Ay, you are mighty right," said Zach, "and we haven't had any meats except beef since Noah was a tinker."

"Yes," said Ben, "and I'm like the old darkey—I am all gone inside."

Up to this time Zebulon had said nothing; but a smile was playing around his mouth, and mischief was in his eyes. After a moment of silence, he straightened up, saying: "What do you boys say to a chicken stew?"

"A chicken stew! Good, good!" they replied in harmony, in a deep gutteral tone.

Their enthusiasm was not hard to arouse on this subject, so each was ready and anxious to do his part in securing the chicken.

"Well," said Zeb, "I know where old Sambo's rooster roosts in a tree; and Ben and I will get him, if the rest of you will see to the cooking."

"Get a pot to cook it in," said Zach. "Sure; produce your fowl, and we'll be ready for him."

"All's well that ends well; I'm with you," added Bill.

"Let's do business at once," put in Zeb, "for it is already

time we were in our rooms. But before we go, remember that Dr. Wilson is in the dormitory tonight, and we must be careful, for you know an 'owl' is easily aroused at night."

The four then separated. Zach and Bill went after the cooking apparatus, which they had little trouble in procuring. Zeb and Ben, however, had more difficulty in capturing Sambo's old red rooster. They found that he could not be reached from the ground at all; so Zeb climbed up on a fence, and, reaching as high as possible and catching the old fellow by the legs, brought him down; but before Zeb could grasp his neck, the old rooster gave one loud squall. Zeb handed the prize quickly to Ben and they dashed down the hill, across the brook, and back to the dormitory. Old Sambo heard the alarm and, turning over in his bed with a loud grunt, said: "Lizzie, strack me a light; I bleves I heah some ob dem debilish college boys 'mong my chickens."

Old Sambo peered into the night, but he saw nothing, nor heard anything except the curious noises made by the chickens in the tree.

Ben and Zeb were now at the dormitory. They walked hurriedly through the hall and up the stairs to Zeb's room, where the other boys were waiting. But just as Ben reached the top of the stairs, he unconsciously loosened his grasp on the rooster's neck and a half-smothered squawk escaped.

"Hold him, Ben, you rascal, or there'll be trouble," whispered Zeb, and the next moment they passed through the door into the room.

"Hey there! you've got him, eh?" began Zach. "Bill will have the water hot by the time the rooster is dead."

Zeb told the boys how the prize had been captured, and also expressed his fear that the noise in the hall had been heard by Dr. Wilson, who might now be on the lookout. Ben ventured that it might be better to postpone the feast until the following night. But, nay, nay; they were not the crowd to be backed down like that.

By this time, the water was hot, the chicken had been dipped, and all four boys began to pick feathers. They were having

a gay time, to be sure, yet they didn't trouble to make any extra noise. They laughed triumphantly, as they thought how nicely the affair had progressed, and how soon they would be feasting.

Then came no uncertain noise at the door. Again it was heard. They knew too well that characteristic rap. What was to be done! They stared at each other awkwardly. To be sure, they were caught! There was no escape. Next moment Zeb had risen to his feet and tipped slowly towards the door. Then he stopped and began to pray quite audibly, at the same time beckoning to the other fellows to collect the scattered feathers and clear away all traces of the red rooster. Zeb continued to pray, until every feather was put in the pan containing the victim, and all was placed securely under the bed. Now he opened his Bible and left it on the table; and, when all faces were straight, Zeb ended his prayer with a sanctimonious "Amen."

Then Zeb opened the door, to find that President Wilson had withdrawn to a respectful distance. He greeted him cordially:

"Good evening, Doctor. Come in and have a seat."

Dr. Wilson walked in, greeting the other young men; and, after giving a hasty glance about the room, took his seat. He pushed his fingers through his hair and touched his mustache mechanically. Then, thrusting his thumbs through the armholes of his vest, he threw himself back in his chair. Raising his eyes to an angle of about thirty degrees, he began:

"Gentemen, I wish to congratulate you young men for your conduct here tonight. I have often though that were it not for the few students in our institution who uphold the faculty in preserving good order, at the same time setting an example for others, that our college would be hardly possible, and assuredly not profitable." After a few other complimentary remarks, President Wilson retired to his own room.

"Good boy, Zeb Burns! Good boy you are!" almost shouted the boys, as they squeezed his hands.

The pans were drawn out from under the bed; the cooking and eating proceeded without further interruption. Zeb was the acknowledged hero, and a great favorite among the boys ever afterwards. R. L. C.

The Aching Heart

Is there no healing balm
  For my aching heart?
Is there no soothing calm
  For my restless soul?

Gone are all life's pleasures;
  Its fitful, flickering shadows.
Lost are all its treasures;
  Its golden, glittering dreams.

In my soul, I seem to hear
  A voice saying, "Peace, be still,"
And, soothing to my ear,
  It whispers, soft and low:

"O, go to Him who shares
  Thy sorrows and thy pain;
O, go to Him who bears
  Thy burdens and thy shame.

"For He will calm thy fears
  And heal thy bleeding heart;
Yes, He will dry thy tears
  And still thy troubled breast."

BARNEY S. HAYNES.

The Pied Piper of Converse

(With all necessary apologies to Mr. Browning.)

Converse school, you know,
Is in the Spartan city;
Rock Cliff River, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the eastern side:
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five long months ago,
To see those students suffer so
From rats, it was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
Nestled in closets and under mats,
Behind the mirrors and under the beds,
And even upon the poor girls' heads:
Behind the pictures upon the wall;
If anything moved, a rat would fall.
There was always confusion among the girls;
They were always fixing up their curls,
Trying forever to hide those rats
Which had managed to nestle beneath their hats.

At last the faculty together came
To discuss some plan of putting to shame
The rats which had all but taken the place;
But no plan to them ever showed its face.
At length, much provoked, the dear Dr. Pell

Broke silence and said, "My life I would sell
If the pestilence of rats in this place I could quell.
I wish that I had every rat in a well,
In a minute, of rats, there'd be nothing to tell."

Just as he said this, then what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless me," he cried, "what's that, a rat?"—
"No, only a scratching of shoes on the mat."—
Anything like the sound of a rat
Made his poor old heart go, pit-a-cum-pat.
"Come in," at length the Doctor cried;
And a stranger, a piper, stood by his side,
Who slowly approached the council table:
"And it please your Honor," said he, "I'm able
By means of a secret charm, to draw
After me, such as you never saw,
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or fly or swim or run.
Now, as for what your brain bewilders,
Will you give me a thousand guilders
If I can rid *Converse* of rats;
Without molesting you all with cats?"
"One?—fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Doctor and corporation.

Into the street the stranger stept,
Then, like a musical adept,

To blow his pipe, his lips he wrinkled,
And blew so hard his bright eyes twinkled.

And ere three notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew into a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew into a mighty rumbling;
And out of the college the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by the tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step by step they followed, dancing,
Until they came to Rock Cliff River,
Wherein all plunged and soon had perished!
—Save one whose life a Sophomore cherished,
And which (it is said) she fondles ever.

Then back to the college the piper went
And demanded his money, every cent;
But the Doctor and faculty paused at this,
For they thought of the good things they would miss,
If they paid the Piper the amount agreed;
So the poor man's words they did not heed.

Once more he stepped into the street
And blew from his pipe three notes so sweet
That the birds in the air and the flies on the wall
Abandoned their twitter and ceased to crawl.
And then was a scene that is hard to believe:
In the place of each rat which lately did leave,
Three "Pompon" curls, a "wavy switch,"
A "puffer fluffer" and a "Turban Coif,"
Approached the " 'Verse" with a fearless air;
Yet how they did it is mighty queer.
They entered the college, the rooms and the halls,
Got under the sofas and up side the walls,
Behind the pictures and under the beds,
And soon they were on all the students' heads.
But they didn't stop coming when Converse was full,
But they came, and kept coming, 'till the whole country was full.

The Doctor was dumb and the faculty stood
As if they'd been changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or to cry
To that new kind of hair-dress that was hastening by.
Then the faculty, of course, repented their deed,
And wished they'd complied with the trade they'd agreed:
For now they're troubled, yes, very much more,
By the "Turban Coif" than by the rats of before.

R. E. M.

Why is a Dream?

The party was composed of four gentlemen who, by their dress, so different from that of most of those around them, could be readily distinguished as Americans. They were seated at a table in one of the most fashionable cafes in the district. They made, indeed, a very jolly party, having imbibed, in more than one sense of the word, quite as much of the Lethean spirits of the light-hearted Frenchman as any of the crowd of gay Parisian men and women that filled the place even at this late hour.

Their late supper had by this time, however, been finished quite a while, and now, to the accompaniment of clinking champagne glasses, they were entertaining themselves with various jokes, stories, experiences, and the like.

Gradually the conversation turned to dreams. One or two thought that dreams meant nothing, while the others thought that they sometimes did have a meaning. Each one now set out to support his side of the argument. Various, and some of them quite marvelous, dreams had been told, when Hallech, who believed in the potency of dreams, began the following:

"On the 3d of April, two weeks ago tonight, I attended a meeting of the International Aeronautical Association at 323 Rue Notre Dame. At this session the principal subject of discussion was the feasibility of Lieutenant Andrews' attempt to reach the North Pole in an aeroplane. He had started, as you know, six days before this, and wireless messages were received from him daily. The last report had shown him to be within a day's journey of the Pole, with all conditions favorable.

"I returned home that night with my mind charged with various reports and discussions of the expedition. The clock was striking twelve as I turned off the light, and, as I found later, I dropped immediately to sleep, and began dreaming. I will now try to relate the dream just as it came to me.

"I thought myself sitting on a huge, partially-decayed log. Not far from where I sat there was a large mass of bent and twisted aluminum rods, among which, half buried in the rub-

bish, I could discern portions of a gasolene engine. Here and there from the rods hung rags of old silk, and on the log near me was an old leather bag.

"I took up the pouch curiously, and opened it. It contained several articles, among which I noted, particularly, a small vial, and a medium-sized leather-bound volume. I was tempted to open the book first, but, restraining my curiosity, I first examined the vial. It had once been labeled, but the paper had now worn off. It contained about three teaspoonsful of a thick reddish-brown fluid that smelled somewhat like carbolic acid, held in the vial by a glass stopper. The binding of the book, which I now took up, was in fairly good condition, and the book itself was in manuscript, written with a pencil. The leaves were mouldy, and the first dozen or more had stuck together; and, in trying to separate them, I so tore them that the writing on all but one or two was nearly illegible. I turned several pages, and on about the twentieth page I made out several entries, and perceived that the book was a journal. The writing now became more legible and the leaves were in better condition, having been protected, I suppose, by the outer leaves.

"Being interested in the nature of the book, I now undertook to read as much as possible. I walked up the slope, and, having made myself comfortable, began reading. On the first legible page I read:

" 'Dec. 4th—This is the third day that we have been here, and we have had several very wonderful——' The next half-page was effaced, but, beginning a little lower, I continued:

" 'fifty miles in diameter. Around this plane is a circular range of hills of no great height, which are covered with a sort of shrub that grows about two feet high. These plants are very peculiar, in that they have no leaves. Instead of leaves, the extremities of the twigs flatten out into thin sheets of fibre that constantly hold themselves edgewise to the sun. There is about here a vast number of gaily-colored—' The page was torn off here, and I searched in vain for a continua-

tion of this interesting narrative. So, after turning a few pages, I started again, having lost, apparently, several entries:

" 'Dec. 13th.—We all received word with joy this morning from Jeffries that we are to start for home tomorrow. But I fear that we will be here longer than that, for when he tried the engine he found that there was something wrong. He says that it can be nothing serious, however.

" 'Dec. 15th.—All the men are becoming gloomy and sullen. Frasier worked all yesterday and today on the engine, and has found no cause for any trouble. He will make another thorough search tomorrow.

" 'Dec. 20th.—Total despair is written on the faces of all. I have not had the energy to write for several days. The men walk about in a dazed, senseless manner, and Jeffries and I seem to be the only ones capable of doing anything. There is not a drop of gasolene, absolutely none, in the tanks. And yet, in spite of this fact, I feel better than I have for days. There is a faint suggestion of a plan in my mind. If only I could catch it.

" 'Dec. 21st.—I, too, have become like the others; and it is only at night, when my mind clears up a little, that I am able to think or write at all. There is only food for four days now.

" 'Dec. 22d.—I feel much happier today, and all the men seem more cheerful. Lyon found two bags of corn meal this morning that had hitherto been overlooked. And then, too, I feel as if I had almost grasped the idea that has been worrying me for days.

" 'Dec. 25th.—Johnson reminded us this morning that today was Christmas, but it only made me feel the worse, for there is no charity in my heart for humanity today. I have formed a plan now, but I feel that I cannot carry it out. It is too low and inhuman.

" 'Dec. 27th.—I have been thinking for the last two or three days, and I have decided that I must have some one to help me. Jeffries is the only one for it, if he is willing to stoop to such a plan for escape.

"'Dec. 30th.—Tonight they shall die. Jeffries and I have everything ready and waiting for darkness to come. They would fight even without arms, and we have decided to kill them as they sleep. It's a mean trick, but I don't care. We need the corn, and we shall get it; get every bit of it, too.

"'Dec. 31st.—Ugh! It is horrible to think of. They're dead! They're dead! There is only one of them alive now. I think he is watching us from a distance. I can feel his eyes on us now. But the other five are safely out of the way. It was much easier than I thought. Jeffries and I took three men each after they had gotten to sleep, and his three died without a struggle. But when I struck my first man, Schmidt and Peters woke up, and it was only after a hard fight that I got Schmidt on his back; then I soon put him out of the way. In the meantime Peters had gotten away. When Schmidt started to struggling, Peters ran. Jeffries started after him, but soon gave it up. But he'll go all right. He hasn't a thing to live on. It'll serve him right, though. If he couldn't stay and die like the others, let him starve! The little sneak was always in the way. But I guess he's safe now so far as we are concerned.

"'Jan. 3d.—Jeffries and I have been working hard for the last two days. We have already distilled enough alcohol out of the corn to carry us most of the way, but it is slow, tiresome work. Saw Peters today. He was walking about on top of the hill watching us all the morning. Jeffries shot at him and he disappeared.

"'Jan. 5th.—Finished making our alcohol today. But I shall watch Jeffries from now on. I caught him several times today standing behind me, and once he had a long knife in his hand. If he thinks he will leave this place alone, he's mistaken. As I am a man, he'll never do it.

"'Jan. 6th.—Curse it all! Jeffries, the fool, knocked over and spilled all the alcohol this morning, and then blamed me for it. It was only a pretext for a fight, and he was ready for it and rushed at me with a long hunting knife. I grasped his arm, and kicked him in the pit of the stomach. Just as he fell

I saw Peters rushing down the hill towards us, and as he got almost on us, he uttered a wild, piercing shriek—'

"I started up from my sleep with the terrible scream ringing in my ears. I was covered with cold perspiration and, having thrown off the covering, I was sitting on the edge of the bed, shaking and trembling violently. The dream had all been so real and I was so thoroughly frightened that I shouted for Jean. In a moment he stood beside me and asked anxiously if I was sick or desired anything, and, being ashamed of my fear, I made some excuse and demanded what time it was. He turned on the light, and I was astonished to find that it was two minutes after twelve o'clock. I had been asleep only two minutes.

"I dismissed Jean, and, lying back in bed, dropped off to sleep and enjoyed a fairly good night's rest.

"On the following morning I arose early and prepared to go to the club rooms and learn the latest reports from Lieut. Andrews. As I entered the rooms I found all in excitement. The men were in groups conversing earnestly, and no one having been attracted by my entrance, I stepped around to the bulletin board to see what was the latest news. Here I immediately perceived the cause of the excitement. On the board was a long message from Andrews. It was headed, 'Jan. 4th, 1910—Aboard the Fram, North Pole,' and stated that they had reached 90 Lat., 0 Lon. on the 3d. It contained a brief account of the last day's journey and concluded with the following: 'On landing, found wreck of airship. Also several skeletons and other interesting relics. Leather pouch found with interesting contents.—Lieut. A. J. Andrews, C. A. E.'

"As you may well suppose, I was completely dumbfounded. For a moment I was dazed and could scarcely realize that I was not again dreaming. I did not then tell the men anything about my dream, but I have since found out, as all of you have, that all of the particulars of the dream were true."

B. M. BADGER.

Sometime, Somewhere

My heart no longer feels its dearth,
For tho' love has not found its birth,
'T is smouldering there,
And will flame forth when her I meet,
The good, the innocent, the sweet,
Sometime, somewhere.

O will her eyes be black or blue,
Her cheeks flushed with the rose's hue?
And will her hair
Be wild in glowing curls, or tame
And raven black, whom I shall claim
Sometime, somewhere?

If black her eyes, how fair! If blue,
The same sweet fact were also true.
I have less care
Of what her outward form shall be
Than what her soul shall mean to me,
Sometime, somewhere.

O may her soul be heavenly sweet,
With love and sympathy replete,
Pure and sincere!
Be this her beauty, if no more,
Whom I shall honor, love, adore,
Sometime, somewhere.

H. F. GAULT.

Providence in a Lion

Judith Davenworth sat in despair on one of the stiff hair-cloth chairs in her bare parlor. She was looking heart-brokenly at the little organ that occupied a place so dear in her cozy home. It was all in all to her in her lonely hours of rest, for she was unmarried, and her sole comfort depended upon this simple but precious instrument for companionship. She

admired every bit of it, from the tiny mirror set in the scroll-work above the shelf to the flaring pieces of carpet on the pedals.

And now it must leave! She must lose it forever. Her lips quivered and a lump rose in her throat. She was already due one instalment on the payment for the organ, and on the following day another would be due. That gentlemanly agent would be sorry to take the organ away. He had told her as much, formerly, when she had failed to pay the last instalment. Now two instalments would be due, and she had no money. These instalments were of fifteen dollars each, and Judith, hoping against hope from day to day, had come at last to realize her helplessness.

Everything had gone wrong since early spring. Marauding weasles had played havoc with her chickens; her services as village seamstress had been in but slight demand; the price of eggs had dropped just at the moment when her hens began to lay, and the early frost had ruined the chances for strawberries. Now she had lost all hopes of holding on to her chief companion, and she knew, further, that the neighbors would know that the organ was taken back by the agent on account of her failing to pay for it.

She moved to a chair by the organ and began caressing the keys with a loving touch. No one but herself knew the company it had been to her during the long winter evenings; no one but herself understood what a void there would be in her heart when it was gone.

"I can't think how I am ever going to do without you," she said, addressing the instrument as if she expected from it sympathy. "The house won't ever be the same again. Perhaps it's sent as a judgment on me for thinkin' too much of you." "Such a fine organ, too," she mused. "All them fancy stops—*vox humana,* an' *diapason,* an' a real grand *tremolo!* Seems as if I can't bear to part with it."

There was a worn hymn-book on the shelf. She opened it, and began to play "Rock of Ages," "How Firm a Foundation," and "Dennis"—all the songs of her limited repertoire.

Presently, as she turned the pages of the hymn-book, her eyes fell on the words of the first verse of a familiar hymn:

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

Her hand fell limply into her lap. She closed her eyes and bowed her head reverently. "O Lord," she whispered, "move now in one of Thy mysterious ways. Send me thirty dollars to pay up the instalments on this organ. I can't bear to have it go—I can't bear to. I'm a lonely old woman, Lord, and this organ is about the only thing I've ever really set my heart on. And now it looks as if I've got to lose it. I may be wicked and selfish, Lord, but I want the organ as I never wanted anything in my life."

A tear coursed down her wrinkled cheek and hung irresolutely on the end of her nose. She sighed and opened her eyes. For all the desperate audacity of that whispered prayer, she was aware of a vague sense of relief.

II.

When the brakeman of the evening freight climbed up the caboose steps at Roebuck crossing, he left behind him an open switch, which proved the beginning of a mysterious movement on the part of Providence. Judith Davenworth to this day thinks such was the case.

At any rate, the brakeman left the switch open at Roebuck crossing, and when the through freight came speeding down the grade just after midnight it went on the siding, smashed into five box-cars standing there, and littered the right-of-way with an unsightly pile of kindling wood and scrap iron.

It happened that the first ten cars of the through freight belonged to Folk's Mammoth Consolidated Shows, bound for a few weeks' tour through Georgia and Alabama. It was these first ten cars which suffered most severely in the collision. Three "flats," holding the grand menagerie, left the rails, and overturned the cages with which they were loaded. Hyenas howled, mokneys screamed, and an African leopard made the

night hideous with his savage cries. Fortunately, all the cages remained intact, save one. This was the cake of Old Bill Sykes, the mangy trick lion—as inoffensive a beast as was ever exhibited to a staring crowd.

Bill's cage was thrown bottom up, the heavy iron door was torn loose, and, while the dazed train crew and the equally dazed circus hands—who were in a sleeping coach at the rear of the train—were recovering, Old Bill Sykes crawled painfully from his cage, and, for the first time in his life, went limping away to freedom.

He stole silently through the darkness across smooth, green fields, and down a long slope of rocky pasture land. He finally came to a hemlock thicket, into which he crawled, and crouched down just as the first gray streaks of dawn were showing in the east. Late that afternoon he left the thicket and stole silently through the woods. He was hungry and tired. He stopped at a muddy brook, and drank his fill, after which he crept along dejectedly, now crawling forward like a whipped cur, now shaking wretchedly at the sound of a crackling twig beneath his own feet. At twilight he reached the open fields again. Near at hand was a small white house, and from it came the quivering notes of an organ. If there was anything in the world poor Old Bill Sykes loved it was the blare of a circus band. Those quivering notes were a poor substitute; still, to Bill, they suggested the circus, and his own comfortable cage and food and warmth. He advanced toward the house, silently, fearfully.

III.

Judith sat before the organ in her front room. It was her last day of grace. On the morrow the agent would come to take the organ back. With the *vox humana* and the *tremolo* stops pulled out, and the hymn-book propped open before her, she was playing from the depths of her very heart.

Outside, in the gathering dusk, Bill Sykes moved to and fro through the hedge, and stole cautiously closer. Judith began the sonorous notes of her favorite pieces. Old Sykes was all

attention. The circus band always played that tune while he was doing his cumbersome tricks. Indeed, the fourth bar of the song was the cue for his most effective performance—the one in which he sat up on his haunches, turned his head to one side, and dropped his jaw foolishly. He had reached the little garden, where petunias and candytuft bloomed in riotous profusion. He was quivering with excitement at the familiar notes.

Judith began that fourth bar, and, from long habit, Bill Sykes accepted his cue. He sat upon his haunches amid the petunias and candytuft, he hung his head to one side, he dropped his under jaw—and at that inopportune moment Judith Davenworth glanced through the window.

The music stopped abruptly. She sprang to her feet, electrified at the sight.

"Oh-h-h!" she screamed. "O Lord!"

Bill Sykes was puzzled. He came down in the position nature intended for him, and walked away apologetically, his head drooping and his tail between his legs. Judith saw him scurry into the back yard, saw him pause a moment, then enter the wood-house door and slink through into the barn like a shadow.

Trembling, unnerved, scare knowing what she did, Judith slipped through the wood-house and slammed the door leading into the barn. Against it she managed to pull the grind-stone, the chopping-block, and numerous heavy objects. Then she fled into the house and locked all the doors and windows.

She heard a wagon creaking down the road, and ran into the front room in time to see a neighbor passing by. She flung up the window and shouted wildly: "Jim Carter! Jim Carter! There's the awfulest looking animal in the barn! Went in there, and I shut the door on him. Hey? Yes, yaller, and big's an elephant, and all long hair round his neck!"

The neighbor sat up in his wagon. He glanced apprehensively in the direction of the barn. "Must be the lion that got away in the wreck down to Roebuck last night," said he; "they got posters up offering fifty dollars for his capture. Hang on

to him, Judy! Hang right on to him! I'll drive down to the village and telephone the circus fellers you got him."

Late that night, when the circus cage, with Old Bill Sykes inside it, went creaking down the road behind a pair of handsome white horses, Judith sat in her kitchen, turning over and over the five crisp ten-dollar bills in her lap.

"It's the mysterious way!" she muttered, "the way I prayed for!"

Then she sought the front room, and, in a burst of hysterical joy, pulled out all the stops on the organ, set the *crescendo* swell at full blast, and began again from all heart to play the doxology.

M. G. W.

The Glass

His bony, wasted fingers
  Turn the slippery sands of time;
A ghastly smile enshrouds
  His wasted face—dark pantomime.

His stooping, shrunken figure,
  That is forever growing old;
His sullen, shifting eyes,
  Shine always—death is not his goal.

He idly watches the thread
  Of trickling, sparkling, golden sand—
Life's roaring, sullen waves,
  Break on eternity's cold gray strand.

Yet, O stern Conqueror! by
  Thy vigil Thou helped to congeal
The bloody, gaping wounds,
  Endless years alone could heal.

His bony, wasted fingers
  Turn the time-glass as before;
It's trickling stream again
  For thee, dead Youth, is turned no more.

B. S. HAYNES.

The History of "Catawba Falls"

It is an interesting study how "Catawba Falls," in Chester county, have been made use of in four ways. These four ways well represent the progress in civilization of this country. The last of these developments, a large water-power plant, was just finished a short while ago.

Last summer, when the engineer had turned the water from the original channel, "Goat Island," a small island, was visited. This island had hitherto been practically inaccessible. On it was found a cave containing many Indian relics, which shows that the Indians, either by skillful use of their canoes or by jumping from rock to rock, visited this island. This latter feat was accomplished by a white man in the dry summer of 1842.

The rude mortars, hatchets, and other relics form a striking contrast to the magnificent machinery which has lately been put there. Little did the Catawba warrior dream that those rushing waters could and would be so harnessed. The only advantage he saw in them was the protection they afforded.

The white men also soon saw the protection afforded at this place. Directly across from "Goat Island," on a high hill, are the ruins of the Revolutionary arsenal. Here, supplies of powder and arms could easily be protected from the inroads of the Tories. Indeed, so secure is this arsenal that it was thought of for the location of the United States Military Academy. There is a local rumor that this place failed of choice by only one vote. What a change it would have made in United States history if the national military school had been placed here instead of at West Point!

The latter two developments of "Catawba Falls" are also similar to each other in that they use the river, not as a help in war, but as a source of industrial power. This shows how the people of this country, after using all forces to gain liberty, then began to use all forces for the development of a prosperous nation.

The first of these two developments was a small cotton mill, to which a gin was added later. This mill was known all over the upper part of the State as "McCullough's Factory." Only

a very, very small part of the available power was used in this mill. This mill had a great influence on the surrounding country, for it made the people independent of far-away manufacturies.

There was built by the State a canal around the falls about 1840. This canal, with its locks, allowed boats to go around the falls. Although South Carolina paid thousands of dollars for the construction of this canal, it was used by only a few boats. The reason for this is that the railroads built about this time created home markets for cotton.

If "Catawba Falls" were not suited for the navigation of the cotton boats, few places are better suited for a hydro-electric plant. There is a valley about a mile in length, which was separated from the river above the falls by a small bluff. The dam and power-house were placed at a narrow place near the foot of the valley. After the dam had been built, there remained only to remove the bluff at the head of the valley. Another great advantage here is that all flood water is turned down into the original river channel, so that the power-house is never flooded. Another development very much like this one is only two miles further down the river.

Powerful currents are sent from the enormous dynamos here all over the upper part of this State, and even into North Carolina. These currents are carried on large copper wires which are hung on steel towers. A line of these towers has just been brought into Spartanburg.

Thus have "Catawba Falls" been made serviceable. Who can tell to what use the coming century will put the enormous electrical power developed here? "Catawba Falls" a hundred years ago served merely as a protection for a few savage families; today they better the economic conditions of thousands. For cheaper power means more profitable industries, and hence increase in the prosperity of the country as a whole. The indirect influence, in this way, for the advancement of civilization is indeed great.

J. LYLES GLENN, JR.

Twilight

I sat in the early twilight,
  Looking forth into the night;
A silvery moon was filling
  The eastern hills with light;

A gentle wind was blowing
  From out the far south-west;
It seemed to soothe all sorrow
  And calm the throbbing breast.

I gazed into the heavens,
  Into the dim-lit west,
And I saw the planet Venus
  Shining brighter than the rest.

And I prayed that my own life,
  When I should come to die,
Would be as pure and spotless
  As this planet in the sky.

H. D. HIGH.

Friendship, Love and—

"I want the picture now!"

"Well, I'd like to see you get it out of my trunk. You broke the agreement."

"I don't care. If you don't give it to me you'll be sorry. Besides not introducing you to Louise Burns, I'll write her some things that you wouldn't like her to know."

This was the conversation between Rudolph Hudson and James Smith about a picture of James's cousin, which Rudolph had gotten from him a few days before.

Under the excitement Rudolph wrote to Louise, telling her of the way James had done, and of his desire for her friendship.

James was as good as his word, and wrote his cousin things that would not seemingly be beneficial to Rudolph. It proved

just the opposite this time, however, for Louise had failed to answer Rudolph's letter until she had received the one from James.

It was some time before Rudolph received an answer to his letter. He had begun to lose all hope of ever cultivating her friendship, when one day he went out, as usual, for the mail, and recognized his long-looked-for letter. This was certainly an agreeable surprise to him, and he read it with much pleasure.

After this, Rudolph and Louise had been corresponding for some time, when one day James got the mail, and found a letter to Rudolph from his cousin. James's first thought was to read it. But at once he saw that this would never do, as it was too dangerous an undertaking. James was very much puzzled to know how Rudolph began his correspondence, but of course could say nothing about it to him. He then thought of writing to Louise about it, but knew it would do no good, after he had already told her the things that he had about Rudolph. James finally thought of a plan, and he mumbled to himself:

"That's alright; I'll fix him next summer when she comes to visit my sister."

For the next five months preceding vacation, James had little to do with his old chum. They drifted farther and farther apart each day, until when vacation came they were barely on speaking terms.

Rudolph did not give much attention to this, however. He was interested in his girl—as he now claimed her—and paid very little attention to anything else.

Summer vacation came at last, and it was nearly time for Louise to visit James's sister, Ruth, when one day James met Rudolph on the street and said:

"You needn't trouble yourself about coming to my home again, hear."

Rudolph looked very much astonished, and said:

"Why, what's wrong now, James? What have I done?"

"Never mind about that; all I want you to do is to keep away."

Rudolph saw through it all at once and didn't say any more, but walked away. On reaching home he wrote to Louise, telling her of his trouble with James.

Louise was very much surprised and hurt when she heard this, and didn't know whether to visit her cousin or not, as she would not think of going in Rudolph's home town without seeing him while there.

Time moved on very slowly for both Rudolph and Louise. At last came the train on which Louise was expected to arrive. James and Rudolph were both at the depot to meet her. Rudolph was to see her for the first time, and was in very high spirits. The passengers began getting off, and Rudolph watched them very closely as they came out. He became more and more anxious, as they still came and there was no one whom he thought looked like the picture. As the train left the station, he noticed that the Pullman was not attached.

Forgetful of the enmity between them, Rudolph and James began talking. They went in to see if the depot agent knew why there was no Pullman car. It was found that this car had been derailed, while on a high embankment, and that all of its passengers were either injured or killed..

Rudolph took the next train going in the direction in which the wreck had occurred. Having learned that the passengers had been removed to a nearby town, he stopped at this town and found that Louise had been on the car. Having been seriously injured, she was now at the hotel, with the other injured, under a physician's care. It could not at once be determined how serious the injury was, as it was internal, but soon it proved slight.

On her recovery, there speedily developed a strong friendship; and, in due time, with James as the agreeable best man and Ruth as the charming bridesmaid, Louise and Rudolph were happily married.

R. D. GUILDS.

Sunny Florida

On this bare hill I must stand still,
Because I feel the breeze from Florida's keys;
It brings to me from southern sea
Endearing things of which it sings;
Of dell and flower and balmy bower;
Of sunny land where grows the palm.
My spirit would go where never snow
Is seen and grass is ever green;
To leave these hills where cold wind chills,
For southern sky, where zephyrs sigh;
And, oh, I sigh for Florida's sky.

A. W. A.

Immigration as Regards our Country

Immigration, according to its true meaning, is the moving from one country to another for the purpose of permanent residence. But it has been found that a great per cent. of the foreigners that come to America are not in a true sense immigrants. For there are many foreigners who come to our country for the sole purpose of getting rich and then going back to their native homes to lead a life of ease. If these so-called immigrants would come to America for no other purpose than the up-building of our States, and with the intention of Americanizing their sons and daughters, no one could refrain from admitting that immigration would be, under such conditions, beneficial to our country. But as many of them come over here without any property, while in less than a decade they are able to go back across the ocean to live amid luxury, surely immigration cannot be beneficial to economic conditions in America.

For the past century, immigrants of every class have poured into our country. Several centuries ago, only the well-to-do, alert, thrifty, and courageous immigrants could get across to America. But since Europe and the other continents have been traversed by railroads, the present traveling facilities no longer

hinder the poorest of them from coming. It has been shown that foreigners furnish one-third of our convicts, and that most of them are illiterate and unskilled laborers. Truly, one of our American writers has said, "America may be the 'asylum of the oppressed,' but it does not follow that she must be at once an insane asylum, a hospital, and a prison."

The greater part of the immigrants, upon arriving on our shores, go to the larger cities. It would be much better if they would scatter themselves over the country, because their crowded shops are notorious centers for spreading filth and disease. In those sections where immigrants have gone in largest numbers there have arisen the most difficult political and social problems. If we permit and encourage immigrants to settle in our large cities, we shall soon have a crowd of anarchists who will not respect our institutions and laws. Therefore, the political affairs of our country are being endangered by these immigrants. Furthermore, the condition of our laboring class has been made miserable because of immigration. There are carpenters, mechanics, blacksmiths, and printers, who received small pay in the country from whence they came, and, because of that small pay, they have come to America. And as work does not present itself so readily, they find it necessary to underbid our workmen. It is true that we wish to get work done at the least expense, but not at such a costly price to our home laborers. It is our duty to protect the working class of the United States.

America can support 200,000,000 people, while today she has only about one-third that number. But while our country can support more people, yet it is better for its population to increase in a normal way than by immigration. Many countries have sent out a stream of emigrants by the transaction. These countries pour into our country their ignorance and poverty, and then sneer at us for our lack of culture. Surely we can stand this no longer, but will take proper steps to prevent it.

Again, immigrants that come to America for the purpose of permanent residence will never make devoted citizens, for they will ever remain bewildered strangers in the life about them,

ever clinging to such habits as did their fathers a thousand years before them. It is granted that, several centuries ago, immigrants united and formed the ideals of government which we have today. But the necessities of the moment required that they do this. In times of war and peace they stood by each other as brother with brother, and were united in a common bond. But since those immigrants were so different, in every respect, from the immigrants of today, such good work cannot be expected today.

So there is a duty resting upon our national government in regard to this matter. Several centuries ago, when only the thrifty person was encouraged to come to America, surely immigration was beneficial to our country. But today, when only the illiterate and avaricious aliens seek shelter on our shores to filch from us our wealth, it is an inevitable fact that immigration is harmful to our Union. R. T. W.

The Stingy Man

He will not help his friend in the lurch,
He won't give money to the church,
For he has self-control.

But off his friend he'll take a drink,
And of his turn will never think,
'Cause he has self-control.

He goes to church on Sunday morn
Without first being shaved and shorn,
'Cause he has self-control.

When called upon class-dues to pay,
He shakes his head and turns away,
'Cause he has self-control.

He schemes throughout his whole lifetime
To make a nickle do the work of a dime,
'Cause he has self-control.

He toils and tugs his gold to save,
Forgetful that none goes to his grave,
For all his self-control.

But his love of gold will never yield,
Till he lies cold in the Potter's Field,
'Cause he has self-control.

W. M. MOORE.

The Political Effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

From the year 1688, when the Quakers of Germantown presented the first petition against slavery recorded in American history, until the Emancipation Proclamation of Lincoln was issued, the slavery question was continually agitated. In 1700, Sewall is quoted as having said, "How cursed a crime is to equal men to beasts?" In 1780, John Lowell, who was then a member of the constitutional convention of Massachusetts, introduced into the Bill of Rights of the State a clause calling for the abolition of slavery. Later, men of the type of Sewall and Lowell organized themselves into societies for the sole purpose of promoting the destruction of the slave traffic. Various authors wrote on the question. The first writer, however, who stirred both North and South to the depths was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The work of this author, which stirred the whole country so much, was entitled, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Life Among the Lowly." The book was first published in the Washington *National Era* in serial form, June, 1851, to April, 1852. In the United States alone half a million copies were sold in five years; and in England the sale was enormous. Indeed, so popular did it become that it was translated into several languages.

Yet, what was in the book that so fascinated the public? The answer is that it was simply a stirring story of life among the negroes of the South, written in a pleasing style and abounding in dramatic power and pathos. Its hard common sense, disguised in both its dramatic and pathetic passages; its pithy sayings with their fresh, direct application to life; and, in-

deed, its very biased and overdrawn description of Southern life—all engage the reader's attention. Hence "Uncle Tom's Cabin" proved to be a book which, by arousing interest, tended to cause those holding the most one-sided views to look into the question of slavery or no slavery, and to decide for one faction or the other.

This moulding of public opinion had, of course, an enormous political effect. When the individual is stirred, the nation must be stirred. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Not only thousands but hundreds of thousands had been influenced by this work of Mrs. Stowe. As the agitation became more vigorous, people manifested greater interest, until finally men were in a state of intense excitement everywhere. The senators, being urged on by their constituents, unceasingly worked for their particular State's interest. In Congress fiery speeches were made. In one State two of its leading men went from city to city in a debating contest. In Kansas, feeling was so bitter between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery factions that there was even a show of arms, as a result of which about two hundred people were killed in one year. But these conditions could not always remain. They reached a climax after several Southern States had seceded from the Union and war had begun.

It is true that some historians say the Civil War was not caused by slavery, but was caused by the question of States' Rights. It is equally true, however, that the question of States' Rights arose on account of the slavery problem. There were many things that tended to bring about the strife, but there is one fact established beyond cavil—that is, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by moulding public opinion against slavery, was really one of the main causes that brought about actual hostilities as early as 1861. C. H. WITT.

Forget Me Not

As I was walking down the street,
  To while away the hours,
I saw a maiden fair and sweet
  Standing among some flowers.

The rain was o'er, the sky was blue,
  The sun shone clear and bright,
And the raindrops gleamed like drops of dew
  That kiss the flowers at night.

I stopped to talk with her a while,
  And while her heart so free
Lit up her face with a smile
  She named each flower for me.

Then said: "These flowers are so fair
  Since drinking of this shower
That in my heart I do despair
  That I am not a flower."

"Silly," said I; "there is no flower
  As fair as thou to me,
But then if you could be a flower,
  What flower would you be?"

She said: "If I were just a flower
  'T would matter not to me;
But I would like to have you say
  What flower you'd have me be."

I held her soft, warm hand in mine,
  And on that lovely spot
She promised me that she would be
  A sweet forget-me-not.

H. F. GAULT.

Our Neighbor, The Clinchfield

Chance makes some strange contrasts at times in the way of neighbors, and often because of the wide divergence of their ways, aims, and occupations, there exists no congeniality between them, and they have nothing in common. At first thought, a college and a railroad might seem to be neighbors of this sort, and certainly there are many points in which they widely differ. One is a place of more or less quiet and seclusion, devoted to study and theory, while the other is part and

parcel of the business world, and of all things is considered the most practical.

Yet, far from being opposed to each other in principle, they stand for the same purpose, progress in its broadest sense, and few would dare to challenge the importance of either in the cause.

Another bond of union is the interest that a railroad never fails to have. For anyone who has admiration for greatness in size and construction, and love for the splendid symmetry of powerful machinery, the railroad, with all its different branches, can never fail to have a strong appeal. But if a railroad in operation is interesting, a railroad under construction is more so; therefore, when a little over a year ago we learned that the building of the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio had brought it within a few miles of our campus, we waited no longer, but went to meet it.

Almost every day parties of students could be seen making their way across hill and stream to the place where the steam shovel, with seemingly frantic energy, dug its way through the hill, while the rattling little train of cars hurried back and forth along the crazy track, carrying the dirt to make the embankment across the valley. Of just as much interest was the building of the long, high trestle across "Chinquapin creek" and the bridge that spanned the river a mile beyond. The care with which the maze of bolted timber was raised, and the slow construction of the rock and steel structure of the bridge testified to the enduring usefulness for which they were intended.

And so the road crept surely on to its goal. Spring came, and to the class-room where the luckless student strove with mathematics and science, or delved into the classics of ages gone, from the great outside world came the sound of the blast as it tore its way through the granite, and the hum of the machinery at its work. But when the long hours were over the student satisfied the desire of his soul by a tramp along the growing railroad, where the air blew fresh and warm,

and where men were successfully grappling with the problems of the world of practical affairs.

But, even for the casual observer, this railroad had more than the mere sight of the construction of iron and steel, for the finished line represented the result of a purpose.

Most of our Southern railroads were not built, so to speak, but merely grew; starting with a small line, then by gradually lengthening, creeping from one city or town to another as the country advanced in prosperity and the need for railroads increased. Naturally, in this careless construction expense was regarded more than efficiency, and the road-beds wound around the mountain sides and chasms, saving money, it was true, but at the price of stupendous grades. The Clinchfield, however, might be said to have sprung into existence full grown, for it was built from the start with aim and one standard—the aim, to reach the coal consumers of the South; the standard, to have a road of the highest possible efficiency; the shortest line with the lowest grade.

When we consider the crossing of the Appalachian mountains by this newest road, the ravines and gorges to be filled or bridged, the mountains to be tunnelled, while all the work had to be stronger than any made before, and with a lower grade; when we consider the greatness of the undertaking and the skill and determination required, we are impressed anew with man's power to overcome the difficulties of nature when backed by science and resources.

The Clinchfield is here. At almost any time the long trains may be seen bringing in the coal—the purpose for which it was built. May our relation as neighbors be long and friendly and result in mutual benefit. R. L. M.

A Student's Dream

(With apologies to John Greenleaf Whittier.)

Beside the ungathered knowledge he sat,
His pencil in his hand;
His head was bare, his tumbled hair
Was buried in his hand.

Near by, in the midst of shadow and sleep,
  He saw a vision sweet.
He saw once more his blue-eyed queen
  Among the roses stand;
He clasped her neck, and kissed her cheeks,
  He held her snowy hand—
A smile broke on the sleeper's lips,
  And his head fell from his hand.

P. L. Felder, Jr.

The Amateur Wireless Operator's Power

It would be surprising to know how many wireless systems, or stations, are in use in the United States; and equally as surprising, the number of stations on the sea. Every first-class passenger vessel, and quite a number of freight and tugs, are fitted with a wireless telegraphy system. A rough estimate, from "The Outlook," is that the United States contains over four thousand amateur stations (this does not include the commercial or government station) which are in active operation a great part of the time.

The establishment of so many amateur stations in certain parts of the country has greatly interfered with the receiving of many important and official messages. Nearly all of the amateur operators have learned the commercial and naval codes, and in this manner the government's dispatches are not received by those for whom the messages were intended. In Boston alone, it is estimated that there are over five hundred of these unorganized stations, a great many of which are able to put any of the government's navy-yard instruments out of commission in receiving messages. Not only in Boston is this the case—such a great number of stations—but every little town along the coast. For instance, in New York State, a small town of about nine hundred inhabitants contains twenty-eight amateur stations.

At first the interference with the government and scientific wireless stations was of no consequence whatever. This was on account of the public's thinking that the wireless instru-

ments were too complicated for them to operate. But a number of improvements have been made on the original wireless, so that today schoolboys all over the country have taken to this scientific operating, merely as a fad. Some of the amateur stations that approach the government instruments are made out of all kinds of electrical junk. So now the matter of amateurs is of grave importance to the naval stations in an innumerable number of instances, as they are thus hindered from receiving the intended message. The only way that this interference can be eliminated is by the improvement of the apparatus to such a degree that it will be free from any interference; or by a law prohibiting the building of these stations by amateurs.

But Robert A. Morton advises a plan that is essentially the improvement of the instruments. He believes that, were the amateur stopped, still there would continue to be friction between the naval and the commercial interests. So Morton advocates that the government's instruments be made so that they can send, and also collect, from ten to twenty-five per cent longer waves than any of the private stations. By the use of these selected instruments, the government, commercial, and amateur instruments could then work side by side without interference from each other. If such were the case, the government station wanting to end a message, would make or send the strongest and longest wave possible, and the receiving instrument, by having the same power, could catch the message regardless of any other instruments operating at the same time, as the shorter waves would not affect in any way the course or strength of the longer wave. Or still a different device might be used: A system of special wave lengths might be adopted. All difficulties would then be avoided by the use of a standard wave for calling purposes. Thus, by a slight improvement, and regulation by the government, the interference with important messages due to the rapid, but uncontrolled development of this science, may be eliminated.

C. R. M.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

W. Grady Hazel, Editor-in-Chief

College Athletics

At present the subject of athletics is attracting considerable attention, especially among students and college authorities. In brief, we may say that the advisability of discontinuing athletics in colleges and universities is now being discussed. The existing conditions warrant our especial attention to both sides of this problem. We always dread to investigate the dark side of every question; but one stitch in time often saves nine. So here is the undisputed fact: If we cannot have honest and clean athletics, it is best that we be deprived of that phase of college life.

The other side is more pleasing to look on, and we believe before the students will be deprived of one of their greatest pleasures, each and every one will take it upon himself to see that there is always honest and fair play on the gridiron, diamond, and elsewhere. We say this because athletics have been and are more generously supported by the students than any other college function. They may not be essential to any school or college; but they are a physical and mental help to

every inmate of our numerous educational institutions. Here we put in a plea for the continuation of athletics as long as we can maintain a keen and personal sense of honor on the competitive grounds.

—o—

College Spirit

Probably this topic is growing old from much use; yet there are some who unconsciously persist and insist upon the wrong application of this phrase. Certainly there are different ways of displaying it; but we contend that it has only one correct definition. A student who is interested in athletics to the exclusion of some other part of his college work, or *vice versa,* has no college spirit. It is true that he may have "ball spirit," or what not; but he is sadly lacking in the real college spirit. Be loyal to your college, and never let your interest grow narrow. Hence, college spirit means that we have every phase of our college at heart. When we speak thus, it does not necessarily mean that we must be enthusiastic over everything.

—o—

Small Colleges

From a glance at the past situation, it appears that the large universities of our country would soon have crushed out the lives of our small colleges. Yet these institutions are holding their own, and will probably do so indefinitely. There is something back of this that deserves special consideration, and doubtless there are several reasons for this; but the chief of these is very easily perceived. In the large colleges and universities, the number of students being so great, they never come in direct contact with their instructors' influence, and personal interest is never felt as keenly as in the small colleges, where conditions are not so cramped. As long as this is the case, our small colleges, which have meant so much to us, will continue to prosper.

—o—

Note.—The Editor-in-Chief being unable to contribute this month, the Literary Editor is responsible for the above.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. L. Betts, Editor.
E. K. Epps, Assistant Editor.

One of our exchanges lays down the proposition that college students are better essayists than writers of short stories. The truth of this statement is evident; for, to write a short story requires a skill close akin to that of the dramatist. Despite this fact, we find several excellent specimens of these "cross-sections of human life," as they are sometimes called, in our January exchanges.

"Strictly Honest" is a vivid portrayal of character in a crisis, which the *Vanderbilt Observer* gives us. The hero of this story is an honest representative in the General Assembly of his State. Previously to this his only son had been imprisoned for murder. A legislative agent offers to secure the pardon of this son, if he would vote against an important measure which he was pledged to support. His home people express their entire confidence in him. Finally the question is called. Will he sell his country for the freedom of his son? His name is last on the roll. So far the vote is a tie. His name is called. He rises to vote, but falls prostrate—a corpse.

The Aurora presents two stories to which we wish to call attention. "The New Year Book" is an unfolding of character that is true to life—in so far as we are able to judge—and the mechanism is skilfully handled. This story deserves all the more praise, since it was written by a sub-Freshman. "The Way of a Woman" has a triangular plot. Two men and a maiden dead in love. The one fact that lifts this story above the level of kindred ones is the authoress's first-hand acquaintance with the devious paths she so cleverly depicts. It makes the portrayal realistic, nay, human. One can't help feeling for Norbert, the heroine's dearest friend and life-long acquaintance, when she gives him his "pink slip" in prefer-

ence to the handsome nonentity she had met but a fortnight before. Truly hath it been said that the ways of a woman are past finding out!

"A Promise Fulfilled," in the *S. P. U. Journal,* is a moderately successful attempt at a detective story. This could have been much better, had it had more local color. One scene is laid in the far-off, wild, dim, distant West; another in Boston, in which the author violates the "classic unity" of place. Still, it is a pretty good story: for this Tennesseean stretches his imagination from Boston, Mass., to New Mexico.

Perhaps one of the cleverest and most skillfully handled plots in all our exchanges for January is, "The Professor," in *The Criterion.* Scene, a girl's college; time, the opening of the session; chief characters, the prettiest girl in the school and the new professor—a veritable Apollo. The professor pays no attention to her charms; she feels awfully hurt and slighted, even the first day (the author belongs to the "realistic school," for this is the touch of nature number one), and she vows to force him to pay homage to her beauty and general lovableness; even puts up stakes that she will entrap him before the next commencement. The professor is impervious. June arrives, and she is desperate. The day before her graduation she gives him a personal invitation to be present that evening to hear her sing, but gets so excited as she accosts him that she trips up and falls—almost into his arms (touch of nature number two). She sings, "I Am All for You Tonight," and catches his eye as he stands in the rear of the auditorium that evening. She has conquered him! (number three; she knows the ropes, therefore the story is realistic, and, moreover, interesting).

Before laying aside our pen for the time, we wish to extend a most hearty greeting to our youngest sister, *The Erothisian,* from Lander College. The initial number is good. "Her Brother's Friend" is one of those stories that doesn't "put you

wise" until the time comes. This month we had decided to confine our criticisms to short stories entirely, but we must turn aside to say "amen" to the essay, "How an Educated Woman Can Best Use Her Education."

CLIPPINGS

TO A WILD ROSE BY THE WAYSIDE.

Sweet, simple, lovely wild rose,
  Waiting to fade an' die,
I think o' you wi' longing sigh,
  An' tears start froe mine eye.

Sweet, simple, lovely wild rose,
  Standing by th' wayside;
Nae comfort there sae bleak and bare,
  When comes th' wintry tide.

Sweet, simple, fading rose,
  Ling'ring on th' cold braes,
Ben' low your form while blow the storm,
  An' sleep till summer days.

Seniors were born for great things,
  Sophs were born for small.
But it is not recorded
  Why Freshmen were born at all.

THAT WAS SOMETHING.

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship's doctor asked.

"No, sir," he returned feebly. "Nothing but my hand."

"Who was Noah's wife, pa?"

"Joan of Arc, my boy; now run away."

IN PROHIBITION TERRITORY.

The Tailor—Hip pockets, sir?

The Customer—Yes.
The Tailor—Large or small?
The Customer—Half pints.

"Say, Paul, what does 'pone sequeris' mean?"
"Follow the pony, of course?"

Adam never appreciated anything, because there was no one to have less than he.

Sunday School Teacher—Wouldn't you like to dwell in Heaven, Johnny?

Johnny—No, ma'am; we've moved three times already this year, and I'm getting tired of helping pack up.

TWO REASONS.

"Why do they call this the sweet land of liberty? I can understand the liberty part, but why sweet?"

"Well, we have our forest preserves and our sub-way jams."

MAKING THE MATCH.

He—"Take her, my boy! and support her in the manner to which she is accustomed."

She—"Don't let him get away, papa."

It—"Great Scott! I don't want her."

"Bridget, what did I do wid me hat?"
"Ye have it on y'r head, Mike."
"Begorra, the nixt thing I'll be leaving me head in me hat!"

Teacher—"Johnnie, do you know what a blotter is?"

Johnnie—"Yessum. It's de t'ing wot youse hunts fer while de ink gets dry."

HARD ON HER.

"Officer, I appeal for protection. A man is following me and attempting to make love to me."

"Begorry! I've been looking for an escaped lunatic. Where is he?"

He—"If I were to steal a kiss, would it scare you so that you would scream?"

She—" I couldn't. Fright always makes me dumb."

MOONLIGHT MEMORIES.

When the world is white with moonlight,
  Gleaming soft and shadows gay,
Memories gather mist-like 'round me,
  Holding me in magic sway.

To my heart there comes a vision
  Of the golden long ago,
Ere the roses of the spring-time
  Lay dead 'neath winter's snow.

All the mystic dreams of youth-time,
  Rose-glow period of years,
Wander back into my night thoughts
  With the glint of smile and tears.

Once again I wander care-free
  In a world of daisies white,
Bloom of clover, dewy grasses,
  Early morn and soft sunlight.

'Neath the glamour of the moonlight
  Fairy wands have magic power,
Bringing back the sunny memories
  Of a gladsome, by-gone hour.

—*Converse Concept.*

Who visits at the fireside of the poor
Has found the way that leads to heaven's door.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Geo. O. Beach, Editor

GLEE CLUB.

Mr. R. G. Bressler, director of the Glee Club, has succeeded in selecting a splendid club this year from the students who began to practice with him in September. Since selecting the club, he has been giving them some thorough training, drilling his members about three times per week, and now has them in good shape to appear on the annual tour, which he proposes to take about February 14th. All arrangements for this tour have not been completed, but in all probability the club will visit Union, Columbia, Bennettsville, McColl, Bishopville, Dillon, and perhaps Winthrop College, at Rock Hill.

The club consists of Jones, Hamer, Wilkinson, Ferguson, first tenor; Hamilton, Horger, Klugh, Monroe, Moody, second tenor; McIver, Snyder, Thompson, Wyche, first bass; Bressler, Meadows, Crum, Hutto, second bass; Bomar, pianist; Connor, reader. W. F. Klugh, of the Senior class, is the business manager, with R. B. McIver, of the sophomore class, as his assitant.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The annual oratorical contest will be held in the college chapel Tuesday evening, February 22nd. Everyone on the campus is manifesting much interest in the coming contest, as the literary societies have put their best speakers forward, and the speakers themselves are devoting much time to their speeches. This contest is to choose Wofford's representative in the State contest, which is held in Greenwood in April.

Although our speakers have won this contest for three consecutive years, and five times during the eleven years of the existence of this contest, the man who represents us this year will consider this no handicap, but will strive to hold the medal again this year.

The speakers and their subjects for the evening of the 22d are:

Herbert Hucks—"Shall the South Remain Solid?"

C. B. Dawsey—"South Carolina's Relation to Her Cotton Mill Population."

H. G. Hardin—"The Jury System."

J. K. Davis—"South Carolina and Her Delinquent Youth."

WANTED—To know, by Soph. Badger, of Prof. W., if Franklin's "Moral Virtues" was a book.

Professor W.—"What is meant by convex and concave notes?"

Soph. Crum—"Convex is the swelling out, and concave is the swelling in, of the sound."

WANTED—To know, by Junie Wilcox, how to spell Sophomore.

Profsesor W.—"What is a hautboy?"

Soph. Ellerbe—"A boy that hoes corn."

Dr. S.—"Name one of Poe's works."

Soph. Kay—"Paper Found in a Jug."

Soph. McIver, of Professor W.—"Who wrote Webster's Bunker Hill oration?"

Soph. Felder—"Say, fellows, I had a massage yesterday; reckon it would hurt to wash it off today?"

Dr. W.—"How did the children of Israel cross the Red Sea?"

Soph. Hall—"In boats, I reckon, Doctor."

WANTED—To know if Charlie Z. ever handed in his poem.

Soph. A., to the Gardener—"Say, Henry, that grass you

have just burned is the color of your face."

"Yas, sah; but in 'bout three weeks hit'll be jes' de color ob yourn."

Dr. W.—"Mr. Z., what did the Pope do in 1520?"

Z.—"He burned the papal bull, Doctor, or his 'cow'—one or the other—I have forgotten which."

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. K. Davis, Editor.

The first business meeting for the Young Men's Christian Association for the year 1910 was held the last Friday night in January. The reports from the different officers and commitees gave evidences of a spirit of activity and progressiveness in the association. The increase in the Bible study and mission study classes has been marked, and with the present number taking Bible study, together with all the new men who come in next year, we think it probable that every boy in Wofford College will be taking Bible study next year. The officers for next year were elected, and resulted as follows: C. E. DuPont, president; T. E. Crane, vice-president; J. L. Glenn, Jr., secretary; L. J. Stillwell, treasurer. Stronger men could not be found than these, and we believe, under their administration, the Y. M. C. A. will be a success.

We have been much impressed this year with the methods that the men of our association have endeavored to use. Our Y. M. C. A. conferences are resulting in great good, in seed sown all over the colleges of the country. To have an active, progressive, and spiritual Y. M. C. A., we must first have leaders who have the spirit of Christ in their heart and an ambition fired for the salvation of their fellow students. Secondly, we must have men who are thoroughly familiar with active and progressive and attractive methods to enlist the co-operation of the various factions of a college campus. These intricate problems of a college Y. M. C. A. can only be solved by the men who have had the opportunity to go to these conferences. This training has proved a valuable asset to them. The college student of today must take Bible study and mission study. More and more each year are the boys realizing the fact that a student must at least have some knowledge, if not an elementary knowledge, of these things. The work of the saving and the evangelization of the world

must be done in this day and generation by the college students. This work cannot be left to the preachers or those who go as missionaries. The great Laymen's Movement, which is enlisting the lawyers, the doctors, the merchants, the mechanics, the mill men and the leaders of the industrial and commercial world, which is sweeping the church today, will find its way to the college campus. A college Y. M. C. A. is not always at its best when in the hands of those who are studying for the ministry. They are good boys; yes, they have responded to the noblest calling on earth. But we must enlist boys who are baseball players, football players, basket ball players, leaders in the literary society, leaders in the social life of the campus. Yes, they are the men who are to be leaders in political life, literary life, the commercial and the industrial world. When these boys are enlisted, things are going to be done, and the dreams we once had as ideals we awake to find in actual process of realization. A living, vital force will have then been at work.

The members of the association are looking forward to the series of evangelistic meetings to be held by Rev. R. S. Truesdale, pastor of Central Methodist Church. In Wofford College he is well known. The boys have learned to love him, for he is almost one of the boys. Never was there a preacher in Spartanburg whom the boys love and admire as Mr. Truesdale, and may his labors during these meetings result in the bringing of many souls to Christ for his hire.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

J. L. McCall, Editor.

Now that the C., C. & O. railroad has found it way among the quiet hills of Rutherford, N. C., why may not Wofford's representatives dig up some Tarheels for the freshman class? There was a time, we are told, when Wofford had a number of boys from Rutherford, among them young Ed. Harris, now the leading physician of that growing mountain town. The Craytons, too, were here—M. W. and John. Dr. M. W. Crayton is now ministering to the sick in St. Louis, Mo. These North Carolinians were classmates of W. E. Burnett, J. F. Brown and Judge George E. Prince.

And at Rutherfordton, we are told, one R. S. Truesdale, though born on the south side of the line that divides the two States, was prepared for college. That same boy that first saw the light among the sand hills of Kershaw is now pastor of Central church, Spartanburg. Ten years out of college, and pastor of Central. Good! And no more popular pastor has ever walked across the campus. The boys love him, because he loves the boys.

Friends on the campus recently heard from Rev. Norman Lander Prince, of Banning, California. Mr. Prince went West a few years ago on account of his health. He is much improved, but the doctors advise him that he cannot live in this climate. Mr. Prince was of the class of 1902.

Among the Carolinians that took in the great Seattle Exposition last summer was Prof. J. E. Curry, of Lander College. One is safe in declaring that no other visitor got more out of the trip than Professor Curry. He is a close observer and a patient investigator, and came back to his work with much information for his classes. With one hundred and forty other teachers, Professor Curry took an ocean trip of

two thousand miles above Seattle. On the return trip he stopped over at Pasadena, Cal., spending two or three days with Dr. and Mrs. Cook—our Dr. Cook, not the Cook of North Pole notoriety. Leaving Pasadena, Mr. Curry stopped at Banning, where he spent about three days with Mr. Prince, his college friend.

Prof. Coke Arial, of Liberty, S. C., was another alumnus that took in the exposition. He, too, returned by way of Frisco and Pasadena. He gazed at some things and "whistled at others.

Judge George E. Prince, after a year's absence from the bench, resumed the duties of his office January 1. Judge Prince was of the large class of 1876, the first to receive their diplomas from the hands of Dr. Carlisle. All Wofford men rejoice to see Judge Prince himself again. Among the best lawyers of the State, he is considered the peer of the ablest judge on the bench.

Now and then a Wofford man drops out of college for the purpose of replenishing his exchequer. Returning to college after one year, or more, of hard work and practical economy, they make, in the main, the strongest and best men of their class when they come to graduation. Indeed, the experience of such years seems to be the best part of their education. They get a glance at life from a different viewpoint. At any rate, they return to college duties with apparently broader horizons and clearer conceptions of life's demands upon college men. Among those doing this, we recall just now, T. C. Easterling, of Marlboro, and T. C. Robertson, of Edgefield. Each of these gentlemen was out of college five years after finishing the sophomore year. Each returned and completed his college course with credit to himself and his *alma mater*. Professor Easterling is superintendent of the Marion graded school, and ranks among the strongest educators in the State. Mr. Robertson taught with great success in

Georgia until last year, when he was forced by declining health to give up teaching. He is now in the West.

Among Wofford's alumni at Vanderbilt are Guilds, of Colleton; Hardin, of York; Lucius Jennings ,of Spartanburg; Crum, of Orangeburg; Dargan, of Spartanburg; and Stackhouse, of Marion. Of those doing work in the law department, not one stands higher than Stackhouse—"Stack," as the boys recall him. "Stack" is still trying to beat Dr. Wallace writing. He has no patience with the old saying that the ablest lawyers write most illegibly.

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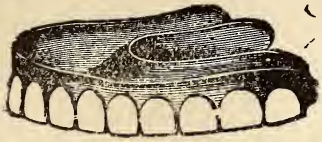

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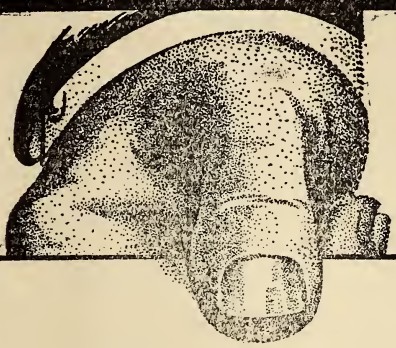

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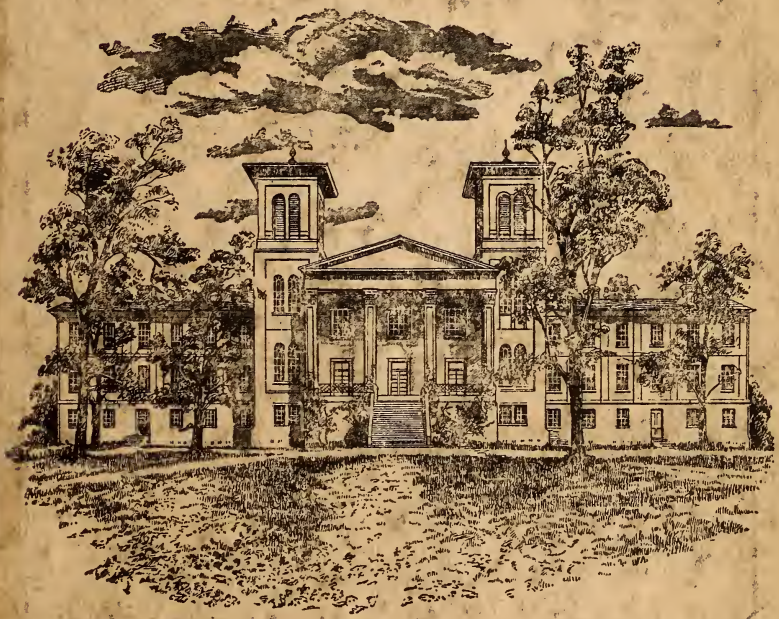
Wofford College Journal



March, 1910

PUBLISHED BY
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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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Spartanburg - - - South Carolina

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Lost Opportunity 291

The Loser's Triumph 292

Shall the South Remain Solid 298

A True Story 303

A Latter Day Genius 305

A Vision of Innocence 311

A Memory 316

In the Evening 317

A September Gale 317

His Offering 320

A Freshman's Letter to His Girl 323

The Other Man 325

The Power of Moly 329

Editorial Department 334

Exchange Department 337

Clippings 339

Local Department 343

Y. M. C. A. Department 350

Alumni Department 352

Advertisements 355

ATTENTION, STUDENTS

You owe it to THE JOURNAL to trade with those who advertise with us. They print one-half of THE JOURNAL. Those who do not advertise with us say your trade is not worth it. Make it worth while for people to advertise with us.

PAGE.

Bagwell, J. E., Grocer viii
Band & White, Printers . . . xvi
Bacham Hardware Co. iii
Bean, J. W., Shoemaker . . . xv
Bernhardt, H., Photographer .. x
Biber, A. W., Jeweler xi
Bishop, A. J., & Co. ix
Bomar & Crigler . . . Back cover
Business College ix

Cannon & Fetzer, Clothiers .. viii
Central National Bank v
Chapman, The Grocer xi
Chinese Laundry vii
Cofield, Jas., Insurance xi
Correll, D. C., Jeweler v
Crescent Pharmacy xiii
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiv
Cudd, R. E. & Co., Livery . . xi

DuPre Book Store vi

Fairyland xi
Fashion Shoe Store viii
First National Bank xii

Greenewald . . . . . Front cover

Heinitsh Drug Store xiv
Henry, B. B., Tailor ii
Herring Furniture Co. vii
Hygeia Ice and Fuel Co. . . . xv

Law, A. M., & Co. xi
Ligon's Drug Store v
Liles, Floyd L. & Co. vii
Littlejohn, Worth, Barber . . x

PAGE.

Maddux, W. E. ix
Magic Theatre iii
Martin Catering Co. v

New York Restaurant . . . xiii

Price's Clothing Store i

Rigby's Drug Store xi
Russum, J. M. xiv

Satterwhite, A. W., Barber .. xiv
Sheridan's Teachers' Supply...vii
Shores Electric Co. iii
Smith's Shoe Store i
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . iii
Spartanburg Dental Rooms . . x
Spartanburg Ry., Gas & Electric Co. iv
Spartanburg Steam Laundry . xi
Spigel Bros. vii
Star Cafe ii

The Smoker iii
Thompson & Dillard xiv
Trakas, N. S. xiii
Turner, J. F. xiii

University of Virginia iv

Vanderbilt University xv

Walker, J. A. x
Whittington's Drug Store . . xiv
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . . xii
Wofford College . . . Back cover
Wofford College Fitting School . . . . . Back cover

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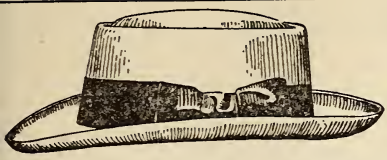

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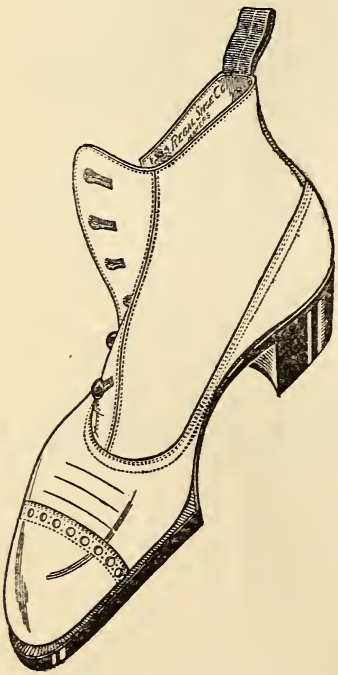

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. McRoy DuBose, Literary Editor
W. P. Meadors, Assistant Literary Editor

Lost Opportunity

Dear Wofford, I must say farewell,
  May honor, sunshine, long be thine;
How grand thou art let others tell—
  To know will surely now be mine.

Proud old Wofford, long may you dwell
  In memory in that flood of light
Which o'er thee on that morning fell
  When first you burst upon my sight.

'Twas light indeed, too blest for one
  Who had to turn to paths of care,
Down learning's page again to run,
  To leave it bright and sparkling there.

No more to me the light floods roll,
  But I, on life's rude ocean tossed,
Dream of thy good, as of a goal
  Of sunshine I have sought and lost.

I have not caught the lights I should—
  My lights and joys have all been few;
But of them all I only would
  Have that first one return to view.

EARL L. KEATON.

The Loser's Triumph

It was Friday night, and the boys of the ranch were going to town, some to spend their earnings of the week; some to see friends. All looked forward to the time when the anxiety that only a cow-boy can feel when he expects to go to a neighboring town of some size. The party was slowly gathering at "Old Tom" Lander's house, and as each came in he greeted "Old Tom" with a slap on the back and a vigorous handshake. Nearly all of the group were rough and uneducated, but as is characteristic of men of their pursuits, they had strong, true hearts which could be won by the proper merit. As the hilarious group was awaiting the further arrival of their friends, a large black-haired fellow asked:

"Have any of you fellows seen anything of Jack? He said he would shore be with us tonight."

None of the party had seen Jack since the day before.

"Wall, I for one, am for riding by his place and seeing what's the matter, for maybe the old boy is sick again," said the big fellow, whose name was "Big Bill" Maloven.

The person about whom this conversation took place was Jack Hamilton. He was a young man who had been reared in the East and sent to college where he did well, graduating in law with the reputation of being one of the brainiest men in his class. Jack, like most other boys in his town was fond of the society of young ladies, and when quite young he fell desperately in love with a beautiful girl with whom he was often thrown. During his first three years at college, he lived in another world, so to speak; but gradually he noticed a different attitude of the girl towards him, and soon learned that she had ceased to love him altogether. He was naturally proud and sensitive; and, goverened by these feelings, he would not allow himself even to think of her.

A year passed thus, and the young man grew melancholy and even bitter, but his ambition kept him from neglecting his college duties, and at length he was enabled to receive a diploma from a college that justly felt proud of him. Jack went home after his graduation, undecided as to what place

he would make the field for his future labors. One night as he was returning from a law office, he passed his former sweet-heart's home just as she was opening the gate on her way to a friend's house across the street. She spoke to him cordially and invited him in, saying she would see the friend next morning. Jack was taken by surprise, but he, too, spoke cordially. They entered the parlor and talked of things that had happened during his absence, until gradually the conversation shifted to the happy hours they had spent together.

Jack felt, as he sat there, that his heart would melt and he would again be asking for the love of the girl whom he knew did not care for him. He tried to go, but he seemed powerless to move. His whole soul seemed to be crying out for a kindred soul. The young man felt that his nature had changed, and that the restraint over his feelings for some time past only made his resolution give way the more readily. When he left that night his heart was like lead. He walked to his home and sat by the fire; a longing which he knew could never be gratified took possession of him. At length he retired and fell into a troubled sleep. The morning decided his future course. He would go west; and, out there amid the beauties of nature, he would live down his disappointment in love. The following day train No. 149 carried a "tenderfoot" into the prairies of Wyoming.

At first, Jack was jeered at by the boys, but day by day he grew into their favor, and finally succeeded in overcoming all the prejudices which they entertained against him because of his refinement and education. Jack was a hard worker, and this, coupled with his other good qualities, caused him to be looked upon as an authority on doubtful matters. He always entered into their pursuits with zeal, and they never considered an enterprise of any nature complete, unless he was present. And so it was that the cow-boys were anxious for Jack to go with them to town.

At the conclusion of "Big Bill's" remarks, Jack stood in the doorway.

"I'll save you the trouble going for me Bill," he said. "How are you all, boys? I must be late."

"No, Jack you are here early enough, but we were afraid you wasn't comin' at all," said Bill.

As the cow-boys rode to the town, the crowd grew merrier, but for some unknown cause Jack became unsually thoughtful. For the first time in his life he felt that he was out of place with the cow-boys. He felt that God had intended for him to live a higher life than the life of the plains. His friends noticed this thoughtful mood in him, but they excused him, on the ground of his being a little "out of shape." The boys spent their money and had the best time of the season—all except Jack, who could not enter into their enjoyment.

The following day found young Hamilton in the same thoughtful mood. He went through the routine of his daily labor, but it was done mechanically, the call of civilization was ringing in his ears. He longed to make a name for himself that would be handed down to the coming generations. The feeling that his life had been wasted kept recurring to him. He wondered why he had gone west at all to throw in his lot with those uncouth ranchmen, why he had thrown away the education which was given him? Could he not yet be numbered among the great men of America? A voice within him said, "Make the attempt." When the day was ended, he had made a bold resolution.

Two days later in the City of Frankfort, Kentucky, a tall, broad-shouldered young man was seen walking rapidly up the street. His office had been rented with a full line of books; and, as Jack made his way thither, he felt encouraged, for his arrangements had been easily made and already he had met a number of the prominent members of the bar. At first, he got almost nothing to do; but as the weeks went by, there appeared signs of better days ahead. Just now a fortunate thing happened for him. Some time before he had formed a partnership with the solicitor. The solicitor was now confined to his bed with pneumonia, and Jack did the prosecuting in his place. His success was discussed in the city and throughout the entire district. His growing reputation gave

him entrance into social life, while he was not slow to win the admiration of gentlemen and lady friends alike.

Two years after Hamilton's arrival in Frankfort, the whole city was excited over the murder of one of the leading citizens. This man was thought to be very wealthy; and, as all of his money was taken from the safe on the night of his murder, it was generally thought that some one well acquainted with the old man's financial condition committed the crime. There were several rumors afloat, but the most likely one was that the murder had been committed by an employee, a young man of brilliant talents, but little known in the city, except in a business way. At first no one dared to accuse him openly, but gradually fact after fact was made clear which tended to prove that he was the only man who could have done the deed, for he was supposed to have been with his employer that hour, and, if he had not actually committed the murder he would at least have known something about it. Cameron, for this was the young man's name, stoutly denied the charge when he was finally accosted, claiming that he was on his way to his room when the murder was said to have taken place. But despite his protest, the hands of the law were laid upon him and he was arrested. His rich relatives, however, went over from Cincinnati and, by giving heavy bond, secured his release until the time of the trial.

One fine morning, as Jack was seated at his desk, the door suddenly opened and a tall, handsome young man walked up to his desk. He had a bold manner, but one could not but admire his manly appearance.

"Is this Mr. Hamilton?" said he.

"Yes sir."

"I know you have been reading of the recent murder in town?"

"Not closely, though I have read something about it."

"Well sir, I am the supposed murderer, and I want you to defend me in in the coming trial. I know you by reputation and I have decided to trust myself in your hands. It seems that circumstances are against me, but as long as a just God

rules above I know everything will come out all right for an innocent man. Will you take the case?"

Jack made it a rule never to take a murder case unless he thought he was on the right side. He knew in this instance that it would injure his reputation greatly, to defend a man whom public sentiment had already condemned. Nevertheless, he was strongly impressed with the man's honest, handsome face.

"Mr. Cameron, call this afternoon at three o'clock and we will talk matters over carefully."

Jack went right to work on the case getting all the evidence he could from various sources. He was now satisfied that Cameron was innocent. His admiration for the man increased with each interview. Jack felt that they had many common interests, sympathies, and ideals; consequently, he worked harder for Cameron than otherwise he would have done. The final blow was struck in Cameron's cause when Jack found out from his hired detective not only evidence enough to clear his client, but, at the same time, enough to implicate another man, whom he immediately had arrested. The young lawyer now awaited the trial with a feeling of confidence and satisfaction.

A month later the courtroom was crowded to hear the famous trial. The prosecutor, who was the newly elected solicitor, made a great speech, which everybody thought was the death blow to the prisoner's chances. When Hamilton arose to make the defense there was an awful silence. The young orator began with his characteristic coolness. He questioned the witnesses with a directness that would have done credit to any man on the bench. He called the attention of the jury to the answers given in each case. Then followed one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard in a court-room. As he was finishing this address, which he knew would not only clear the prisoner but would gain him fame, his eyes wandered up to the crowd in the balcony. He gazed in this direction only an instant when he beheld a face that made his heart stand still. The girl with such a wonderful face was bending forward with her soft brown eyes upon him. One moment,

and Jack had ended his speech. His face was pale as death, and the men in the bar would have inquired whether he was sick, but they attributed his paleness to the prolonged discussion which had kept his nerves on such a strain.

The trial was ended and Jack was on his way to his office. His name was being praised loudly through the crowd, but he did not seem to hear. His friends grasped his hand warmly, but he avoided them all he could. He made his way alone to his office, and sat at his desk for some time, turning over in his mind the events which had recently transpired. The door opened suddenly, and a messenger boy handed him a note. It was a request from Julia Maloir to meet her immediately at 139 Banard street.

As Jack rang the doorbell at the given number, he felt a thrill run through his form. He did not know how to account for his old sweetheart's appearance in the courtroom. He wished he had not seen her, for the old longing was again awakened in his breast. She opened the door slowly and, as she spoke to him, Jack did not fail to notice the troubled look on her face. She asked him about his history, and, after the conversation had continued for some time, she began to look impatient.

"Jack, you made a great speech today," she at length said.

"It's nice of you to say so, but—"

"But why was I there?"

"That's what I can't understand."

"Jack, the man whose life you saved this afternoon is to be my husband a month from tomorrow. I know its hard but you are strong enough to stand it. You can marry almost any girl and I know that God has a share of happiness in store for you."

The young lawyer walked to the window, and there stood motionless for several minutes. A thousand emotions were raging within him. He prayed silently for strength to bear him up. He stood thus a moment, when a new feeling seemed to be born within him. It was the first time in his life he felt that he could lose, and yet be happier for it, as by doing so he was making someone else happy. He turned around and

walked to where Julia was sitting by the fire. Putting one arm over the corner of the mantle, he inclined a little toward her, in order that she might hear every word he had to say.

"Julia, since my boyhood my whole soul has been yours. You are the only love I have ever known, and for the happy hours I have spent with you, I thank God. You do wrong to talk to me of loving another woman; that I could never do. I want to say that I am glad I saved Cameron for it has restored your hopes of happiness. God has given me strength now; and I ask you neither to pity me, nor to think of my disappointment, for I have the strength which the Almighty has intended for all losers."

With these words he walked into the hall; she tried to stop him, but opening the door he held out his hand and they said good-bye. W. L. A., '12.

Shall the South Remain Solid?

The South is rousing from a sleep of fifty years. In this progressive age, this time of progress in every phase of industrial activity, she is moving forth, her veins throbbing with the impulse of a thousand industries. But as to the great political issues of the time, she sleeps on while our government has grown stronger and more practical until it now stands a model for the nations of the world. Shall we continue to vote as one man, or, shall we turn about, vote for the principles in which we believe, and thus regain our former influence in the government of the nation?

There are those who would refer us to the scenes of reconstruction and claim that they are just cause that we should remain true to the Democratic party. The foundation of the Solid South was a natural and necessary outcome of existing conditions, but those conditions have been overcome and the time is fully ripe for a political revolution. Already the South has lost her former influence in both parties because judgment and common sense no longer determine the vote of her representatives.

It is claimed by many that a political division would again thrust upon us negro domination. Such a result is almost beyond the range of possibilities. A recent statement by a leading newspaper of North Carolina voices the sentiment of many thinking men throughout the South. It says:

"No, there are thousands of white men throughout the State who are determined to vote hereafter for men and principles rather than by the color-line, and the fact might as well be known. They will not have the negro question thrust upon them again."

The day has dawned in our economic life when we can no longer afford to be without influence in the great issues of the age. We are now virtually an unrecognized section, contributing to the national income and receiving in return those things the Republicans choose to grant us. It is true that we have men in Washington, but it is equally as true that they have little influence in the halls of national legislation. Representatives from the North and West make the laws to which we calmly and deliberately submit. This was not always true. Why the difference? It is easily explained. Prior to 1861, Whigs and Democrats alternated in control of the South and at no time were we deprived of all political influence. Since the war conditions in the South have been fatal to statesmanship, and in all those years we have produced no president, no really great statesman. Under the one party regime we have been helpless and powerless—a condition which must not remain. A political "Declaration of Independence" away from our solidarity is an absolute necessity.

The South is even now throbbing with the impulse of this new life. Could we look a few years into the future, we would see a South different from this of today. Not that her people should cease to reverence the sacred traditions of the past, but while ever holding them in memory as a golden heritage from an age of heroes, they will also realize that with the dawn of each new day, the birth of each new year, new conditions prevail and new policies must be found to meet them.

A brief glance into the platforms of the two parties will

show the reasonableness of the political division. The Democratic platform declares for the election of United States senators by a direct vote by the people; the Republicans favor their election by the state legislatures. The Democrats stand for a tariff for revenue only; the Republicans for protection. The Democrats claim that we should free the Philippines as we have freed Cuba; the Republicans favor a continuance of our present policy towards them. The Democrats advocate the reduction of the army and army expenditures; the Republicans the maintenance of an army and navy strong enough to defend the United States against any attack. In other points the two platforms are essentially the same. Both stand for strong principles of government. And tell me not that nearly all white men throughout the South are Democrats from principle. No, we have men, thousands of them, who believe in a strong and well equipped army and navy as well as in other planks of the Republican party. The attitude of the two parties towards these important questions furnish ample room for a difference of opinion, for freedom of thought, and independence of action.

During the last thirty years our industrial progress has been marvelous. The capital invested in manufacturing in 1880 was $250,000,000; in 1908, $2,100,000,000, while at the same time the finished product increased in value from $450,000,000 in 1880 to $2,600,000,000 in 1908. Southern farm products in 1880 were estimated at $660,000,000 in 1908, at $2,220,000,000. Exports from our ports have increased in value from $260,000,000 in 1880 to $648,000,000 in 1908. Thus we have become rich as a commercial and manufacturing section, and the era of our prosperity is only beginning to dawn. In the past we have been crippled and held down by results of the war, but the wounds are fast healing and we are now ready for a powerful unhampered movement along all industrial lines. Shall we continue a policy injurious to our own section, or shall we enter upon this new era with unprejudiced political views?

Why should we sit supinely by with folded hands, and have no voice in the government that rules this nation—this country

that has had for its national theme—Democracy? No nation can be truly democratic when the representatives of a vast and fertile region of her territory are without power in all political affairs. And we have neither power nor influence in the national government. Just last year President Taft called congress to convene in a special session for tariff revision. What were the results? However profitable they may be, they are far from satisfactory, especially to the South. Our representatives fought nobly and well for our God-given rights, but their efforts were in vain. Twice used by the farmers of the Central and Western States was put on the free list while we Southerners must still pay tariff charges on our cotton bagging. I am pleading for neither the Democratic nor Republican party, but for independent action on the part of each voter. Give us this independence and such conditions cannot endure; for then we shall have representatives in the councils of the dominant party and their voice will be heard because the Republican party will be hearing the story of Southern conditions from a Southern Republican. Again, I say that an unbiased use of the ballot is essential to the future development of the South; for if the Democrats were in power and we should remain solid in the allegiance to that party, even then we could not receive justice. We would be looked upon as certain to vote the same old ticket, regardless of how we are treated, and our interests would be ignored.

For seventy years prior to 1861 the reins of government were in our hands. We furnished the chief rulers of the nation. Madison, Monroe, Jefferson, and Washington were born and reared on the hills of old Virginia. John C. Calhoun was a native of our own South Carolina. Contrast the political conditions of our country in ante-bellum days with those of today. Then, there was unity of sentiment and singleness of purpose permeating the whole nation; now each section has its own peculiar policies. In that age Southern men influenced every national movement. Now we have no constructive influence. Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines all come to be a part of our nation and we had no voice in their acquisition. Our Southern boys fought as nobly under the flag of the "Stars and

Stripes" as ever did their fathers in their coats of grey, beneath the banner of the "Stars and Bars;" and in all those things the laurels are gathered in by the Republican party while we, many of us, look on with approving eyes, not daring to join them even in those cases where their interests are our interests, where they vote as we would like to vote.

Too long has sectionalism dominated our nation. Sectionalism is this age—unreasonable! Federal laws operate all over this land. Great railways bring into close connection North, South, East and West. By the flashing of the wires we may have communication with the great stock exchange of New York. From there a message may pass over the hills of Pennsylvania, the plains of Ohio, and on to Chicago; and then, spanning the nation from North to South at a single bound, it may be taken up in New Orleans and sped on over mountains and hills, valleys and plains to the city of the "Golden Gate" on the shores of the distant Pacific. The nation is drawn together by every advantage of a prosperous age. Thousands of modern privileges seem to proclaim that we should be one people, that South Carolina should join hands with Vermont, Texas and California, and stand shoulder to shoulder, that in the great congress of the nation each section should have again the influence and power they enjoyed before the war had torn our land asunder.

The history of the South may be divided into four periods: First, nationalistic, in the days of Washington and Jefferson. It was then that Southern men influenced every national movement. Then came on the days of war when we became the defensive South. Following came reconstruction and military rule. And after all this we have the South of today, the growing, the commercial, the industrial South. But if we would continue in our prosperity, we must have independent thinking along all political lines. The ballot must be cast as dictated by each man's own, individual judgment. When this is done, the South will no longer remain a section without influence, but will once again take her place in the national government.

In 1861 our young men and old men followed the blare of

trumpets out upon the battlefield to fight and many to die for justice and for right. And today a call is coming to each of us. This time, no martial band summons us to face the booming cannon, but the call is that men break away from old traditions and exercise sound judgment on all political issues, thus insuring to the South a future when truly she shall be the garden spot of the world.

A True Story

"Darned if it ain't a home run."

Unconsciously the expression slipped from the lips of Tom Colson. He was wrong however, for Burns, the star centerfielder of the visiting team, made a marvelous catch and retired the batter; but a man scored on the throw in and the game was won. Realizing what the game meant, the crowd yelled wildly. Colsonville was now State champion. Her old rival, Walford, had been defeated. From the beginning of the year Walford led the league, according to the old fashion, with Colsonville running a close second. Never had Colsonville been higher than third in the league before, but towards the close of the year Walford lost a series to Holton, thus allowing Colsonville to tie the leaders. This was the way the league stood when Walford arrived in Colsonville to end the year with three games there. The first game Walford won six to two. The Colsonville manager shifted his team the next day and won the game three to two. Then came the last game. Colsonville scored twice in the first inning but then stopped, Walford scored in the third and again in the seventh. Thus it was when the ninth inning began. Walford failed to score in her half, and Colsonville came to the bat. The first man up popped out to second. The next hit for two bases, which set the crowd wild. Then when the next batter almost knocked the cover off he scored.

Amid the cheering of the crowd, Colson turned to leave. As he walked out he saw Beth Osmond, applauding the victorious team, and seeing the smile of recognition that came over her face, he lost all interest in the game. He thought of his

visit that night and what it would mean to him. If she accepted him, all would be happy, if not—he refused to consider the alternative.

While engaged in these thoughts Tom had left the ball ground and had rapidly walked to the building occupied by the First National Bank, of which he was cashier. In a short time he was at work endeavoring to balance his books, which had been neglected so that he could see the ball games. He was in no mood for figuring accounts, however, as his mind continually wandered, always ending with the face he had seen at the ball ground. Every row of figures he wrote down seemed to form themselves in letters and say "suppose she refuses you!" Then he would pull himself together and attempt to go on with his work. For over an hour he kept at it in this manner, but as the clock struck eight, he put on his coat and left the building. He thought, as many others think at times, that his work could be postponed.

A few minutes later, Tom, youthful and full of hope, walked up the path leading to Col. Osmond's beautiful home. An hour or so passed and he was seen to walk down the same path. His light, springy step had disappeared; he walked like an old man; he was despondent and dejected. Those who had seen him enter the house, smiling confidently, would have failed to recognize the young man coming down the path, as the same one who had gone in an hour before. No prophet was needed to tell the story—it was seen too easily. If he had turned and seen the face at the window eagerly watching him, he would have smiled, but naturally, he didn't turn and having been disappointed in his dearest hope, he walked to the bank, determined to make a better success there.

Reaching the bank, he sat down and for a time was completely lost in a deep reverie. At length he roused himself and started to work on his books, but made no progress. His mind usually working with lightning rapidity, refused to move. For several hours he struggled on, but to no avail. At last he decided to go home and get some rest, realizing he could do nothing in his present condition.

The next day was Saturday, and all day Tom was kept busy

by the rush of business. This prevented him from thinking of his books, but after supper he went to the bank resolved to straighten his books and keep them straight. In spite of his work and good intentions, the books became worse and worse as the time passed on. At last in despair Tom ceased to work His last row of figures showed that Tom Colson was short $25,000. He knew he had never touched a cent entrusted to him but the figures were against him. Now, in despair he decided to leave Colsonville and be lost in the world. He would never face Beth and his home people in such a plight. He went home and packed his suit case, then went to bed.

The next morning he awoke early and informed his brother, with whom he had been staying since his mother's death several years before, that he was going to run up to Dayton on a visit to his aunt for the day. That was the last Colsonville saw of him for many long weeks. He did not get off at Dayton, but kept on until he reached Atlanta, then took a train for New York. Arriving in New York, he took a steamer going to New Orleans, to throw his pursuers off the track.

Monday morning the bank opened as usual, but was closed in a few hours by the startling discovery that the cashier had disappeared. The president hurried to the bank, and after an examination issued a statement signed by the directors and himself, which notified the public of Colson's flight. It also made public a letter from Colson to the bank which directed them to use his money deposited in the Farmer's Bank, amounting to $2,000, to secure an expert accountant to straighten up his books. He protested that he was not guilty of misappropriation of the bank's funds. The statement went on to assure the depositors of their safety.

Arriving in New Orleans, Colson journeyed to Michigan, where he secured work in a great lumber mill as a common laborer. All the winter he worked under the name of Woods, and on account of his superiority, his fellow-laborers called him "Mister." For several months he worked steadily, then was promoted to the position of foreman. It had always been the custom in that camp for the various logging gangs to get ball teams up in the spring of the year and play for the cham-

pionship. Woods was soon recognized as one of the best players in the camp, so it was no surprise when his gang selected him as captain. As the games were played the various teams that lost fell out until only two remained. They were Woods', or The Loggers, and the Double Branch team. Soon a game was arranged to come off between the two teams.

During the week preceding the game the betting on both teams ran high, although it was even money. Both sides had many supporters, and they were determined that all bets be taken up. So towards the end of the week both teams could not agree to an umpire. Finally as a last resort the two managers decided to hire a professional ball player as umpire. They selected Burns, one of Detroit's pitchers, as the man to rule over the game. He arrived one afternoon and the next day the game began. A record breaking crowd was present and both teams were in their best condition. Neither team scored at first, but in the third inning Double Branch scored two runs. The Loggers scored one in the fifth, and in this manner the ninth inning opened. Double Branch failed to score and went in the field confident of winning the game. The first man up on the Loggers side singled and a mighty roar went up in the Logger's side of the bleachers. But it soon died out. The second man sacrificed him to second, but the third struck out. At this moment Woods walked to the bat. He glanced around and the scene recalled the last game he'd seen at Colsonville. He thought—just for a moment—of the smile he received after the game, and then thinking of the girl he had lost, faced the pitcher. The first ball the pitcher threw he met squarely and it sailed away between the left and center fields. The crowd roared. The runner on second dashed off at the crack of the bat, and soon crossed the plate. As Woods passed third he saw the left fielder pick up the ball and draw back, he heard the din of the crowd, and struck out for home. About two-thirds there he saw the catcher preparing to recive the ball and he slid with arms outstretched. The next minute the umpire's crisp voice announced, "Safe at home," came to his ears, and he arose triumphant. Seeing the looks of the Double Branch team, who were yelling, "Get

the umpire," he called his team and they surrounded the umpire to protect him in case of need. At last they were able to escort him to Wood's house, where he remained that night.

The next day Burns while talking to him, suddenly said: "You know Woods, you remind me of a young bank cashier I once saw." Woods started, looked straight at him and asked how.

"Well, if you have time, I'll tell you the story. I was very much impressed with the circumstances of the affair and often wondered what became of the young man. To tell the truth he acted like a fool—"

"What's that?" exclaimed Woods angrily, almost rising from his seat, but recovering himself said "How was that?"

"The young man," continued Burns, giving little heed to the interruption, "was well thought of by every one. He had a good position and, although only thirty, every one expected him to be the next president of the bank. He had always attended to his duties carefully up to that time, but he got mixed in his accounts and this coupled with a disappointment in love made him leave town. It's funny how a woman can make a man or ruin him by a simple 'yes' or 'no.' They ought to be mighty careful, but they are'nt." Having delivered this bit of philosophy he proceeded, much to Wood's gratification. "Well, he left town and nobody has ever seen him since. The funny part is there was nothing wrong with his books, but he was too confused to get them straight."

"Well, how about the girl, what did she do?" asked Woods.

"Oh, she found out how much she loved him after he left, but it was too late. It's a pity she didn't know when he saw her that night. After finding out the cashier was innocent, his family and the bank advertised for him to return, but he never did.

"You know that was a close game we had—"

"Never mind the game. I want to say something. I'm Tom Colson and I leave this morning for Colsonville."

"Well, I'll swear," was all Burns could muster on the short notice.

It is said good fortune never comes singly. Hardly had Tom got ready to go to Colsonville, when a man walked up saying he wished to offer him $4,000 to play ball with the Cleveland ball team during the coming year, but Burns almost shouted, "He's already signed up for me and Detroit for $6,000." Colson nodded his acquiescence and the Clevelander walked off.

Colson reached home the next morning and his return was a triumph. Friends greeted him on every side and welcomed him home. Everyone was glad to see him. President Rhein offered him his position back in the bank, but he refused saying he would play ball that spring. Just before dinner a negro boy approached with a note for "Mistah Tom Colson." He took it. In the sweetest little envelope and in the neatest hand-writing he had ever seen he read:

> Dear Tom:—You don't know how glad I am. Let's forget. Will expect you at eight. Until then, Beth.

That night Tom Colson walked up the avenue to Beth's house, once again the gay, light-hearted young man of a year ago. They talked of many things, but mostly of a ring, that was to be sent from Detroit as soon as Tom got there. When he was leaving that night, he said as he kissed her good-bye, "Keep our engagement secret until after the summer is over, then I'll stop playing ball, but now—one more kiss."

H. R. AND H. S. SIMS. '13.

A Latter Day Genius

Genius has flown from very diverse channels of humanity in every era. Some have had their beginning in oratory, some in paintings, some in fighting, and some in writing, but in no age has there been more genius displayed in any one phase of life than has been in the wielding of the pen in our present. Orations, debates, novels, poems, and essays have been written on almost every conceivable subject, but the present author is just now making his debut on the stage of action.

My earliest peculiarity was an absorbing ambition to become the foremost scholar of my day. My mental aspirations ran high. My most ardent devotions have been directed to the world's greatest leaders in thought of the past. The laborious methods by which I have acquired my mastery of thought is perhaps now lending to this extraordinary and unrivalled gift of stretching out in black and white before me, these unbroken streams of thought, without ever hesitating to choose my words. The finest passages of eminent writers I have stored away in my memory, and am now able, with wonderful alertness, to call forth brilliant quotations of by-gone philosophers. Thus it is shown that the writer enters upon his career of life with due qualifications and requirements for success. Friends of learning could do no greater homage at the shrine of literature than to imbibe inspiration from her clearest fount. Just honor can only be tendered to me by absorbing my precepts, and emulating my example; for while dreaming in the luxurious gardens of childhood I wandered to and fro, day by day my ever-increasing knowledge towered higher and higher until I awoke to find myself a philosopher, having explored the profound mysteries of all preceding times. My untiring efforts have been such that, if a single word can convey the essential quality of myself, that word is ambition.

The author of this article, without being too personal, is a man of considerable talent, and for this reason alone must appear unquestionably a man of originality. He has masterful skill in the wielding of his pen; he makes profound searches after the truth, even to the minutest detail, on the subject with which he is dealing, before he jots down his conclusions, and must thus be admired and reverenced as authority on the subject of which he treats. The author has made very diligent reasearch for the information found in this present article, and must therefore evince considerable knowledge of his subject.

The reader may not realize that the writer has a distinct purpose or object in view, but whether he realizes this or not, the purpose exists, and it may take another such genius as the

author himself to disclose this in the light of his generation. Speaking then with the authoritativeness of distinct and positive knowledge, there is a purpose and central theme locked up in these lines, just as much so as there is in Sir Robert Browning's drama called Luria.

The strain upon an average person to find a theme in an article like this need, necessarily from the exigencies of the case, be strenuous; but that will be of worth to the reader. Nothing is worth doing unless it requires a certain amount of effort—a man's greatness is measured by the good he has handed over as an heirloom to posterity. He may not have done much, but his attempts at the interpretation of those things which have been done, is next thing to doing, and are worthy of commendation.

Careful consideration then should be devoted to the perusal of this prolonged essay sufficient unto the depths thereof. An attentive ear should be turned to its message. The pearl of great price can only be bought by the coin that has stood the test in the scientist's laboratory; just so, after forging in the fiery furnace of experience, the author has come to such transcendent conclusions on his present topic it behooves all to give ear to his song.

In a very excellent little article written by myself some time ago, the fact that I was a very excellent author was so outstanding, that some of my subordinates came to me praising me for what I had accomplished, thinking that one so brilliant, and so transcendently superior in knowledge should take their laudations into consideration. I am, however, not beholding to them, I have launched myself out, and have proven myself so pre-eminent a writer that I am now licensed from the position which I hold, to write from the unbounded store of my knowledge.

People at the present time are too quick in jumping to their conclusions. Conclusions on subjects worthy of conclusion should not be made until all the nerve fibres stimulated have brought in from the periphery their stimulus to the center—one has just about had sufficient time to draw his conclusion

cencerning the author, when he has carefully perused the preceding pages of this article.

In the light of the age in which we live from the view of the author these lines have given, all must through courtesy for the writer then, hail the appearance of this grand masterpiece. It has told much concerning its illustrious author and has added a new store of pleasure to those who have experienced the exquisite delight these lines have occasione.d.

The English language undefiled and in its purity common to all, together with the morally uplifting themes I have chosen in all my great works heretofore, have set me on the highest pinnacle of American authorship. Indeed I have been subjected to much criticism, especially by those who still cling in sectional strife for literary fame; but I can say that when time has eliminated every vestige of sectional strife for literary superiority, I will stand pre-eminent among all writers of the world. I am now being more highly appreciated than in former years, and am being placed on a more lofty throne of popular esteem than ever before. It seems just then that all nations should join in this worship at the shrine of the fountain of knowledge.

A Vision of Innocence

Frank Beaty leaned wearily on his desk in the First National Bank of C——. Five years ago he had applied for and obtained the position of assistant cashier and though no flaw had ever been found in his work he was still only assistant with no justifiable hope of rising above his present position. Thus he had worked harder each year always hoping against hope that fortune would some day smile upon him until the physical man could endure the nervous strain no longer. He was now to take his first rest in five long years. Though it would consume the greater part of his savings he had planned a trip to England with his mother. During these last hours in the bank his thoughts were many and varied. Every incident of the past ten years seemed to crowd his brain. Sighing deeply he murmured to himself: "Oh yes, I know why I

am held down—father." The clock struck two and his vacation had begun.

It was with a heavy heart that Frank turned up the walk to his home this afternoon. His mother was waiting for him and met him at the door.

"My boy you seem so tired that I am anxious about you. Are you ill, or why are you so pale."

"Yes mother, I am weary, not unwell—only troubled. I have been thinking of poor father. Is there no change?"

"None, my boy, none. As you know the proof was clear. You must drive this from your mind and rest."

The subject so bitter to both was dropped and mother and son entered the house in silence. The early morning found them at the wharf and an hour later they were steaming out to sea.

By noon that day the news had spread all over town and the wires had flashed it to distant cities. The First National of C—— robbed of a clean $25,000 and by the assistant cashier who had left a letter in the safe and fled to Europe. People refused to credit the report. They knew Frank well and besides the very audacity of the theft made it seem doubtful, yet his own handwriting said that he had taken the money. He had to have it, he said, and now he defied the law to find him. Gossiping tongues now turned to the elder Beaty then in a penitentiary in a distant State. "The son," they said, "is only following the example of his father."

All practical means were employed to locate the thief, but all alike were futile. He seemed to have gone out of existence. Weeks, a month, passed and he had not been sighted, and things became more quiet.

"No, mama, Frank is not guilty. Something tells me that he is not. Some one else is guilty—Frank, never."

"But Irene, his own peculiar hand betrays him. No one could see that letter and longer doubt his guilt. Why, daughter, it is hard, but you must now forget that you ever knew him."

"Mama, I must see that letter and know for myself the

truth about the matter. I could not be wrong in my decision could I only see it. Mr. Grant will let me see it, of course."

A note was sent to George Grant, cashier, requesting the letter left in the safe by Frank Beaty and an hour later she held it in her hand. No, there could be no doubt now. She knew it—he was guilty. Frank guilty, a common thief. Yes, she too was thoroughly convinced. Her last ray of hope had faded away, her faith in all mankind shaken, and she fell fainting to the floor.

Nine years previous to the bank robbery George Grant had come to C——, a young man with plenty of money and an ambition to earn more. Besides his interest in the stock market he had accepted the position of cashier in the First National where he had made many friends by his ever-ready smile and his courtesy to all around him. Six years later he met Irene Gray and was soon dead in love with her, but knew that if he was to win, it must be over Frank Beaty, the popular young assistant cashier. Thus he had been playing a losing game, knowing full well that his case was hopeless. Now that Frank had been disgraced before the world, would she still cling to him? Surely not, and if not, perhaps there was a chance for him. Such were his thoughts, and doubtless many more as he slowly took his way to her home some two months after Frank had sailed. When he left her that night the die had been cast, all was settled. She had laid her hand cold and trembling in his and promised to marry and try to love him. The date was set for September the fifteenth.

The twentieth of August dawned bright and clear. At ten in the morning a great ocean liner steamed slowly into the harbor. Everything seemed at peace. The sea was calm, the city perfectly quiet, but those on the wharf saw, while the steamer was yet two miles out, a small dark cloud quickly form and hover for a few moments directly over the vessel and then vanish into mist. Frank Beaty and his mother were among the many passengers who were. soon on the wharf They wondered that no one was there to meet them as they had written to several friends the date they were to arrive. An hour later they knew; for Frank was behind the prison bars.

On September the twelfth the courtroom was crowded to the doors. The young prisoner sat calm, pale and silent. At first he had hoped to find some way to prove that he was innocent, but all such hope was now gone and despair almost overcame him as he now realized that in a very few hours he would be convicted and sentenced, his life forever blighted. There was no hardness against the accused. Many old friends were there who in their hearts believed him guilty while some few still plead his innocence. And now the case is called and Frank is on the stand. He pleads for no sympathy, asks for no pity; but simply denies the charge and resumes his seat beside his mother. Intense silence reigned in the room. His lawyers had done their part and the old judge now rose and with trembling voice charged the jury to act according to law and evidence. Five minutes of suspense and they are returning. All knew the verdict before the foreman had spoken a word—it is guilty. Again all is silent while the prisoner rises to receive his sentence.

"A moment, Judge, for God's sake stay your sentence" cried a man as he rushed madly into court.

On the evening before the trial George Grant went to pay his last call on Irene Gray. In three days she would be not Miss Gray, but his bride. It had been one of those balmy days in Autumn and the night was one of perfect stillness. As the young man approached the house he was wondering to himself how Irene would take the trial of the morrow. Thank God it would be over soon and in three days she would be his bride and then—well he must trust to fate. He stopped short; for there had come to him the sound of a woman's voice. Looking up he saw that the parlor window was open, the curtains drawn, and kneeling there, her face lifted towards Heaven, her arms folded on her breast, was Irene. He could but listen as her voice, soft, earnest, and passionate sounded out in the stillness of the night. Oh how he loved her, this angel of innocence; but her words told him that his doom was sealed. Yes, the whole story must be revealed at once. Another day and all would be over. He stood there still, her

every word sinking into his soul and deepening his resolve as she prayed fervently for strength to see Frank convicted, and sent to prison, and then—to marry and live the life she had chosen. Long and silently he stood there. Should he be a party to the living death for which she was now praying for strength to endure? No; every manly impulse of his being was stirred, and he resolved that he would be a man at last and try to atone for some of the crimes he had already committed. Quickly he turned and went away into the night, he knew not, cared not where.

When the cry had broken out on the deathlike stillness of the court-room, the judge had paused and inquired the cause of the disturbance.

"A witness, Your Honor, new evidence that will change the verdict" cried the man who had just entered and now approached the bar.

"The court and jury will hear the evidence" commanded the Judge as he sat down.

If the people had been silent and nervous before, they now held their breath. Doubtless here was evidence which would clear the prisoner of all charges; for it was brought by a man whom all C—— knew and trusted.

"Your Honor, and friends here whom I love and who I believe love and trust me, I swear by all that is good and holy that Frank Beaty is innocent of any crime. I am the guilty man. It was I who forged that letter. No other man could have succeeded so well. My money was gone. You are surprised. I gambled it away, and besides, I loved the girl Frank loved and hoped that by destroying her confidence in him, I could win, and here again I won her hand, but not her heart, I hoped to win that later. Last night I saw her—No, enough—enough! I am guilty, doubly guilty; for ten years ago in a distant State, it was I who robbed a bank of its money, a crime for which young Beaty's father now serves in a penitentiary. That vision of innocence I saw last night has made a man of me even though I now must serve within the prison walls. Judge, I am done. I surrender to the court."

"The sentence of the court is a long and prosperous life for

the accused within the walls of a happy home. He is now discharged. Court stands adjourned."

A Memory

An eve in June,
A summer moon,
O'erhead the twinkling stars tonight.
A maiden fair
With golden hair
And dreamy eyes so bright.

This it may seem
Is but a dream
A youthful fancy soon to flee.
Not so, my friend,
T'will never end
Through all eternity.

Our steps were slow
Her whisper low
And hours were but moments then.
She was so kind
His smile all mine,
Our favorite haunt a shady glen.

Oh yes t'was real
And now I kneel
To memory's solemn, golden shrine,
And never yet
Will I forget
The lovely Eveline.

Those days are sped,
But never dead
Their memories to my heart I fold;
Each eve in June,
Each summer moon,
Bring back those days of old.

'88.

In the Evening

When the silver-white moonbeams
  Make of night brightest day;
And the trees seem all standing
  In their silent array.
When the breezes are whispering
  Across perfumed vales;
And the waters are telling
  Their mysterious tales,
Then I quit all my studies
  And my love-star then gleams;
And I think of the idol
  Of all my fond dreams.

G. C. HAWKINS.

A September Gale

It was on September 12, 1906. The wind had been blowing a steady gale from the east since early morning; but until about five p. m. no one became apprehensive of a storm. We knew that the sea was churning, also knew that there would be an excellent night for mullet-fishing. The wind lulled a little about four and we set out for the beach.

While we were yet two miles away a cloud arose from over the sea and, from past experience, we knew we were in for a storm sure enough. We were then in a dense wood. Trees swayed to and fro, great limbs were torn away and fell around us, while rain came down in torrents. A little farther on we met another party returning in all haste. They told us that they had just been driven out on the open beach where the bluster struck them, turning their wagon completely around. We were advised to turn back, but answered with a laugh and drove on.

There was a lull in the wind when we drove from the hammocks out on the open beach, and while the sea was rumbling and angry, yet it was not so rough as we had expected. Soon our team was called for and we went out to fish; but the high tide drove us back into camp to wait until it ebbed.

Soon we were all comfortably seated around a blazing camp fire telling jokes and swapping yarns. Within an hour the three older men of our party were fast asleep; but we boys slept little, the howling wind driving rain against our camp and the ever booming waves claiming our entire attention. We knew that the wind was rising momentarily, but still had little fear of danger.

After about three hours when all were asleep except three we decided to go down to the water to see if the tide had fallen. Rain was still falling and the wind was blowing a gale at high tide. The water edge is usually about fifty yards from the camp. We were stumbling on in the darkness when we suddenly found ourselves plunging into the water—and we had gone only ten steps—well we were frightened if ever boys were. Just then a streak of lightning flashed it seemed almost from east to west and we saw the sea almost upon us while the mad waves rushed upon each other and burst on the shore as if wishing to devour the whole earth. At times when the sea is calm it is pleasant to sit on the sand and watch the waves. Beginning with a tiny swell, they grow larger and larger as they near the shore and finally burst, forming a long beautiful line of white foam, and then gently spreading themselves broader and broader, thinner and thinner, they are at last spent far up on the beach and slowly return to meet a sister wave. But tonight, what a contrast. Lightning flashes showed us billows, mountain high, chasing each other in rapid succession, each bounding upon the one gone before and rapidly climbing up the beach while none ever returned.

We knew full well that we must get away at once or be drowned; but when we rushed into camp and told our story, we were rewarded by being called cowards. Not one of the older men would move one inch. But we were wild with fear and no more sleep was to come to us with such a storm upon us. In apparent disgust one of the older men went to the door and looked out, then disappeared in the darkness. On returning a moment later he said in a tone of attempted unconcern: "Boys, we'd better get away from here now, or we'll go in a worse time." We saw that he was dreadfully

pale. When we saw that he too saw danger, well we thought that very likely our last hour had come.

Then came the rush of preparation for getting away before the sea should sweep over the banks as we well knew it would do in a short time. Shoes, hats, coats, vests, harness, supper pails, everything was scattered here, there, and everywhere. In our excitement each was calling to everyone else to hurry. "Hurry Tom. Git a move on Jim. You're too slow Bob," was all to be heard above the noise of the storm. Just then one who had gone out to hitch the team to the wagon came to the door and called out that he would drive away as soon as he got ready, that the water might already have backed up the creek and covered the flat beach near the hammocks. There was something we had not thought about, and still we were not ready to go. Moments seemed hours. Would we ever escape alive! Then we were out at the wagons. They were beat down into the sand and would not move, push and pull as we might, and we could not drive around the camp in front without driving almost into the sea, and for a time our horses were entirely unmanageable. How should we turn around? was now the problem.

Meanwhile the storm was increasing in fury. Almost every second lightning flashed and the booming thunder shut out the noise of the tumultuous sea. One moment we could see ocean and land for miles around and the terrible billows looming up almost above us, the next all was utter darkness and we could almost feel the cold water that threatened to engulf us in their fury. A glittering, blinding flash, darkness deeper than the darkest night, the fearful thunders, the driving rain, the awfulness of it all was excelled only by the greater awfulness of the sea which lay there beneath the black, stormy sky, raging like some wild beast in his cage, not devouring things around him only because he is restrained by some influence more powerful than himself.

And after what seemed ages we were winding around on the beach, the wagon trail was lost even before we found it, and we knew not which way to turn. To our left was a deep pond and we might be in there any minute as seeing was

impossible. To the right was the wide open beach with nothing to give us an idea of the right road or to check us until we had gone a mile, and somewhere out in front, was our road. Around and around we circled and then—I shall never forget that cry, nor the dread feeling that came over me: "Boys, we are lost, we're in the pond." We had not yet reached deep water, and quickly turned and again began that aimless winding. Finally some one got down, crawled in the sand and searched for the wagon trail with his hands. At last it was found and we thought we were safe. But again we found ourselves in water, but this time we knew that it was the water backed up the creek and covering the beach. We got on fairly well for fully thirty yards when he entered the hammocks and found that to follow the road was impossible. There was spent the longest two hours of my life. A hand torch was necessary to light us out of those thick and falling trees, and still the rain fell in torrents, trees groaned and fell around us, and at the same time we could look back over the hills and see wave after wave loom up and almost come over the hill. Three waves over that high bank near the stand and we would be drowned; for beyond that bank not one would check a wave. There we stood and trembled. Only by the lightning flashes could we see each other at all. We hovered close together over one little umbrella and blanket with which we carefully guarded a tiny flame; for did not our lives depend upon that light? There we stood, cold and trembling. Maybe some were praying. I did not think of that. And then, thank God, the light blazed up and casting a quick farewell glance at the fast approaching waves we drove on into the forests and were safe.

His Offering

These two were very happy together; in fact, they had been ever since their engagement. She was a quiet lovable girl, and he, an industrious, hardworking boy They had waited patiently for the time when he would be able to buy her a neat little home in the suburbs and take her there to live happily.

That time had now come. He had just gotten a better position in the bank in which he had worked so long, and tonight he hastened joyously to her home to tell her the good news. When he saw the look on her face, he was surprised, even disappointed. She had always had such a pleasant smile and warm welcome for him. He felt that there must be something wrong, for her pretty face bore an expression of suppressed anxiety, almost pain. However, he greeted her cheerfully and after taking off his overcoat he led the way into the parlor.

"What is it dear?" he asked suddenly, turning on her as she closed the door.

"What?" she parried, trying to restrain the look of surprise that she felt.

"What is it, love, that is worrying you? Don't try to hide it. That will only do harm. I must know; I can help you."

"No," she answered, "I must not tell."

"O, but you must. I demand that you tell me. Is it right that anything worry you and I not know it?" he questioned, taking her hand.

"Then I will tell you." She led the way to the sofa and sat down by him. She sat silent for a moment, then began:

"You know my father's financial condition has been getting very bad lately. This has been troubling him greatly but he has been working hard nevertheless, and has recently been investing some money for several clients. One of these is an old widow who is working very hard to send her only son to college. He is a wild young man, a veritable spendthrift, but she worships him and is making a great sacrifice to send him all the money that she can. About two weeks ago she gave $2,000 to father to invest for her; this was every cent she had. With this and money belonging to other clients, amounting to about $40,000, he bought Wauchong R. R. bonds. Yesterday these bonds fell in value to almost nothing and today they're scarcely worth the paper they are printed on. Every cent of the money he invested for these people is gone, and father is not able to make any of it good. It will kill him unless he can get enough money for a few months to reinvest

for them; a thing that is impossible, for he has nothing to borrow this much on.

Hagood sat for a moment in deep thought, then he said slowly, "No, it is not impossible. I will get it."

"You get it!" she exclaimed, "How?"

"Why explain, my dear, if I can do it?" I will send it to you in the morning for your father."

She was silent, but looking into her eyes, Hagood read there a world of thanks and gratitude too deep to be expressed by words. They sat for a long time, each one lost in thought. Finally he arose to go. At the door, looking close into his face she whispered goodbye. He could not resist the temptation, and stooping quickly he kissed her on the lips and walked hurriedly down the steps. At the gate he turned and saw her softly closing the door. He felt repaid for the sacrifice he would make for her father. He must take the money from the bank and try to conceal the fact for a few days until he could borrow it from his friends and replace it, a thing he thought easily done. "Can I not, too, make a sacrifice for my love" he thought as he hurried along the street. Walking rapidly, he soon reached the street where he must turn off to go to his home. He passed this however, and continued straight on down to the business part of the town.

It was, by this time, about twelve o'clock. Very few people were on the streets and going softly up the great stone steps of the bank, he quietly unlocked the door and entered. He walked quickly through his office to the vaultroom. There he quietly struck a match and turning the combination, he swung open the huge steel door and he took from a small drawer forty thousand-dollar government bonds. Then he closed the door and went rapidly out. When he stood outside he breathed easier. He had seen no one and he was quite sure that no one had seen him.

The next morning he sent them to her to give to her father. He was of course many thousand times obliged to his future son-in-law for his kindness and gladly took the opportunity to relieve himself of his financial troubles. Hagood and the girl never spoke of the affair in their conversations, but seemed

to steer away from it mutually. When he was alone, he never allowed himself to think of the consequences of his getting caught. He believed that he had done right. He had already secured and returned a small part of the money.

Four days after this, as he returned to his office after dinner, he saw that there was some one in the president's private office. He jumped as if struck. The inspectors! What he had most feared had come. Collecting himself he quietly took his stand at the teller's window, and standing there dazed, he mechanically attended the duties that he had become familiar with by long practice.

He heard a door open behind him. A light touch fell upon his shoulder. "You are wanted in my office." He turned; it was the president himself who spoke. Hagood saw a cold gleam in his eyes.

"In a moment, sir," he replied, as he walked to his own office door. A second later the president heard the report of a pistol and rushed to the door. Throwing it open he saw Hagood lying forward on his desk with a thin stream of blood trickling down his right temple; near his hand was a smoking revolver.

He had laid on the altar his sacrifice to love.

Badger, '12.

A Freshman's Letter to his Girl

My Dearest, Sweetest Girl:

It is with mingled joy and sorrow that I take up my pen to write to my dearest friend. Oh! the change in two short months! Now I am friendless and alone, amid the conglomerations of exams and bills; while you are enjoying the pleasures of college life, minus the college work. Now why is it that I have heard from you only once in this time? Are you mad with me? What have I done? I am sorry if you are mad with me, for I am not mad with you. Everytime I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable rapture caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill thru it like Spanish

needles thru a pair of summer trousers. You are treating me mighty bad, I am not treating you bad, and you are not rectified with the holy spirit if you think I am. You do seem mighty provoked, and it makes my heart bleed dreadful if I am the cause of your being vexed with me. For when first the light of your divine countenance fell upon my bosom it penetrated like a load of bird-shot thru a rotten apple. When away from you I am solemncholy as a sick rat, and ever and anon I can hear the June bugs of despair drooning in my ears; doubts, like a thousand minnows, nibbling at my soul. Now I am ready to make amends on my knees; I am ready to open my heart to you like a book; I am willing to make any sacrifice that will bring you and me together like we once were. You have no idea how I've been feeling since our little fuss. It has learnt me a lesson, that I won't soon forget, and that is this, I can't live in this world without you, but am willing to exist in the next on brimstone and fire if I may have the pleasure of your dee-lightful presence. I have at last found out that you are the apple of my eye, and no other girl can ever take your place in my heart. If these few remarks will serve to show you the inside of my heart and help me to gain your affections I will be as happy as a wood-pecker on a cherry tree full of bugs; otherwise I will pine away and die like a poisoned rat, and fall from the vine of life, an untimely branch. I am now willing for you to run our matrimonial canoe provided I be allowed to do the paddling. And you can steer in any lonesome corner in this world, and I will be happy there with you. In conclusion I wish to say that I hope this letter will bring a reply that will cause me to come howling over to see you; and then we can make the ends meet with which we expect to tie our matrimonial knot. Otherwise, in years to come, you, happy in the love of one who loved not more, but successfully, when the shadows from the hills extend, and the cheerful frogs croak their mournful lay, can drop a tear, and catch a cold, on the last resting place of *Le Diable.*

TATUM, II.

The Other Man

In the twilight on one bright summer evening Paul Richardson, a sucessful young lawyer, was slowly walking through the flower-garden of his mother. The thoughts that were on his mind must have been serious, for beneath his eyelids there was an expression indicating something wrong near his heart. Was it love? If any of his friends should have asked him whether he was in love or in trouble, doubtless he would have ventured to put the latter as the reason for his melancholy. On account of his excessive bashfulness he would not have dared to let any one know that he was ever struck by Cupid's bow, or that his heart was now pricked by his artful and romantic weapon. Nevertheless deep down in his heart there existed a sore disappointment of love.

Three years before this evening Paul Richardson, on the threshold of his beautiful Carolina mansion, kissed his loving mother farewell, and gathering up his suit case and a lunch box, passed out the gate of his home, which had always been dear to him; and as he reflected upon the past, a natural impulse caused him to look back to get a glimpse again of his Southern mansion, and of the dandelions and hyacinths, fanned by the gentle breeze of the morning. He was carried to the station by Uncle Sim, a faithful, trusted negro who took pride in his young "Mars Paul," and predicted fame for him.

After arriving at the station just in time for catching the north-bound train, Paul collected his baggage and having presented a five dollar green-back to Uncle Sim, he boarded the train for Trinity, where he was to study law.

Having finished his law course, he was now again at home. On the following morning he took a stroll to his favorite haunts of old. As he wandered on, musing and meditating, on the glorious gifts of nature, he reached a brook where in youthful days he used to sit for hours reading Browning and Longfellow.

On this bright, spring morning, he was aware of the fact that others as well as himself had found the brook their fa-

vorite haunt, for who did he come upon but Maud Lee Langster, a girl he had always loved. But "times change, and people change with them." No longer was she the same genial girl; but she still retained that sweet disposition, and those charming manners she always had.

Upon seeing her Paul approached her, and ventured to enter into a conversation, which he had long hoped for; but she did not greet him in the same old way. She did not look into his eyes with the same fondness as she did in days gone by. She scarcely lifted her blue eyes from the pages she was reading. She treated him indifferently and he knew that something was wrong; but what could it be? He well knew that he had alawys treated her in a kind way, and would not have dared to trample her feelings if he knew it, so deep was his love for this innocent girl, as he had always regarded her. But something was wrong today. Humbly he begged her pardon, and walked back through the shrubbery, and thence up the path through the flowers of the garden, all the while pondering over what had happened.

During the following two days from the time he had this experience at the brook, he suffered with anxiety. He loved Maud Lee far more than he had ever thought he could love any woman. He knew her to be innocent, and that some false report had reached her ears concerning him. He walked up and down his room, and finding no ease he sought the flower-garden, and here amidst the evergreens we find him as he was at the opening scene of our story.

The next morning brought the gentle Carolina breeze into his chamber, and as he was musing in his arm-chair there alone, birds outside seemed to be whistling cheerful messages, which he could but almost understand. He went out into the yard to find the mail had arrived, and it bore a tiny, white missive for him. He grasped the note with eagerness, for he recognized the hand-writing, though he had not seen it for two years. The note revealed the true situation of her feelings toward him, and explained briefly her rude conduct at the brook. She added that he need not attempt to seek

her friendship for simple reasons, which she did not think necessary to give, because he understood the situation.

This was too great a stroke for Paul. What had he done to thwart the hopes and sincerity of this beautiful girl. Nothing could he recall that would have offended her. At times in the past he had felt as if he had almost persuaded her to give him a cause for hope, but this was long ago, before he left for school. Now he felt as if all prospects of her ever being his life-long companion were lost.

For several days Paul was perplexed, melancholy and discouraged, until at last he determined to have an interview with Maud Lee at whatever cost, and come to definite understanding.

On the following afternoon, Paul made his way down the shady lane. How would he approach the idol of his soul? In his slow but thoughtful gait, he drew nearer and nearer to the brook, and as he approached to this sacred spot, he noticed a slim, white figure sitting upon one of the rocks. Instantly, he recognized it to be no other than the one he was seeking.

"Maud Lee, speak to me, will you not," said Paul, passionately.

The girl appeared to be unattentive and unconcerned of any one being near, but shortly in obedience to courtesy, she turned slightly.

"Oh Maud Lee, won't you give me a chance to make myself plain? Will you not allow me to say a few words, at least in self-defense," he said in a tone of sadness.

"You may, Paul, on one condition, and that is you must say what you have to and then go forever. My hopes have always been based upon your success, but now, since all that is impure has entered your life, I wish our acquaintance to come to an end. You have ruined yourself, Paul Richardson, and I do not care to have any thing more to do with you."

"Oh Maud Lee, listen," said he, "why is it you treat me so? You have been deceived, Maud Lee, for God knows that my life has been true. Answer me Maud Lee, what lie have you heard?"

"And you say that I have been deceived, do you? when only

one week ago the news came straight to my ears, Paul Richardson, you have blighted the love and hopes of your mother, and now she lingers in darkness thinking that she has one of the truest sons in all the world. You have deceived your mother, as well as myself, you are a coward, wretch."

"Stop, Maud Lee. Prove to me that you are right, and then my way lies before me. Until then you are doing me an injustice. Explain to me what you mean, and then I will be satisfied."

"Go from here! I don't care to see you any longer, since you are so wicked as to plead your innocence in such a way. I hate you, I abhor your presence. Will you go?"

"I will not go, until I learn the reason for all this. I now demand fairness from you. Your heart is just, and your mind considerate. Why not use both. I wait for an explanation."

Upon his saying this Maud Lee remained silent. After a few minutes of silence, she took from her bosom a letter. The unfortunate lover recognized the familiar masculine hand to be no other than the writing of an old friend. Paul did not speak until Maud Lee handed the letter, together with an article which had been clipped out of a newspaper.

> Durham, N. C., April 20—Paul Richardson, who shot Miss Florina Stiff, twenty-four years old, at the corner of Clay street and Oakland avenue last night, escaped, after a pistol battle with pursuing police. The criminal is a student of Trinity College. There were no eye witnesses to the tragedy. The people near heard six shots, saw the girl fall and a man run.

A grim smile spread over the face of Paul Richardson, for it was then that all the light he could have hoped was given him.

"Maud Lee," he said, "let me explain the truth to you. I know you have been laboring under a false impression. There

were two Paul Richardsons in Trinity College. Now Maud Lee, is it plain to you? Have I not won?"

"Yes, Paul, and please forgive me for ever thinking such of you, and I thank God that it was not you. Forgive me, won't you?"

M. GRADY WEST.

The Power of Moly

One evening in the early part of December, in the year 189-, as a certain Russian nobleman, the Count A, by name, came from the door of a well-known *Salon* in Paris and was entering his private carriage, a man sprang from his place beside the door, leveled a revolver at the Count, and, as the report was heard and the Count fell, the man clapped his left hand to his face as if in sudden pain. As soon as the shot sounded, all the bystanders and a few *gendarmes* ran to the place both to aid the Count and to capture the assassin. But he seemed to have disappeared and they were totally unable to find him. The only signs of the tragedy, that had been enacted a few moments before, were the dead body of the Count, the revolver which had been used, and which had been dropped by the assassin, and a faint and delicate perfume which seemed to hang in the air around the place where the murder was committed.

As the dead man and his family were very wealthy, all the best detectives were employed to apprehend his murderer. They held all the bystanders as witnesses, and severely cross-examined them; but all they could get from them was that they had seen the murder and had smelled the perfume, the odor of which had remained in the air for a few minutes. They were questioned as to what the perfume was. Some said one thing, and others another, but they all concurred in the opinion that it was one which they had never smelled before. Consequently each had called it by the name of some perfume which he had never smelled but of which he had heard. This was all the evidence that could be obtained and of course was utterly insufficient as a means of capturing the assassin. The detectives continued to search for some time but they could learn

nothing in connection with the murder and at last gave it up as impossible. As nothing new could be found interest waned, and everything came to a standstill; only, the detective-chief kept the memoranda of the crime, in his desk.

Nothing more was heard in connection with the case, until about two years after the crime when the chief received a telephone message from the head of the police. The message was that the body of a man, shot through the temple, evidently by himself, had been found in the garret of a small house in one of the districts of the city. By his side was a small leather case, and when this was opened it was found to contain a confession of the murder of the Count, signed by the dead man, who was evidently the assassin. The chief hurried to the police headquarters and together with the police chief examined the papers found with the dead man. They were marked, "The Confession of Richard Randolph," and read as follows:

"I, Richard Randolph, being on the verge of death from slow consumption, for which I know there is no cure, and deciding that suicide is better than a slow lingering on for perhaps a few months, make this my dying confession. I, alone, killed the Count A, and I alone am responsible for his death. Probably no greater scoundrel ever lived under a more respectable exterior. My family had once owned a large tract of land—probably twenty thousand acres—not being opulent, but yet in comfortable circumstances. When I was about twenty years of age I had nothing ot do, so I spent a good deal of my time in Egypt, down in the catecombs, in search of curios, and the like. My father had died when I was quite young, and I was greatly spoiled by my mother and older sister, so you can easily see why I should spend so much of my worthless time in that country without having to trouble myself about money matters.

"I had been in Egypt several months and had discovered several valuable curios in my searches. However, one morning I determined to go further into the catacomb to see what I could find there in the way of curios. So I started along one of the main passages, without taking a guide, and when I had come to the end I noticed a small passage leading away at

right angles. This seemed not to have been disturbed, so I turned down it and walked until I came to the end. It had narrowed down until it was no wider than my body, and I could barely reach with my hand the end wall. Feeling around where I could not get my light to shine I encountered a small round object resting on a small shelf exactly in the center of the end of the passage, but too high up for the light to shine on it. I took it down and held it to the light. It now appeared to be an ivory box about the size of a ladies' watch and on the top was engraved the one word "Moly." I endeavored to open it but did not succeed until I accidentally pressed one of the carvings when the lid flew open. Inside I saw another box which was made of flawless quartz. On this was engraved these three words, "Moly of Ulysses." I opened the quartz box and there immediately came forth a strong odor that was almost overpowering to the senses. I made haste to close the box and dropping it into my pocket, hurried to my room to examine it more closely. At first I had supposed it to be an ancient powder box, such as was used by some of the court ladies, but those three words, "Moly of Ulysses," made me think that it was not used for such purposes. At any rate, when I reached my room, I immediately opened it again, and before the scent became overpoweringly strong I had just time to see that the source of this odor was a black powder. I shut the inner box, and was going to shut the outer one when I saw a piece of papyrus, evidently compressed very tightly, in the lid of the box. I took this out and, by the aid of my dictionary of Ancient Egyptian, finally deciphered the writing, with which the papyrus was filled. It read about as follows: "This is the powder of the plant Moly, which Mercury gave to Ulysses as a protection against the arts of Circe: It renders him who smells it invisible for a time, and guards him from the evil arts. But woe betide the man who uses its power for evil purposes." I read this with wonder and finally decided to test its power. So opening the inner box I took a good whiff of the stuff, then I closed the box, locked my room door and started out of the hotel door with the intention of testing the power of this mysterious powder.

"I noticed that as I passed through the office, although I almost brushed against some of the people, no one seemed to see me. However I was not sure what was the reason for this, but I soon had means of proving the correctness of the statement on the papyrus. For as I started up the street I met a burly negro water carrier who seemed disposed to run over me, and as most men of his type are very docile, and of the cringing sort, the seemingly evil intent of this fellow surprised me exceedingly. However I thought I would learn him a lesson, so I struck him a hard blow in the face just as he was on the point of running into me. The blow didn't knock him down, but instead of trying to retaliate, he took to his heels, crying that he had been struck by a spirit. I was now certain of the power of this discovery I had made.

"When I returned to the hotel I found a cablegram which read as follows: 'Come home at once. All money and property gone. Mother.' I made haste and packed all my belongings, not neglecting my box of Moly. When I reached home about two weeks later, I found my family living in a cabin, my mother sick and both she and my sister starving for food and for medical attention.

"I soon found that this was the work of the Count, who had been trying to marry my sister but had been refused. He had made influence with the Czar, so on some pretext he had taken our home and property from us. I didn't know what to do the change was so sudden, from plenty to poverty. I went to the Count and demanded restitution of what he had taken, but of course he refused and I returned home in despair.

"My mother soon died, and my sister went to live with some distant relatives. I vowed vengeance on the Count, who had killed my mother and beggared us all.

"I intended to kill him, but I did not wish to be captured myself. I thought about the deed often, and formulated many plans. But the most feasible one was to kill him, and then use the power for invisibility of the plant Moly to aid me to escape. I found that the Count was coming to Paris at the time of the December celebrations, so I determined to go also and to kill him then, trusting in the power of Moly

powder and in the crowded condition of the city to protect me from capture.

"Well, my story is soon finished. You who find this confession know the deed, (if this shall fall into the hands of the police,) and there is only to tell how I escaped. After I fired the fatal shot, you know that I was seen to clap my hands to my face, as if in pain. Well, in my hand I had the box of the powder of Moly, and I took a deep whiff of the powder. I had calculated, from previous experiments, how long the effect of the powder would continue and had made my plans accordingly.

"So when I smelled the powder, I became invisible, and walked quietly away, and made my escape.

"I thought I was safe and read with interest the glowing accounts of the murder, if you wish to call it so, in all the papers I could obtain. However, I had reckoned without my host, as the saying goes—I had forgotten the last sentence on the piece of papyrus, in the box, 'Woe betide the man who uses its power wrongfully and for evil purposes.' Now you may form your own opinion as to whether I did wrong in avenging the wrongs I had suffered, but at any rate, according to the Laws of Moses, I had done wrong, for I had taken a human life. And accordingly, I found to my sorrow that another property of the powder of Moly was that it had given me slow consumption. I knew that this is past cure, so I shall place this confession in the satchel in order that it may be found with my body."

C. R. E., '13.

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Baseball

The baseball season is now about to begin; in a few more days Wofford will play her first game of the year. The team promises to be a good one and all are hoping for a successful season. The last year's team has been thoroughly worked over and many new men added. Coach Roth has been putting the players through rigorous practice with seemingly good results, and hopes to win out in the inter-collegiate series which is about to begin. The students have taken on new life and renewed interest in baseball and are all eager for the contests. Let us all stand with the team and let them know that we are with them through victory or defeat. The team cannot play ball without the sentiment of the students behind it any more than a steam engine can run without the propelling power of the steam. There must be some kind of initiative, inspiration, enthusiasm behind every successful movement, whether it be the fighting of an army or the playing of a ball

team. There must be unity of thought, unity of purpose and unity of action. As, "A house divided against itself must fall," so a community, be it college or any other kind, divided cannot prosper. A poor ball team that is boosted by everyone will be more successful than a good team that everyone is knocking. Our chief trouble in the ball line has been, not so much the lack of good players and a good team, but lack of interest in the team and knocking the team when it is defeated. Let us try to remedy this and all work and pull together this year and root for the best team that Wofford has ever put out.

—o—

Inter-Collegiate Press Association

The State Inter-Collegiate Press Association meets next month in Newberry. This association was organized to promote the welfare and upbuilding of the college magazines in the State and has done a great work to this end. It has brought together the men representing the different colleges and publications from time to time, thereby bringing them in closer touch with each other and letting each imbibe the thoughts and policies from the other. This annual meeting serves to bring about a closer communication and a more friendly feeling between the magazines represented. Here the best plans for securing material and other similar questions that naturally come before a staff, are discussed fully and each offers his knowledge for the common knowledge of the association. It is also this organization that offers the State medals and makes it possible for a student to win one of these medals. Medals are offered for the best story, best poem, best essay, each limited to a length of twenty-five hundred words. We are hoping that at least one of these medals will be brought back to Wofford this year.

—o—

The Forum

Next month we will begin another department in The Journal called The Forum. In this any student may write an article upon any topic relative to college life and upon any question which comes before college students. One may write on a subject bearing upon college life in general or on any

specific condition of affairs or question that may arise in this instituion. This will accord to everyone the opportunity to express his views and may induce some to write who otherwise would not do so. We want articles that show some originality and depth of thought, this being more essential than a polished and beautiful style. This department will be under the editorial. Each article is limited to five hundred words and must be signed.

—o—

Examinations

Will they never end? Is there to be no calm upon the troubled waters of college life? Is it all to be turmoil and strife and confusion? It seems that any college professor ought to know what kind of work a student is doing without putting him through this nerve-racking, grinding test; and the kind of examinations some professors put up somtimes makes us think that it is the revival of the Spanish Inquisition. About half the time the professors already have their minds made up before the examination as to what marks the students will get. So what's the use anyway?

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. L. Betts, Editor.
E. K. Epps, Assistant Editor.

The subject matter of the *Isaqueena* for February is of a more or less serious turn. The motive underlying each of the short stories, excepting one, is character portrayal; and since human beings are a source of perennial interest, this motive makes the stories worth reading. The one we would commend in particular is "The Light of Star;" for besides having a reason for its existence it is handled pretty well as to technique. This last statement can not be made of the other stories however, but still they have their compensations. The essay "Feudalism" ends rather abruptly, but was getting at the foundations of the system, when it stopped—that is, the essay stopped. "The Cry of a Soul" is a lyric; it is the expression of an intense emotion which we must believe is sincere. Now, to take the magazine as a whole, it seems lacking in a skilled use of literary forms and in the niceties of composition, which are so essential to beauty of style.

One of the most serious failings of many college authors is that they are addicted to language; witness, the *Clemson Chronicle* in "The Trysting Place." In a situation that calls for simplicity, if it is to be rendered effectively, we find this: "Instantly there was a great perturbation among the foliage of the fallen poplar," and to continue this mood he could well have added, that the stately steppings of the sorrowful suitor augmented the vibrations of the flurried foliage as he emerged to comfort the disconsolate maiden. "The South's need for Ambitious Energetic Young Men" and "Making Manhood" are two forceful essays. There is a phrase in the latter that is especially good—"Men who Make Their Way in Life, not by Their Talents, but by Their Kindness." The deftness with which the author of "The Peach and the Pomegranate" shifts the scene to the land of dreams is artistic; this is all the more

noticeable, since right here many an amateur has ruined what could have been a good production. "His Sole Asset" is the best piece in this number, however.

In the *Trinity Archive* for February there is the most scholarly piece of literary criticism that we have had the pleasure of reading in any of our exchanges, "An Unfamiliar Aspect of Ibsen. There is so little of this sort in college journalism, and what is attempted is usually the mere application of threadbare platitudes and rubber-stamp phrases to the over-worked works of the so-called "standard" authors of our own speech, that this interpretation of Ibsen's plays and dramatic ideals is in a class by itself, by virtue of its original treatment of a more or less unhandled subject. "A Freshman's Heaven" is pretty good, especially

"And I trust if involution be a future task of mine
That the series for expansion will contain no minus sign."

The Converse Concept gives us "A Short Review of American Painting," which is comprehensive and instructive, withal. The discussion of matters artistic can not be without benefit in increasing our American appreciation of the easthetic. "Youth and Age," a poem, fulfills the requirement that the poet's peculiar gift is the power of expression. "An Adventure,"despite its prosaic title, shows evidence of a study of the science of short-story writing, in the conscious use of impressionistic methods. The weirdness of the situation is Poe-etic. This is a story written in the first person, the most difficult of all methods, since the writer is the hero—heroine in this case—and is likely to be rather egotistical in the presentation of himself; it is a letter from Rome describing an "adventure"—we do not like the word—with a ghost at a convent near Naples. From this story we learn two important facts: First, that there is, or rather used to be, at least one co-educational convent in the world; and secondly, that besides the land upheavals and subsidences, for which that section is rather noted, the sea also has "upheavals." There is another poem which we are unable to classify, "Psychology Again;" whether it was meant for a di-

dactic poem, or a second "Dunciad," we know not. We publish it in full below:

PSYCHOLOGY AGAIN.

If my memory does not fail me
  Or my percept was not wrong,
Methinks I saw an item
  As I chanced to pass along.

Oh! you wise men of Wofford!
  You surely do not know
How much you do amuse us
  By criticising us so.

You don't think Physiology
  Belongs at all to Psych
Well, we could show you better,
  And will do it—if you like.

How do you study memory
  Without the cortical centers,
Which, being re-excited,
  Can act then as our mentors?

And how about sensation
  Without a nervous system;
Or perception, or conception,
  Or, indeed, imagination?

'Twould be a funny house
  Without any foundation,
And that's what Psych would be
  Without its Physiological relations.

—*Converse Concept.*

CLIPPINGS

THE QUEST.

He sought God in the sunset; in the stars
  He fled forth from his human kind apart.

In vain he thought to break man's finite bars;
At last God came to him—a friend's warm heart.

Great minds run in the same channel—when the bugle sounds for dinner.

Poverty may not be a disgrace, but it is a devil of an inconvenience.

Two little preps had a dream one night.,
Dreamed they went to heaven on the tail of kite,
But the kite string broke, and sad to tell
Instead of going to heaven, they went—to town.

WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

Cupid and a damsel
Once played at poker,
The deck was stripped,
And they used the joker,
Cupid lost his eyes
On three of a kind,
And ever since then
Love's been blind.

An enterprising manager of a little Lyric theatre once thought he would profit by the misfortune of others. So one day he displayed the following sign in his house:

"Do not Smoke."
"Remember the Iroquois Fire."

So great was the efficacy of this that before the end of the week he put up another:

"Do Not Spit."
"Remember the Johnstown Flood."

Emily—(playing house)—Now, I'll be mamma and you'll be papa, and little Ben and Bessie will be babies.

Willie (after a moment, anxiously)—Ain't it about time to whip the children?

Teacher.—"What is the largest river in Italy?"
Leo.—"The, the, the—"
Leo's Sister.—"Say Po, Leo."
Leo.—"Sapolio."

"Please, ma'am," began the aged hero in appealing tones, "I have lost a leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, closing the door.

"S-s-s-ssus, ma," stammered Bobby through the suds as his mother scrubbed and scrubbed him. "I guess you want to get rid o'me, don't you?"

"Why, no Bobby, dear," replied his mother, "What ever put such an idea as that into your mind?"

"Oh, nuffin," said Bobby, "only it seems to me you're trying to rub me out."

Full many a "fresh" of purest ray serene
  To Latin buck, the farmsides send to school,
'Twere better were he born to blush unseen
  And use his prowess on a balky mule.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

One great, strong, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world.

MY WISH.

I wish not for the wealth of worlds,
  Nor large estates, nor power;
But that I may thy small hand hold
  For one sweet hour.

—*Davidson Magazine.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Ugh! how de frost am a-bitin'
  Uv mah feet,

But de sugah in dis simmon's
  Mighty sweet.

Whew! how de col' wind am a-blowin'
  Fru mah hat,
But dis possum what I'm totin's
  Pow'ful fat.

And de moon now am a-gittin'
  Pretty low,
But, ole Rusher, we ain't lonsome—
  H-u-h, les' go.

Sho we is an awful fuh ways
  Off fum home.
But we knows day's gwine be most deh
  W'en we come.

—*Wake Forest Student.*

A PRAYER.

Into the infinite blue
Of another day we have come;
  Give me a soul to cheer this day,
  Give me the faith to walk the way
Till the setting of the sun.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Geo. O. Beach, Editor

WITH THE GYM TEAM.

On Monday, February 28, fourteen Wofford boys left for Laurens. These contributed our famous—not yet, but soon—gym team, which had been practicing all the year for their trip. Now the time had come and it was raining. Still all of us put on a what-do-we-care-for-expenses expression and boarded the train like a party of multi-millionaires going on a joy ride.

When we reached Laurens it was dark, but we were welcomed by Pete Wilkes, who had drifted down there that morning. He informed us that the moving picture show had quit because they knew everybody would go to our exhibition at the opera house. When we reached the opera house we read on a sign "Motion Pictures." It was still raining so we hurried on. Eight went to the Gilkson house, while Johnson had relatives, Keaton had some too, and they very kindly offered to entertain four. Keaton, Patterson and the two Sims' were the lucky ones and left for Tolbert's, where Mr. and Mrs. Tolbert and five pretty girls welcomed us to Laurens. After a general introduction we went into an adjoining room to "brush up" for supper. "Some class to this. ain't it boys," whispered Pat as soon as the door shut.

We didn't eat much supper. Maybe because we couldn't eat much before the "ex.," or maybe because we were to get another supper after our debut, or still again it might have been because the girls were seated immediately in front of us, but anyhow we didn't. That night our performance was witnessed by about thirty-five people, which was enough as Pete Wilkes expressed it, to buy a sandwich a piece for us. When we got back home (cause anywhere we hung our hats was Home, Sweet Home to us) we had our second meal. Then we went into the hall and enjoyed ourselves very much until about one o'clock.

About seven next morning we awoke and, lying in bed, began to tell jokes. Keaton was doing his best to read but would have to stop every minute or so to laugh at a joke. At half-past eight Mr. Tolbert came to tell us that breakfast was ready. He said he thought we had been up a good while as he had heard us talking, but Pat broke in and said "Yes, sir, we've just been waiting for you to come wake us up." We hurried out to get breakfast and got out in time to tell the girls good-bye before they went to school. Then we went up town to see the other fellows. When we came to the house all of them were sitting in the piazza with books—studying! The discovery liked to have knocked us down, but we managed to enquire how they had slept.

Leaving Laurens, we reached Greenwood at 3:30. It had been raining off and on all the morning, but had about stopped. Moore, Alexander and Wilkes were the only ones to stay at a hotel there, for all the rest were staying out with friends or relatives. Our performance started promptly at 8:30 to an audience which proved to be the largest we had. We would say the prettiest, but after we went to Chicora and decided that it was "six of one and a half-dozen of the other." The next morning Dr. Willson invited all of us to take dinner with them. Ayers was unlucky enough to miss this, as he had gone ahead to Honea Path to arrange the opera house.

We got to Lander at 2:30, just as dinner was ready. Dr. Willson and Prof. Curry welcomed us and led us in to dinner. After dinner several girls were pressed into service as guides, and we were shown over the college. While going through we saw two Clemson pennants hanging on the walls of a room, which caused some one to ask if the room belonged to Clemson. In leaving, we stopped on the campus to give a few yells for Lander. We had then only about thirty minutes to get into town and tell our friends good-bye. In our haste we left our programs, and so 'phoned to the college and got the janitor to bring them to the railroad crossing, where we later got them. All the boys waved at the college when we passed, and the girls waved their handkerchiefs back. One of our number referred to these handkerchiefs as sheets. He

said the girls waved sheets out of the window. At any rate, we enjoyed our visit there immensely, and there will be a rebellion in the ranks if we don't go back again next year.

Greenwood was the home of two of the boys—Anderson and Davenport. While there, Anderson entertained Holroyd and Patterson, while Davenport took care of Breeden. We left Greenwood Wednesday at 4:20, and reached Honea Path in about an hour. Eight boys went to the hotel here, and two —Holroyd and Anderson—stopped with Mrs. Sullivan. The other five—Keaton, Ayers, Patterson, Henry and Hugo Sims —were delightfully entertained by Mrs. W. D. Mann. It is said that the girls in Honea Path outnumber the boys five to one, but if the wishes of most of the team had been consulted we would have stayed there to help the boys out. After supper—which we called a lunch, in order to keep people from knowing we ate two suppers a night, although we really ate as much one time as another—we went to the opera house.

As the stage didn't give us sufficient room, we performed in front of it. Although Honea Path was the smallest place we visited, it beat several of them in attendance. All of which goes to show that they know a good thing when they see it. After the exhibition we ate our second supper, and you can bet we did full justice to it. Here again we stayed up, enjoying ourselves until about two o'clock.

The next morning, after telling our friends good-bye, we went to the depot to catch the train for Anderson. We had no difficulty in catching it, as it was forty minutes late. Several of us went down street to buy some old gold and black ribbon, and incidentally to get left so we could spend the day at Honea Path. We almost succeeded, but we got back just as the train came.

We reached Anderson at about twelve, and went immediately to the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Alexander, their secretary, quickly made us feel at home, and we look back to our stay there as one of the most pleasant incidents of the trip. Fred Felkel, an old Wofford boy, was there and took the boys—Keaton, Ayers and Sprott—to Mr. Brissey's, where they were entertained. Six of the boys stayed at the Y. M. C. A. and

four at the hotel. Although very busy preparing for the Y. M. C. A. convention which meets at Anderson on the 17th of March, Mr. Alexander took a great deal of his time to see that our stay was made a pleasant one, which he certainly did.

When we reached the depot we asked the agent how long before the train was due, and he told us fifteen minutes. But turning, we looked up the track and the train was there, fifteen minutes ahead, so we had to hustle. It took us about thirty minutes to reach Belton, where we had about an hour or so to loaf. As our other train was twenty minutes late, it was dinner time when we reached Greenville. A few went to the hotel, but most of us took dinner with Holroyd. At our exhibition the Chicora girls sat up in a gallery, and that caused more sore necks than all the week's work. After the exhibition the whole team was invited to take supper at Rev. Holroyd's where we stayed until about one o'clock. Then we had to walk two miles to the depot, and oh you valises! We finally managed to reach the depot, where we had about an hour to wait.

Several of the Wofford boys came over from Spartanburg Friday to Greenville, but got there too late to see anything except the tail end of our performance. Charlie Shockley, who was unable to accompany us on the trip, joined us in Greenville and took part in the performance. We were all glad to welcome Prof. Mooney to Greenville. He was pressed into service and took in the coin (plenty of it, too) at the door.

H. S. SIMS.

BASEBALL.

Since February 1 Coach Andy E. Roth, who has played with Jacksonville in the South Atlantic League for the past few years, and has been at the game for the last nineteen years, has been scouting for probable baseball material for the season of 1910. On acount of the unfavorable practice weather throughout the entire month of February, only a few days were spent out on the diamond, but since March 1 hardly an afternoon has passed without seeing Coach Roth marching at the head of his recruits towards Wofford Park,

where they have been put through a gruelling contest of batting, running, sliding, pitching, catching, etc., that has probably not been excelled since the organization of the Athletic Association. This makes the supporters and enthusiasts look forward to the first game of the season with Newberry College on the 25th instant with increased interest and hope. A few preliminary skirmishes will take place between now and that date in order to temper some of the raw material for the first contest. Among those trying out are Messrs. Black, Glenn, Edens, Wannamaker and Walker, who were on the 'Varsity of last year.

OPENING OF WHITEFOORD SMITH LIBRARY.

On February 24, at 8 p. m., the formal opening of the new Whitefoord Smith Library occurred. Exercises were held in the college chapel, at which time papers of a most interesting character were read, reminiscent and explanatory of the origin, facts and men that made possible the addition of such a handsome structure to the campus of Wofford College. Dr. Snyder presided over the exercises, after which a public reception was held in the library building, everything being thrown open for inspection. Owing to the inclement weather only a very few were in attendance.

LYCEUM.

As an extra and as a last entertainment of the Lyceum season of 1909-10, the Central Grand Concert Company was present in the College Auditorium on the evening of March 7th, entertaining one of the largest and most appreciative audiences that has perhaps gathered during the season. Such an audience was undoubtedly due to the wide notoriety and artistic powers of the artists composing the Company. The Spartanburg music lovers had been anticipating the performance of Maximilian Dick, violinist, Miss Edith Adams, violoncellist, Mme. Aubi Pearle-Meyer, soprano, and Adolph Knauer, pianist, with hardly less enthusiasm than is demonstrated before the annual Musical Festival. The management of the Lyceum is

certainly to be congratulated for having secured a number with such high class muiscal entertainers.

The Glee Club took its third annual tour during the month of February, leaving here the morning of the 16th and returning the following Tuesday. For a long time the boys had been looking forward to the trip with the most pleasant anticipation and when the day of departure finally rolled 'round everybody was anxious to get away. More eager, however, or at least so it seemed, was one of the second tenors when it was found that the train was a little late, he started out walking, and had gotten as far as Liberty street crossing when the train overtook him. Throwing his suit case and overcoat to some of the boys, on the platform, as they went by, he succeeded, by a desperate effort, in catching the rear of the last car, having decided that he would rather ride. Columbia was the first stop and here the boys had a great time, possibly the biggest of the trip. In the afternoon a reception was given the club by the Senior Class of Columbia College, in the large and beautiful sun parlor, which was artistically decorated with flowers and a great number of pennants and banners for that occasion. The entertainment that night was given in the dining room of the college, and a large crowd was present. Cheraw was the next point, and, leaving Columbia early next morning, that thrilling little town was reached about 10 a. m. Here the club was entertained, and several of the boys had the good luck of meeting some of the "flossies." As a result, everybody was not on hand for the reharsal that afternoon. This did not seem to agree with Prof. Bressler, the director, and it was not long before those present found that out. Nevertheless, and mainly for this reason, there was a good practice, about the best that had been held; and the entertainment was a great success, notwithstanding the fact that the night was extremely bad, on account of a down-pour of rain accompanied by a hard wind storm. Having been delayed three hours on acount of a disabled engine, we left Cheraw Friday morning about 11 o'clock, and after changing cars a couple of times, at last took a "freight" for McColl, ten miles

away. To cover that distance it required only a little more than two hours, and we reached our destination just in time for the last call for dinner. McColl made good its well established reputation, and here the club had the largest house of the entire trip. Saturday and Sunday we spent in Dillon and all were enthusiastic in their praise of the royal treatment and hospitable entertainment received there. On Monday the club went to Marion, taking bad weather along with it. Such seems to be the case every time, and one lady was heard to remark, "Tell that Wofford College Glee Club not to bring rain with them the next time they come." Tuesday morning, bright and early, we were on our way back to Spartanburg arriving here about five o'clock, sorry that the trip was over, but about worn out by our week of strenuous, artistic life.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. K. Davis, Editor.

A series of ten days revival services were held in February by Rev. R. S. Truesdale, the pastor of Central Methodist church. Mr. Truesdale is known and loved by the Wofford boys as no other man that has been pastor of a church in Spartanburg. The services were held at 12:15 each day and at 7 each night, and at all meetings the attendance was exceedingly good. The boys came out feeling and knowing that Mr. Truesdale had a message of power and truth to college men. The meeting was a great success. Some were received on profession of faith and many made resolves and purposed in their hearts to live a more sincere, devoted and consecrated life than ever before. The moral and Christian tone of the campus has been greatly helped by these services. We pray that God will graciously reward Mr. Truesdale in all his labors for the bringing of souls from sin and unrighteousness to a personal, active Christian life.

We hope that he can come again.

The new officers of the Y. M. C. A. elected some time ago were installed on February 18th. A capable set of Christian gentlemen are at the head of the association, and with the co-operation of the members of the association, next year ought to be a year of success and progress in the Y. M. C. A. Mr. C. E. Dupont is president; T. E. Crane, vice-president; J. L. Glenn, secretary, and Stilwell, treasurer.

On the 25th of February the association at the weekly Friday evening service was addressed by four members of the Y. M. C. A. Messrs. M. M. Brooks, Porter Anderson, J. L. Glenn and C. E. Dupont. Their line of thought was along the trend of "Why I do not Attend the Y. M. C. A. and Why I do Attend the Y. M. C. A." Reasons were given both negative and

positive as they had heard them given on the campus were discussed.

On March 2, our services were conducted by Miss Mutch, the deaconess of Central Methodist church. This address was on a new and unfamiliar subject to college students. Miss Mutch is a speaker able to convince in a most vivid and concrete way the great work to be done in the cotton mill villages. She is giving time, talent and her life to the great work and in so doing she is ably fitted to talk on this question. She declared that these mill people need teachers as well as ministers and missionaries to watch over and train them. Her plea was that college students, yes the boys of Wofford, give up their time and their life to this great work.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

J. L. McCall, Editor.

The Hon. W. J. Montgomery of the class 1875 represents his native county, Marion, in the senate of South Carolina. Mr. Montgomery is recognized as one of the leaders of that body, and is considered one of the best lawyers in the State. Many of the ablest papers of the State heartily approved the solution proposed by Mr. Montgomery for the Insane Asylum difficulty, but the majority of his fellow-senators were "agin im," in the language of Citizen Josh Ashley, and the measure lost.

Mr. Carlisle Montgomery of last year's class is teaching in the high school, Laurens, S. C. We are informed that "Carl" will give up teaching at the expiration of the present term, and, next fall, enter the Harvard Law School. "Carl" inherited from his father, the senator, a legal turn of mind, and, with his habit of doing "to a finish" whatever he undertakes, will no doubt be pre-eminently successful in his chosen profession.

The Hon. George W. Brown, of the Darlington bar, will be a candidate for congressional honors in the approaching campaign. Mr. Brown is not a novice in politics; two or three terms he represented his county in the lower branch of the State legislature, and two terms in the senate. He graduated from Wofford with the class of '76 and after teaching one year, studied law in the office of the late Robert W. Boyd of Darlington.

Leo Carter of '09 is this year in charge of the school at Carlisle. A few weeks ago, he passed through Spartanburg on his way to Gaffney, spending the night with Prof. Clinkscales. When in college, Leo had a decided weakness for Gaffney or the regions thereabouts. Some one says the Williamsburg boy likes the color of the calico used in Cherokee county.

And rumor has it that Leo's cousin and class-mate, R. A. Boone, likes things and people over in Orangeburg county. He

wants to be able to claim kin with a distinguished Carolinian recently elevated to the bench. He thinks it would sound "good" to say "Cousin Dan." "Arlie" is at the head of the graded school at Eastover. He likes teaching, is successful and will stick to it.

Wash Sullivan, the son of Senator Geo. W. Sullivan of Anderson county, is at the head of the Sullivan mercantile establishment at Williamston. "Wash" lacked one year of graduating from Wofford. He made a good record here and left many friends on the campus and in the city. Though not a teacher himself he succeeded a few months ago in capturing a member of the faculty of the Williamston Graded School. Of course the sweetest and prettiest—"Wash" always had good taste.

Mr. Murph of last year's class is principal of the school at Society Hill. Murph says he is having the time of his life, and those of us who know him do not question the truth of the statement.

Power W. Bethea is superintendent of the Allendale Graded School. When in college, Power was as dignified as any member of the faculty, and was known to be thoroughly accurate in everything he did. No doubt, he requires the boys of Allendale to "toe the mark," and the girls would do well to observe the rules closely. Mr. Bethea is now writing an Algebra which he hopes to have ready to submit to the State Board in 1911.

Charlie Klugh of class 1908 recently captured, or was captured by Miss Lyon of Abbeville. Mr. Klugh is one of the most popular teachers in Greenwood.

Hays of 1909 is teaching in the high school at Greer's, Greenville county. In college, Mr. Hays was systematic and methodic or nothing. He is succeeding as a teacher as he did as a student.

Lloyd Cely, who graduated several years ago, is now at the head of a large mercantile establishment in Anderson, S. C. Mr. Cely, we are informed, is as diligent in business as he was as a student.

Mr. J. R. Liles who taught two years at Central, S. C., is this year in charge of a school near Heath Springs.

Samuel Lander who dropped out of college at the end of his sophmore year is now bookkeeper in the Bank of Williamston.

Rev. A. J. Stafford who died at his home in Spartanburg on the 4th inst., graduated from Wofford with the class of 1859. Mr. Stafford was one of the most scholarly preachers in the State, but, with all he was a most unpretentious gentleman, and for many years served his church and county faithfully.

The Hon. C. G. Dantzler, acting associate justice, who wrote the opinion of the supreme court in the notorious Jones case, was a member of the class of 1875. That class gave to Carolina two judges—Dantzler and Gage.

Joe Lane, of the class of 1904, has resigned the office of superintendent of education for Marion county to become a candidate for the same office in Dillon, the baby county. Joe lives in the territory out from Marion. W. C. Rogers is a candidate for appointment to the office made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Lane.

The University of South Carolina lost one of its strongest men when Prof. Herndon Moore died. He was the dean of the Law department of that institution, and was considered by the bar of the State one of the brainiest men of the profession. Prof. Moore graduated from Wofford College with the class of 1884. He made an enviable college record, lived a manly useful life and died respected by his acquaintances and loved by his students.

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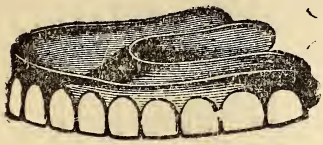

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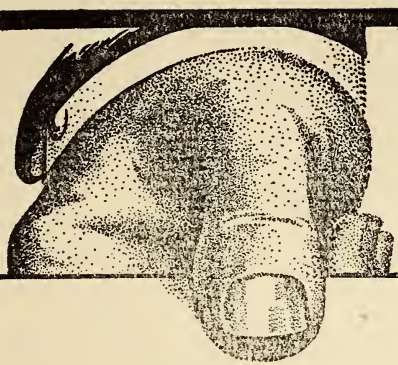

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April, 1910

#182

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Woods of April.. 355

James H. Carlisle.. 356

The Duel.. 356

To South Carolina.. 360

Desolation.. 361

South Carolina and Her Cotton Mill Population.. 362

Nightly Musings.. 366

A Reverie.. 367

The Chandelier.. 369

Don't Whine But Whistle.. 372

The Great Victorian Statesman.. 373

Magister Ignotus.. 379

To Longfellow.. 379

Cause of Poverty.. 380

Editorial Department.. 384

Exchange Department.. 387

Clippings.. 389

Local Department.. 392

Y. M. C. A. Department.. 394

Alumni Department.. 396

Advertisements.. 397

ATTENTION, STUDENTS

You owe it to THE JOURNAL to trade with those who advertise with us. They print one-half of THE JOURNAL. Those who do not advertise with us say your trade is not worth it. Make it worth while for people to advertise with us.

PAGE.

Bagwell, J. E., Grocer viii
Band & White, Printers . . . xvi
Bacham Hardware Co. iii
Bean, J. W., Shoemaker . . . xv
Bernhardt, H., Photographer .. x
Biber, A. W., Jeweler xi
Bishop, A. J., & Co. ix
Bomar & Crigler . . . Back cover
Business College ix

Cannon & Fetzer, Clothiers .. viii
Central National Bank v
Chapman, The Grocer xi
Chinese Laundry vii
Cofield, Jas., Insurance xi
Correll, D. C., Jeweler v
Crescent Pharmacy xiii
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiv
Cudd, R. E. & Co., Livery . . xi

DuPre Book Store vi

Fairyland xi
Fashion Shoe Store viii
First National Bank xii

Greenewald . . . . . Front cover

Heinitsh Drug Store xiv
Henry, B. B., Tailor ii
Herring Furniture Co. vii
Hygeia Ice and Fuel Co. . . . xv

Law, A. M., & Co. xi
Ligon's Drug Store v
Liles, Floyd L. & Co. vii
Littlejohn, Worth, Barber . . x

PAGE.

Maddux, W. E. ix
Magic Theatre iii
Martin Catering Co. v

New York Restaurant . . . xiii

Price's Clothing Store i

Rigby's Drug Store xi
Russum, J. M. xiv

Satterwhite, A. W., Barber .. xiv
Sheridan's Teachers' Supply...vii
Shores Electric Co. iii
Smith's Shoe Store i
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . iii
Spartanburg Dental Rooms . . x
Spartanburg Ry., Gas & Electric Co. iv
Spartanburg Steam Laundry . xi
Spigel Bros. vii
Star Cafe ii

The Smoker iii
Thompson & Dillard xiv
Trakas, N. S. xiii
Turner, J. F. xiii

University of Virginia iv

Vanderbilt University xv

Walker, J. A. x
Whittington's Drug Store . . xiv
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . . xii
Wofford College . . . Back cover
Wofford College Fitting School . . . . . Back cover

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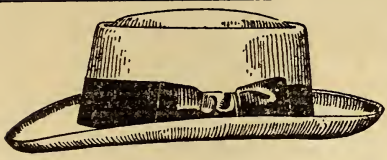

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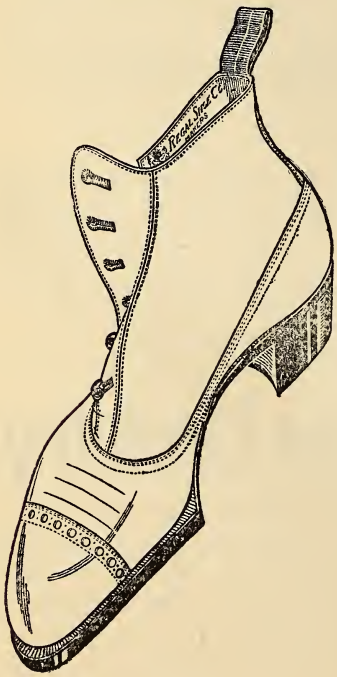

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Wofford College Journal

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Woods of April

Now the distant April woodlands call to me across the fields,
And my soul, responsive, gladly to their welcome summons yields;
For I know that they are crowded with a myriad of flowers,
And the glades are growing denser underneath the budding bowers.

Ere I reach the floral border comes a gentle draught of air,
Laden with perfumes suggestive of the beauty that is there;
And the dog-wood's snowy blossom in the distance can be seen,
More conspicuous where 'tis blended with the wealth of verdant green.

Woods of April, I am with you, I am strolling through the glade
Where I see the happy sunlight alternating with the shade;
Where from birds so lately mated notes of happiness are heard,
Mingled with capricious music from the famous mocking bird.

What a glorious renaissance! Waking from her slumber long,
The whole universe seems breaking into blossoms, into song!
At my feet are violets blowing, and the yellow jasmine burns
O'er my pathway, while sweet incense issues from her glowing urns.

Budding, blooming woods of April, I can now no longer stay
Feasting on your virgin beauty; duty summons me away.
You have filled my soul with gladness, and it is with a sense of pain
That I leave your sweet enchantment to return to toil again.

H. F. GAULT, '12.

James H. Carlisle

I saw Orion walk across the sky,
Grasping a constellation in his hand
And belted with three suns about his waist.
His eyes were burning toward the horizon line
Where heaven's turning vault should bear him down
To quench his flaming glories in the deep.
And then I said, "Orion, thou art he!
Such gait was his, such eyes, such belt of stars,
And such far-burning gaze of fixed soul
That saw Death's black horizon climb to meet him
And still strode forward with his flaming torch
To scatter Death's dark mist and rise in heaven!"

OLIN WANNAMAKER, '96.

The Duel

The Murphy estate was perhaps the largest in upper South Carolina. Situated on the banks of a large river and surrounded by great green hills on whose brows grew magnificent forests, it was all that the owners could wish. The family ancestors had come from England in the early days of settlement and had been granted these lands. Since that time no change in ownership had come about. Thus for many years the dove of peace had hovered over this happy home.

Perhaps the gayest scenes the old mansion ever witnessed were those on the day the young master brought home his young bride, a daughter of the aristocracy of the gay old city of Charleston. The whole State looked on and smiled its approval when these two families were united. The Dearings

were among the very best families in the South with a history of which they were justly proud. The festivities over, the guests all gone, the old house once again became quiet. The fields were broadened, more slaves were bought, and there followed fifteen years of unbroken peace.

The call to arms in 1861 came as a cruel destroyer of the tranquility of this happy home. The wealthy planter was given a commission as colonel in General Lee's army and ordered to report at once. Carl, Jr., his oldest son, was but fourteen and could not be entrusted with the management of this large estate with the many business transactions involved, and after conferring with his wife, the estate was placed in the hands of Messrs. Boggs and Brown, old friends of the family. "Take care of her, Bob," he said to Brown, as they parted just prior to his departure. "Take care of her and my property, too, for old friendship's sake, and for her sake, also; for you once loved her, Bob, you know."

The first three years of the war were over and all this time Mrs. Murphy had received weekly letters from her husband. Once he had been wounded, but was soon at the front again. Once more the home was saddened when in the early part of 1864 young Frank, just seventeen, went away to join the army. Three months passed and the news was brought home that he had fallen fighting beside his father. Another grave was made in the quiet little family cemetery, and each rising sun saw placed upon it a simple bouquet, made fresh by the morning dew and the mother's tears. Another three months went by and again a telegram was taken to the Murphy home. Colonel Murphy had been killed in the terrible explosion at Petersburg, and his body had not yet been identified. Later the reports of the brave stand taken by his regiment was heralded with applause throughout the entire South.

The war closed and a year had gone by. Of all the brave struggles against poverty among the bereaved of the South, none strove harder, or succeeded better than Mrs. Murphy. Pale, sad, calm, but still beautiful, she still reigned as queen among the green hills around her. The maintenance of the estate was also due to Robert Brown, her faithful attorney,

who had done all in his power to aid her. If his old friend, the colonel, had lived, the lawyer would never have proved untrue to his trust, but now that he had been dead for over a year, he allowed himself to be influenced by the memories of other days and almost before he realized what he was doing, he was making love to her with all the ardor of bygone days. And this time she listened to him and with a calm, sad smile laid her hand in his and promised to go with him to the altar.

The quiet little church upon the hill was decorated in a simple style for the ceremony, and a few friends saw them plight their vows. Leaving the church, the newly made bride asked that she and her husband be left alone to visit the cemetery. On the grave of her dead soldier boy she kneeled, but spoke no word, made no sign, but turned her face, calm and tranquil towards the peaceful sky, and he knew by the heaving of her bosom that she was silently praying and knew, too, that even now she was thinking of that other day so long ago when she had come home a young, happy bride beside her strong, young husband with the crown of pure manhood on his noble brow. After a time he lifted her gently in his arms and they went home.

A month has come and gone. It is ten at night, but still husband and wife linger on the piazza. The moon is shedding a pale, weird light over the earth. A few soft, fleecy clouds dim the light of the stars, a gentle wind softly rustles the leaves of the stately old oaks in the yard, softly, yet it seems to sing a sad song among their bows. A few moments later a soft step was heard on the lawn and a soldierly form in tattered clothes came around the house and stood still at the door. Brown quickly stepped out to meet him and then stopped short; for a familiar voice spoke to him.

"Bob, old man, once more. Tell me quick, is she well? Does she believe me dead? Where is she now? Oh, tell me."

"Of whom do you speak, sir, and who are you? I know you not."

"Bob Brown, you know me, Carl Murphy, and I speak of

my wife, Clara. Wake up and let me go to my wife, or I shall rush in over you."

"Stop, sir; not one step! Clara is my wife. Her former husband was killed at Petersburg."

"Husband, who is it? Was he Carl's comrade? I thought I heard his name?"

"That voice I know. Step back, sir, or I will knock you down. Oh, Clara, come to me once again—after so many weary years. Don't you know me? But speak my name, let me hold you in my arms once more and I am paid for all my days of suffering in that dirty Yankee prison."

"Yes, my lost husband. I know you now whom I have long believed dead. But do not approach me. Think of me as dead. I love you yet, God knows, but I love him too, and married him thinking you dead. Forgive me and go away. Never again can either of us be happy. Our lot is hard but must be borne. Go now. Good-bye forever."

"And, Carl Murphy," said Brown, "never again must you come here. You shall receive full value for your property, but must stay away. Go."

"I shall go now, but you shall meet me at sunrise by the little bridge. There you or I must die," Colonel Murphy whispered so that his wife might not hear.

"I accept," replied Brown, and Colonel Murphy walked away from his own door with head erect and the manly bearing by which he had been pointed out during the war.

The morning broke clear and bright. The air was chilly in the early dawn. A few birds had begun to sing as merrily as though no tragedy was about to take place. Just as the sun threw his first rays out over the summits of the hills, the duelists appeared on the scene. During the night each had secured his second and both were prepared for this fatal moment in which one must die. Brown was fortunate enough to secure first shot, but the bullet missed its mark, merely clipping a lock of hair from his rival's head. Colonel Murphy then calmly and cooly raised his arm and fired. At the crack of the pistol Brown fell dead in his tracks.

Colonel Murphy was later tried by an impartial jury and was

acquited, but even while he was on the stand telling his story, a telegram brought the news to town that Mrs. Brown, formerly Mrs. Murphy, had died at her home a few miles from town. The jury came in and reported "not guilty," and he was a free man—no not free. Until the day of his death he was a prisoner to the horrible vision of seeing a man fall dead before him, and of his own wife weeping in sorrow.

A few months later the general assembly passed an anti-duelling law. Thus, this was the last legally fought duel in South Carolina.

To South Carolina

Sweet Carolina, glorious homeland fair,
  Proudly I gaze upon thy smiling fields,
For nature flaunts her rarest beauties there;
  Thy soil doth glorify her generous yields!

Fair in thy dreamy vales sweet nature blooms,
  Green forests deck thy gently sloping hills,
And mix their fragrance with the sweet perfumes
  Breathed from the blooming hedges of the rills.

Once on thy soil dark desolation reigned,
  Thy fields lay barren 'neath the warrior's tread;
O may they ne'er again with blood be stained,
  But ever with a wealth of produce spread!

How richly doth the fleecy boll adorn
  A vast proportion of thy fair domain!
How lordly to the breezes waves the corn;
  Laden with slender blades and bearded grain!

With liquid wealth thy rivers glide along,
  Darkened by shades from many a towering wall
Wherein the wheels of commerce sing their song,
  Inspired by the universal call.

Sweet Carolina, glorious homeland fair,
  O may thine age of glory never cease;

May'st thou forever claim a generous share
Of wealth that reigns with universal peace!

H. F. GAULT.

Desolation

These gnarled oaks of massy build
O'er-look a holy pile;
For here the muses often willed
The moments to beguile!

Here once throughout a spacious court
The ordered pathways wound
Among the shrubs whose fitting port
Did stateliness pour 'round.

And here there dwelt who fondly trimmed
The altar's sacred flame,
Yea one whose rapture over-brimmed
The lyres wild notes to tame.

But then—O portent dire and fell!
In stole an alien love,
Upon him cast its subtle spell,
And led him hence to rove.

The altar's flame is quenched for aye,
The sculptured mound forlorn,
The vessels too in rude decay,
The portals glory-shorn.

The panelled walls, once fraught with art,
O'er-grown with clammy mold,
In spectral gloom now stand apart,
Half-hidden by the wold.

The music of the harp is stilled,
Silence is everywhere,
These halls with song shall ne'er be filled,
All's ruin vast and drear.

Deserted is the hallowed spot,
  The walls are dull and sere,
The sacred rites are all forgot,
  No muse now lingers here.

B., '10.

South Carolina and her Cotton Mill Population

Since 1880 cotton manufacturing has grown to be one of the greatest industries of South Carolina. Before that time the majority of its citizens lived from agricultural pursuits, but from the cheapness of labor in the country, and the low price of farm products, many have been forced to leave their country homes and go to the mills. So much so, that today at least one-fourth of the white people of the State live in mill communities. These have generally come from three classes in regard to their previous lives. First: the largest number have come from the small mountain homes of North and South Carolina; second: a part have come from the country surrounding the mills; and third: are others who, having been unfortunate in various pursuits of life, have entered the mills simply as a necessity for making a livelihood. A great many from each of these classes have brought with them some of the highest and noblest qualities of true men and women. But, having come from such varying conditions of life, they each have brought with them their special needs, and thus is presented to South Carolina citizenship a problem which demands immediate solution.

Toward solving this problem, the Church, the various agencies of society, and many individuals have been working for many years. Undoubtedly the Church has, thus far, been most successful in meeting the needs of these people. Its ministers have generally been well selected, and their efforts in the past have met with favor. However, in order to touch more directly the home life of the people, they have been forced to call for other religious leaders. This call has been answered heroically by devoted women, and many of them have come as deaconesses to the help of the pastors in different mill com-

munities. Eternity alone will reveal the valuable assistance now being rendered by them. They go from home to home among the people to whom they have been sent, administering to the wants of the needy, and lending a helping hand to those who are cast down. They teach the women how to cook, sew and keep neat, attractive homes, and teach the boys how to become useful and law-abiding citizens.

With the Church, two other powerful forces in this work have been the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. These organizations have recently come into the mill villages with their reading rooms, bath rooms, and other helps, and have proven to be useful factors in the development of the people.

Aside from the Church and the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, various social workers' organizations and individuals have made strong efforts to improve the condition of cotton mill life. While each of these forces has succeeded in a fair degree, yet, all see more and more the inadequacy of their strength, and the need for strong and urgent State legislation.

A glance at the welfare work now being done by some of the companies will give an idea of the work that should be done by all the mills, and an idea of the legislation needed to obtain such. These corporations have erected good school buildings, and have employed competent teachers who live in the villages, pay and receive visits, and thus make their influence out of, as well as in school as beneficial as possible.

Kindergarten teachers have been engaged who are giving their time to the children who, in a great many cases, have had but little training at home, and night schools are kept up where old and young are given a chance to develop their intellectual powers, who from financial conditions are compelled to work during the day.

In order to meet more adequately all the needs of the people, the authorities have greatly assisted the operatives in establishing Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, with their salaried secretaries and assistants. They also furnish halls for secret orders, good libraries, and in some places,

have lighted the villages by electricity. They have helped very much the appearance of the communities by planting trees on the ground, and have stimulated greater interest among the employees by giving prizes to those who have the prettiest flower gardens and the most attractive homes. So *much* has been done in this way that a great many of these mill communities are becoming places of unusual attraction because of their simple beauty.

In every case where the authorities have taken such interest in their employees, there has been no problem, but the combined efforts of the Church, the various agencies of society and the companies have eliminated every obstacle which hitherto has been untouched by these forces working alone.

The question then arises, can such results be secured in every mill community? Undoubtedly many would say that such is impossible, because it would affect the profits of the stockholders. This might seem possible, but it has been found to be untrue. Careful investigation has shown that where this special interest is taken in the employees, larger dividends are earned than where the employees are neglected. Mr. Lewis W. Parker, probably the most successful mill man in this State, in speaking on this point said: "I believe that the South at large has recognized that, in order to secure the development of the industry desired, it is necessary to first develop and educate employees. This development has not been in any sense from a paternalistic idea, or from any desire to do for the employees that which had best be done by them, but there has simply been a recognition of the fact that their employees have not had an opportunity of knowing another character of living, and that ideals must be set for them." It is thus clearly seen from the statement of Mr. Parker that this help is rendered simply as a business proposition, and as such it has proven itself to be one of the best investments that *has* been made by the stockholders. But while this is true, yet it would take a great many years to get all the boards of directors of the various mills to follow the example of the ones that have made this experiment. And in the delay the needs of the people would grow more complex, and consequently more

difficult to meet. Besides, the companies that have made this start are now much hindered in their progress by not having the co-operation of the authorities of all the mills. Since this is true, is it not the duty of the legislature of South Carolina, as the only means left, to pass such laws as would bring about this welfare work?

The existing conditions in a majority of the mill villages of the State demand such action immediately. The reckless neglect of sanitation in some of these villages is nothing short of criminal. A great many of the employee's homes are built with no provision for ventilation, and some are so close as to leave no space for yard or garden. Under these, and other worse conditions that could be mentioned, loathsome diseases flourish, and future criminals are nourished.

In connection with better laws for the homes of the people, and for sanitary conditions, should be some general regulation in regard to shut-downs. In the last few years these stops have brought about untold evil in mill life. Through them the people have become a floating population, and all of their savings are generally paid for the expense of moving from place to place. Moreover, when they occur they always have a bad effect on the morals of the people. Last summer some of the mills closed and paid their employees half wages for three months to do nothing. In this case they were left in idleness, and crimes were evident as a result. Besides, they are financially unable to lose so much of their time. The majority make only enough, while working full time, for daily support, and during these rest periods they are reduced to real hardships. As a result, thousands of children are kept from an education, and a great many of these begin life among the brighest to be found in the State.

Just a short while ago a lady teacher, canvassing in one of our mill villages for students, found a little fellow whose parents she induced to send him to school on condition that she pay for his books. The lad had never been to school before, and had never studied at home, but in less than two weeks he had begun to read and write surprisingly well. The

parents, in order to secure better time and higher wages, were forced to move to another community, but they carried with them a boy who had caught and begun to follow a higher ideal of life. This is only one from hundreds that would do the same if an opportunity were given them. Shall this be done? If so let us have in this State the co-operation absolutely necessary in so many cases, of the agents of the law with the servants of the Church and social workers, in a combined effort in behalf of the welfare of such a large proportion of our citizenship. With due consideration for the interest of both proprietors and employees, let this work be done. Then the 200,000 of South Carolina's neglected population will be elevated, and the mill problem will be virtually solved.

C. B. DAWSEY, '10.

Nightly Musings

TO E——————

When far behind the western hills
  The ponderous sun hath rolled
And sable pinioned night begins
  Her beauty to unfold;
And all is tranquil and serene
  And not a sound doth rise
Nor dismal cloud is seen to float
  Beneath the azure skies.

When high Empyrean seems to be
  With glittering diamonds crowned
"And silvery petals of the moon
  Fall gently to the ground,"
Or wandering meteors now and then,
  More splendor to display,
Like vivid lightning pierce the air
  And swiftly flit away.

Oh what is more divinely sweet
  Or charming to the sight

Than those celestial wonders are
  When gazed upon at night;
For then the heavens seem to shine
  With beauty's brightest glow
And all their powers to combine
  Their loveliness to show.

In vewing those infinite worlds
  As each its pathway swings,
The contemplative mind is filled
  "With wonder, love and praise"
For that immortal God who rules
  Them all in majesty,
"Who rides upon the stormy winds
  And calms the roaring sea."

J. K. D.

A Reverie

One night in the midst of my slumbers
  There came a strange vision to me—
Methought I was quietly sailing
  Away on a distant sea.

The sky was enveloped in darkness,
  The moon had hidden her face,
No stars came out of their hiding
  To light this desolate waste.

But soon through these dark, gloomy shadows
  There gleamed a beckoning light
And a ship of stately bearing
  Silently hove into sight.

"What flag do you carry, captain?"
  I called to the captain bold.
"The banner of dear old Wofford,
  This flag is the "black and gold."

"And where are you sailing, captain,
  To what port is your compass set?"
He smiled and replied so gently
  In a tone I'll never forget:

"You ask to what port we are sailing
  And what our haven will be;
Fear not, we will anchor safely
  After this restless sea.

"And those in that haven will welcome
  To their streets of glittering gold
Those weary and trembling travelers
  From the waters dark and cold.

"Would you know the name of that city?
  'Tis Success, that shining goal
Which hath for those who are valiant
  Honor and riches untold."

"And sir, are you heavily laden?
  Could you take on board one more?
Ah yes, with you I must journey
  To that pleasant, peaceful shore."

"Ah yes," he answered, "old Wofford
  Is strong and able to bear
The many who yet may board her
  On her voyage from year to year."

Today, though the clouds are stormy
  And billows around me roll
No fears for my safety possess me
  No thoughts of hidden shoals.

For now I too am sailing
  On the deck of that gallant bark
And 'mid the storms our songs are blither
  Than those of the morning lark. '88.

The Chandelier

Mrs. Nellie Sloan turned her head quickly from the bacon she was frying, that her tears might not fall upon it. A faint despondent drizzle came from her eyes at this moment from which the luster of youth and hope long since had faded.

Charlie Sloan was sitting uneasily on the edge of a chair with a feeble smile on his face. "You must not take it so hard, Nellie. It ain't as though we were starving, you know. I wouldn't have done it if we had needed the money for food."

"It isn't a bit of use to argue with you, Charlie," she answered heartbrokenly, "because if you had some more money, you would go right straight and get something that wouldn't be no more use to us than snakes. If you just only saw something pretty that you thought the children and myself would like, you'd get it, even if we had nothing—no shoes and stockings."

These words bore heavily upon the weak husband, and he strongly felt the weight of her disapproval.

All the tenderness and love of a mother's heart rose in the woman and going over, she laid a kind hand on his shoulder and said cheerfully, "Never mind, pa, it is a handsome chandelier, and will look real nice in the little sitting room."

His face became brightened on account of the comforting words of his wife, and he said:

"Nellie, I knew you would be pleased with it, when you once overcame your prejudice against such aristocratic things." She signed and began washing the dishes and putting them in the cupboard.

Soon the children came trooping in one by one, a healthy, happy band of five, all under the age of thirteen. There was scarcely a whole garment between them, and what fortune did give them was all darned and patched. Eagerly the gentle parents ushered the children into the room where the new property was and by their delight and sparkling joy the father in his pleasure forgot the gentle scolding he had received when he first came home with it.

After the children were over some of their rapture, and were put to bed, Nellie sat down with a bundle of old clothes to patch and mend.

"Now tell me, Charlie, did you see Deacon Smith and pay him what you owed him or did you see this chandelier?" she asked anxiously, after a silence.

"Well, no, Nellie, but I will pay him next week. Robert Thompson is going to pay me that thirty dollars for my heifer, and then I will settle with the deacon. Don't you fret, because I think the wheat and oat crops are going to be good if the weather doesn't be too bad—then I'll buy you an organ or piano."

"None of your foolin' now, Charlie. Don't be foolish. We are in need of all the money we can get so as to feed and dress our children."

"Don't you fret, Nellie, just put your confidence in me. I never have failed you yet, and don't think that I will."

"Yes, Charlie, but our children, when I think of them, I always wish that you would take better care of your money, and not be so extravagant."

"I know I do my very best for you all, Nellie. I work hard and try to please you, and then you want to grumble because I don't provide for you," and he retired in an ugly frame of mind.

Mrs. Sloan sat there long after he had gone to bed, thinking bitterly of her sacrifices and economy since her marriage, which had always been rewarded by just such extravagance as this of today.

The weeks following were ones of depression. Everything depended upon rain, and the sky remained blue and unclouded and the sun scorching. At times even the optimistic hopes of Charlie himself deserted him, and he became irritable and petulant.

When the very thought, let alone a glimpse, of the chandelier entered the mind of Nellie, her soul rose in revolt against a man who could spend his little money in such senseless extravagance, while his children were in mere rags, and

the cupboard becoming barer and barer day by day. One of the greatest droughts known was ruining the country. Every day Nellie went to the kitchen door and looked over the boundless stretch of prairie toward the western horizon, looking for some encouraging sign. But none appeared.

Finally, Charlie sold his heifer, and jubilant once more, he started for town to make some necessary purchases.

Nellie entreated Charlie to be careful, that he knew how doubtful the crop was, and not to buy anything not on the list she gave him. She told him she had put down things they couldn't do without, and that he must see the deacon to put the debt off until later.

"Darling, you must not fret," was her husband's cheerful response. "I ought to know how to use my own money." He drove off and left his wife in a dubious state of mind.

Through the long, hot summer day she sat out on her humble porch, and hummed as she worked diligently on her patch work and darning. It was drawing near the evening. Off toward the setting sun a cloud was gathering, a tiny cloud, gradually becoming larger, which aroused new hope.

She looked again up the road which led to town and gave a sigh of relief, as she saw a cloud of dust arise and a wagon coming slowly into view. "There he comes, at last," she said to the children.

In a few minutes the children reported that it was not him. She was disappointed, and as she ran out to the road, where the wagon had stopped, she was uneasy.

"We have brought him home hurt, ma'am," one of the men who were in the wagon said. "Seems as if he ain't going to get well. The mules ran away and turned over the wagon." Tenderly they lifted him and carried him into the house, and laid him on the sofa in the front room.

He opened his eyes and looked around and smiled feebly at his family, then demanded of his neighbors: "Where is my package?"

Then one of the men went to the wagon and got a small bundle and brought it to the dying man.

He opened the package and withdrew a flimsy, gaudy piece of goods.

"Here, Nellie, it's for you, you looked so pretty in those kind of clothes when you was a girl. Now don't be mad, Nell. The Lord will—"

The sentence was never finished. The wife knelt down on her knees by the bed of her dying husband and kissed him for the last time.

Don't Whine But Whistle

Nay, do not whine, my little lad,
While with the other boys you vie—
This life hath not a hill so high
You cannot climb if you'll but try;
Then don't despair when others cry,
But cease to whine and whistle.

What can you wish, oh little lad,
That seems too great for you to do,
The world was made as much for you,
With all its nooks of verdant hue,
As it was made for them—too true;
Then cease to whine and whistle.

There is a work for you to do,
Then do it right, and with a will
Into your heart in youth instill
Desires to climb the highest hill
And to reform all human ill;
Then you'll not whine but whistle.

EARL L. KEATON.

The Great Victorian Statesman

BY J. K. DAVIS.

In discussing the statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone it is hard to speak in a concise and summary fashion. His method of statesmanship was so lofty, his life and character so simple, and the man so great, that it is almost unfair to discuss him in so short an article. Mr. Gladstone was the greatest of the long line of Victorian political leaders and prime ministers. He may be charged with inconsistency—a charge which is naturally made against all great statesmen, for the essence of true statesmanship consists in the recognition of imminent tendencies and actual facts. But we cannot be far wrong in saying that his parliamentary career and his life as a statesman is virtually the outline of the political history of England during the nineteenth century.

In 1832 Mr. Gladstone was recalled from Italy, where he had spent several years traveling, to enter upon his great political and parliamentary career. Why should he have received this invitation? Because he was a young man of brilliant intellect, of unquestioned ability, because of his staunch opposition to reform and of his purpose to keep back the onward progress of the popular movement; and, above all, because he was, as Macaulay afterward described him, "The hope of the stern and unbending Tories." The Duke of Newcastle had been looking for some one to be the leader of the Tory cause, and on the suggestion of his son, Lord Lincoln, who had been a college-mate of Gladstone, he accepted Mr. Gladstone as the leader of his party. And so, the greatest English reformer of all times came into political life as the leader and advocate of the party which had always stood against every manner of reform.

Mr. Gladstone took his seat in the Reform Parliament of 1832 for the first time. In this body he was associated with and closely drawn to his friend and political advisor, Sir Robert Peel, an orator and debater second only to Gladstone himself. Besides, at the same time, he was intimately thrown with Wellington, the sincere and devoted leader of the Tory

cause in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone says this of the beginning of his life as a statesman, "I consider it as beginning with the Reform Act of Lord Grey's government; that great act was, for England, improvement and extension; for Scotland it was political birth; the beginning of duty and power, neither of which had attached to the Scottish nation in the preceding period." At first he came modestly and quietly into the discussions and debates of the time, but once having established himself, he kept himself well posted on questions for discussion and was ready and quick to enter into them.

Let us notice his parliamentary career in brief to ascertain something of this great power which he exercised over the nation as a statesman. There were only three statesmen in the House of Commons who had the gift of a large and accurate conception of the place and power of England in the world. Of course Gladstone was the foremost in power. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Cobden, the other two, were very different in genius, character and influence on the nation. With his willingness to work, with a flowing eloquence, with a lofty heroism, with courage to conceive large schemes, and with a voice to persuade men to adopt these schemes, is it any wonder that he was a power in parliamentary life? He was willing to work on any question as long as his brain would hold together, to make speeches as long as he had utterance. He knew how to move the house. Some one has said, "A man who can move the House of Commons, the most severe audience in the world, must be a great orator and statesman." He had the courage to speak his ideas and he always knew the argument that would convince his audience. To have an influence on English life one must be a great debater; for England is a country governed mainly by labor and speech. He had the intellect and talent of the writer; and with his extraordinary love for labor, how can we expect any other kind of man but a great statesman?

There are few instances in history of men who have been great thinkers, great administrators and great legislators, but in Mr. Gladstone we have a combination of the three. His

skill and energy as a statesman may be best represented in three groups of measures, the first of which was the financial reform, representing fourteen budgets between 1853 and 1882. Secondly, the parliamentary reform bills between 1866 and 1884, and the redistribution of 1885. And, thirdly, the series of measures relating to Irish questions.

We shall discuss the three in their order. He was acquainted with the minutest details of every part of the country's commerce. And his ability in dealing with the complex problems of finance and trade could not be equalled anywhere in the realm. On the questions of tariff and taxation he was a most fascinating orator, being able to brighten the dullest financial subject with what might be called a musical touch of genius. In 1851 occurred that famous debate on Mr. Disraeli's budget which displayed the wonderful power and ability of these two men as financiers. Mr. Disraeli had never spoken with such power, sarcasm and bitterness as in the final speech on the debate. Mr. Gladstone arose to make his reply; he was no match to Disraeli in sarcasm and bitter denunciation, but in his reply Mr. Gladstone swept his antagonist with marvelous eloquence, confounded with reason and passion. Mr. Disraeli's policy was crushed. Soon he was made chancellor of the exechequer, the greatest opportunity he had yet had for displaying his wonderful talents in the management of finance. Of Gladstone's financial policy Mr. John Russel says, "His scheme of finance tended to make life easier and cheaper for large and numerous classes. It promised wholesale remission of taxation. It lessened the charges on common processes of business, on locomotion, on postal communication and on many articles of general consumption." From these reforms dates the beginning of penny newspapers and journals and free trade in England.

Taken together the reform bills have turned Britain into a democratic country, changing the character of her government almost as profoundly as the Reform Act of 1832. He became a convinced and definite supporter of popular suffrage. Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone's contemporary,

could never understand why he should concern himself as to whether or not the working classes ought to share in the right of suffrage. Redistribution proposals were introduced by Mr. Disraeli by which thirty seats were transferred from smaller to larger centers. Gladstone severely assailed the bill as implacable hostility to the proposition of dual voting which he denounced as, "A gigantic instrument of fraud and a proclamation of war of classes."

Mr. Gladstone in 1867 succeeded Lord John Russel as leader of the Liberal party and it was at this time that he predicted that some day Gladstone would be Prime Minister. During the following year Mr. Gladstone took the position that the Irish Church as a state institution must cease to exist. He vigorously assailed the conservative minority, headed by Mr. Disraeli; and, now that the Liberals were victorious in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. Gladstone at once became Prime Minister.

Then the first great Irish reform having been accomplished he turned his attention next to the "Irish Land Tenure System." Lord Palmerston had ridiculed this step as unlawful, unjust and impossible. Mr. Gladstone declared the principle that the Irish landlord must submit himself to the same right of state intervention and control in his dealings with others, which was established and acknowledged by every other class and every other member of the community. His explanation and presentation of this bill to the house was a masterful treatment of a subject in clearness, simplicity and detail. All of the Irish bills, particularly the Home Rule Bill were a highly complicated and complex example of statecraft.

Mr. Gladstone was always a source of new ideas and new policies, and always accessible to new views and learning from the events which came under his eye. He had a disposition to revise his opinions on the light of new arguments and changing conditions. Then his change of views many times led people to misconstrue his policies and his ideas. Fertile in expedients, he was still more fertile in reasons for recommending the expedients. Mr. Gladstone says of his own

career: "It is a career chargeable with many errors of judgment, but I hope on the whole governed by uprightness of intention and a desire to learn." Each change bore a relation to a previous change and, viewing his career in the large, we perceive a steady, gradual and persistent progress.

One of the most striking characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship was his courage. Never was he rash or impetuous, but he had self-confidence and was always willing to risk fame and fortune in a course and in a cause consecrated by a principle. In renewing those most hated taxes of 1853 did he run about anxiously feeling the pulse of public opinion? On the contrary he grappled the facts with infinite labor—and half his genius was labor; he built up a great plan; he carried it to the cabinet; they warned him that the House of Commons would be against him; the officials of the treasury told him the bank would be against him and that the strong pulse of commercial opinion was against him. What was the result? He carried the cabinet; he persuaded the House of Commons; he vanquished the bank of hostile interest; and turned for man yyears to come a current of public opinion that seemed far too powerful for any minister to resist. The boldness of the Irish Home Rule Bill took not only his political power, but the fame and credit of his whole past life in his own hands, but he was willing to suffer the consequences. He never asked himself how an action would look; what construction might be put upon it or whom it might estrange.

Then what is true statesmanship? Is it to be carried away by popular wave? To the statesmen to change when it changes, in order to retain his place and the semblance of power? To be truly a leader who listens to the "sacred voice of the people" in order to know which way to leap? This was not so of Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship. He was not a leader to change his mind to please the people, but the leader to change the mind of the people. He always kept near the people and close to their interests. He adjustel his statesmanship to the progress of science and to the vast mechanical,

industrial and commercial developments of the country. Britain was never stronger, richer, or more honored among nations than under his administration. Her material resources were never sounder; her moral credit was never higher. His administration was predominantly an administration of emancipation. That is, of enabling man to work out his emancipation political, social and moral. His life was one of unexampled activity, both in legislative and administrative changes; and these charges taken in mass have been in the direction of true and most beneficial progress. And of this extraordinary advancement the people have decisively expressed their conviction, in favor of his wise, temperate and in every way remarkable policy.

The English people as yet have not agreed on his greatest achievements as a statesman. Some say that he was greatest as a reformer; some say in adjusting taxation; or in strengthening the national prosperity by his reformation of the tariff. The Irish say in the establishment of religious equality and agrarian justice. Others say the bravery and insight with which he burst the chains of the mischievous policy of the Ottoman Empire. But in these things do all people agree; that he shall stand forth in history as a reformer of finance, a defender of the liberties of the English people and his greatest glory is identified with free trade, equal taxation, popular education and manhood suffrage.

At his death there was a striking national feeling; for the procession contained every rank and contingent from every part of the kingdom. There was no sign of the absence of honor from all the countries of the world. The French press said: "By the highest liberality of his high character; and by the nobility of his political ideal, Mr. Gladstone had worthily served his country and humanity." No other statesman on the famous roll of English statesmen has touched the imagination of so wide a world. Mr. Balfour said of him: "Mr. Gladstone was the greatest statesman of the greatest deliberative body in the world." He will leave behind him the memory of a great Christian statesman. His last words, "as to

policies I think my mind is laid principally in finance and philanthropy," then he was quietly laid away in the statesmans' corner, Westminister Abbey.

Magister Ignotus

That's my last senior painted on the wall,
Looking as if he were alive. I call
That man a wonder, now; what Browning's hands
Wrote he studied just one year—there he stands!
Will't please you sit and look at him? I said
'Twas "Browning" by design; for never read
Students like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and pallor of its toil-worn glance,
But on myself they turned (since none puts by
The courses I outline for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a look came there; as not the first
Are you to turn and ask me thus. Sir, 'twas not
His teacher's lessons only called the spot
Of hectic red into that senior's cheek.
He had a heart—how shall I say?—tho' weak
And easily repressed. He smiled no doubt
When'er I passed him; but who passed without
Much the same smile? My known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of yours at failing shall be disallowed.
Tho' "Pippa Passes" oft, I have avowed
That's my last senior, painted on the wall.

D. L. Betts.

(*With apologies to Browning and another.*)

To Longfellow

Sing on, O noble poet, sing
  Thy melodies so sweet to hear
With all their beauty, ease and power
  To soothe and charm our listening ear.

When all the sky is overcast
  And dark and threatening clouds we see,
We go to revel then with thee
  In they serene simplicity.

When life's dark seas about us roll,
  And 'round us sorrow's billows heave,
We love to be alone with thee
  And midst thy charms our troubles leave.

Shalt thou then die? Shall time's vile mold
  Encrust itself upon thy name?
Not so. Thy true and simple verse
  Has won for thee immortal fame.

Amidst the humble and the poor
  From out the mass thy name shall shine
Forever for that simple lay,
  The story of Evangeline.

We see how great thou art today,
  So much beloved by everyone
And know that thou then art not dead
  And that thy fame is but begun.

Cause of Poverty

In this twentieth century of ours when agricultural and manufactured economic conditions have reached a more or less degree of perfection, poverty still remains as it was in the days of Lazarus. When we glance back over our nation's prosperity, we readily see that we have not advanced many steps beyond the tracks of our forefathers in the uprooting of this curse. But before poverty can be blotted out, the causes must be known which bring it about. In the first place, the greater cause can be summed up in the word *sin.* Sinful indulgencies decrease the working efficiency of the laborer, and this means smaller wages and less food and raiment for the household. The gambler gambles, from sun to sun, and the

drunkard drinks his rum, while many a mother is at home barely securing the necessary necessities of life. The idler spends his youth in sinful indulgencies and when manhood overtakes him, it finds him with qualities suitable for no other place than the poor-house. Millions of men and women are going down in poverty every day because they are prostituting their energies to man's baser appetites. And in this way, poverty is being increased day after day.

The unequal distribution of wealth figures prominently in the furtherance of poverty. The taxation of land values produce an unequal distribution of wealth which results in the building up in the hands of a few monstrous fortunes, while the masses of the people are becoming poorer and poorer. These taxes necessarily fall on the poor more heavily than they do on the wealthy. This results in the development of an idle and wasteful class, because they are poor, and this idle and wasteful class developes into a class of paupers. Poverty itself—by causing large amounts of waste of wealth and by working for low wages—aids poverty. And the waste of wealth by the rich in ways, by which in no means is life made truer, nobler and happier, is an unpardonable cause which aids poverty.

Also, the exceedingly great number of children born every year is another cause. It has often been noticed that the more provident a nation or group of people is, the lower, other things being equal, is the birth-rate. In the rich wards of a city, the birth-rate is much lower than in the poor wards. France has tried an experiment, the decreasing of her birth-rates, and stands today amid wealth and watches the breeding of poverty in other countries. In the poor wards of a city, in many cases, for the first year or so after matrimony there seems to be perfect prosperity; then, as children are born one after another, the fight against poverty becomes worse and worse. During this period the children are being wrecked mentally, socially and physically; and those that are so fortunate as to survive through infancy, as soon as they reach the age of seven or eight, they are put to work, and upon reaching

the age of maturity, they marry and leave their parents in misery, and the new couple prepare for the same cycle of comfort and misery, the cycle which results in disease, death, the work-house and a pauper's grave.

It has been shown that the whole number of people unemployed during the year 1895 was 7½ % of the working people. This year was one of depression and must not be taken altogether as a standard, yet the unemployed referred to those thrown out of work only by depression. And as John Burns says: "Disguise it how we will, hide it tho' we may, looming up is the great, the all-absorbing problem for all countries to face—how is the honest workman to be provided with work, uncontaminated with pauperism's degrading taint, and charity's demoralizing aid?"

Pauperism, year after year, is being concealed by these honest workmen, for there are hundreds of them whose financial standard of living is much lower than that of the known pauper. Yet there beats in the hearts of these honest workmen the love of honor and hatred of disgrace, and will not accept relief, but struggle on in vain for the hope of work, which oftentimes never comes. And I believe with Carlyle, that a man willing to work and unable to find work is the saddest sight that fortune's inequality exhibits under the sun.

Lastly, vice, crime and pauperism are factors of an inseparable kind. In our larger cities, there are many youths growing up to manhood, who never learn a single trade or occupation. What more natural is it than for such as these to become law-breakers? And it is a rare thing that a deliberate law-breaker, when he is getting old and when all of his friends have forsaken him, I say it is very rare that the green grasses ever grow over any other than a pauper's grave. Also, it is an established fact that it is impossible to elevate the condition of the working class above that of their homes. And with due respect to the working class, it is impossible to elevate the home surroundings above that of their everyday life. So what must be the home surroundings of a poor man who spends his daily life in vice and crime? And when fortune

smiles upon some family, and by some charitable movement they are persuaded to move out of the slums of a city, where vice and poverty are bred, in turn another family moves in. And thus goes on the process of poverty and will ever go on as long as the above causes remain unsolved and will ever be the same curse upon an enlightened people as it has in the days gone by.

R. T. WILSON, '12.

Wofford College Journal

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

W. Grady Hazel, Editor-in-Chief

Examinations

A petition has been unanimously signed by the members of the Senior class and presented to the faculty asking that the members of that class be excused from examinations in June. This plan of letting the Seniors out of their June examinations was begun last year as an experiment. How well it succeeded we do not know; suffice it to say that every member of last year's Senior class that was trying for a diploma, received one. Some of the professors now say that this plan was not satisfactory, that it did not bring the expected results. They claim that many lagged in their work after March and that the general standard of the class was not sustained on their daily work.

Some members of the faculty go further by saying that they can already discern a looseness and lack of interest since March as a result of the class expecting no examinations in June. They must remember that there is always a slack in study at this period of the year. It is due mostly to the time of the year, the warm spring weather; no one is at his

best now, but there is a lazy, indolent feeling that pervades everyone, a kind of lethargy or paralysis of the mind and body as it were. It is also due to a great extent to a relaxation after a long period of hard mental work. With the mind, body and nerves strained to high tension there naturally comes a point where they can stand no more, where there must be a relaxation, a rest. This lagging of work is due to both these causes decidedly more than to the thought that there will be no examinations in June. We believe the Senior class is doing as good work now as it has ever done at this season or as any other class is doing now.

It seems that the same privilege concerning examinations should be accorded this class as was that of last year. Especially does this seem just, as after this there are to be only two examination periods. Examinations cause an extra strain on the nerves and mind, and the graduating class should not be subjected to this test when they are on the brink of the future and looking out into life, planning for greater and higher things. Their imagination soaring into the great beyond, should not be recalled to the cold and clammy bosom of Mother Earth by the crucial and trying ordeal of examinations.

Whether we have examinations in June or not is only an incident in the lives of the professors; it is an event in the lives of the students, something never to be forgotten. It is a small matter to the faculty, yet they have it in their power to earn, by their action on this subject, either the eternal enmity or the everlasting gratitude and praise of this year's graduating class.

—o—

The Dormitory

Plans are now on foot for the building of a dormitory at Wofford. Already nearly fifty thousand dollars has been subscribed for the purpose and the amount is rapidly growing. It is probable that the building will be begun this summer. This has been needed here for a long time. As it is, the students are scattered all over the city and, for any kind of meeting, are hard to get together. For them to all room in

one building will draw them more closely together and all can enter into the spirit of college life with more zeal and unity. Now the students are only loosely held together and feel themselves only distantly related to each other. There is no common spirit; each is occupied with his own problems and only catches the spirit and feels the influence of the small group of students in which he moves. The student body is divided into communities and sections, each of a different mind and different spirit. With the dormitory there will be a concentration of the different groups and a centre for every movement and spirit among the students. There will be greater unity and each will feel himself more as an integral part in the student body and, being in closer touch with every other student, more interested in the welfare of all. We believe that, on the whole, the dormitory will be a great good for the students, and one that will be appreciated and enjoyed by all.

—o—

The College and the Common School

It seems that it is becoming a kind of fad for State legislatures and so-called philanthropists to donate huge sums to the colleges of the country. The common schools are either turned off with mere pittances or else ignored altogether. They should first be raised to what they should be and then there will be a more substantial foundation upon which to build the colleges. The college without the common school would be what the cotton factory would be without cotton. The schools are the backbone of our civilization; they are the basis upon which we must build, all else is dependent upon them. Less than one out of every hundred of our people receive a college education while practically all go to the common schools to some extent. The question now arises, is it better to educate a few to a high degree or all to some extent? In our opinion the latter is decidedly preferable. The college may tower above the common school but still it is the latter that benefits the masses and does the most fundamental good in the upbuilding of the people.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. L. Betts, Editor.
E. K. Epps, Assistant Editor.

"The task (of the exchange editor) is a rather unpleasant one." Such is the surprising statement made recently by one of our exchanges. If it is thus, what's the use of all this criticism anyway? What good does it accomplish? What is its function in college journalism? Is it just to furnish another member for the staff, who for lack of something better to do is given the "unpleasant task" of reviewing the magazines issued by the students of other colleges? We hope not; and on the contrary, believe that the exchange department is essential to the best development of our magazines. Perhaps, if the work is found irksome, it is because the one who has charge of it does not fully realize his relation to the other departments, and especially to the whole system of college journalism. His desk is the forum, so far as that college is concerned, where the exchanges gather, and he presides over the assembly. 'Tis here we appropriate the best ideas of other students to our own service, and exercise the friendly offices of criticism for our mutual good. And let us say in passing, that we are more and more impressed with the futility of destructive criticism for its own sake.

There is a story in the *Wake Forest Student* the title of which is "catchy," "The Tale of Wandering Pleas," but the lurid fascination of the story itself holds one in its grasp until the end. It is one of those fantastic impossibilities in the like of which Poe used to delight. "The Picture of Spitz" turns out to be a better picture of the man who is trying to take the photograph than of the little dog himself. The fact that such an essay as "Agriculture: The New Birth" is a little out of the ordinary in a college magazine makes it all the more interesting. When we get rid of the notion that a college man *must* either go into the mercantile world or else take up one

of the professions, "and when"— to quote this writer—"we learn to educate our farmers as well as Germany educates hers, then will America become the mistress of the world." The editorial, a lonesome, lengthy three-paged one, is considerably outclassed by the other material; for that erudite quill driver affects a Homeric picturesqueness and leisure as he entombs in his luxuriant flowers of speech the injunction to "keep off the grass." An excellent magazine though.

"Orison, En Ballade, for the Soul of Master Francois Villon" in *The Carolinian* for February is worthy of especial mention. The spirit of the poem is, we think, to be found in the following extracts from it:

> "Yea, all the wanton ways thy wild feet prest,
> Where lost light loves and languished hopes distrest
> Thy poignant brain, and dreams long flown their nest
> Winged home to vex thee;"

and

> "We, pardoning, pray God's pity on thy soul."

Truly, things far removed from us by either space or time are wonderfully fascinating, hence there are only two entries in the table of contents that are not foreign or ancient. While we would not for a moment discourage the study of foreign literature, ancient and modern, we regret that it has caused the ruin of an otherwise fairly good story with such an unattractive title as "My Experience in the Rue Du Faubourg Saint Honore." So ingrained indeed has this classic taste become that mother Eve has to be resurrected and brought on the scene to be an amused and finally triumphant spectator in "The Marrying of Mary Landis." But, with the suggestion that a little more attention be given to the things that are, we pass on.

While the matter is up, *The Winthrop Journal*—the current issue—illustrates the point we were just now making. Here

are in proportion studies in the Latin classics, translations from modern languages, criticisms of English literature, an essay on "American Ideals," short-stories, and spring poetry. "The Departure of Moses the Second" is a well-wrought negro dialect story, but the other two stories are of a different mood; "The Little Peacemaker," a glimpse of child life in its artlessness, and "The Searcher After the Scarlet," which latter is a study in character unfolding. It has been quite interesting, in our search for "the scarlet," to watch the steady improvement that has been made in *The Withrop Journal* since that ill-starred issue of Christmas last. We congratulate the Curry Society upon the atoning success of this issue. Yes, to quote a stanza from a poem of yours,

> "It adds to life the wine of love,
> And likens ours to that above,
> And bids the heart beat ever true—
> This thought of you."

CLIPPINGS

A DESIRE.

I do not dread the passing of the bar,
Beyond its shores there seems to gleam a star;
I only pray that longer I may stay
Till by my life I prove I saw the way.

—*The Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

The world my home, my roof the starlit sky,
My couch the scattered leaves and grass piled high,
My friends mankind—I love the whole world,
And ask for no man's sympathy.

William and Mary Magazine.

"Blessed are they who expect nothing; for they shall not be disappointed."

He: "Darling, say the word that will do me most good."
She: "Go home and go to bed."

TO THE RESCUE.

"Writing to Charlie?"
"Yes."
"I thought he was engaged?"
"He writes that his girl has thrown him overboard, so I'm dropping him a line."

My card had just four flunk marks!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
I did my best, you know the rest
The flunks just came my way.

I took my books home every day
Hurrah! Hurrah!
I love those I's, but oh, those IV's,
They seem to come my way.

Freshman (in distress): "I hope the comet won't scorch pa's corn when it hits the earth."

Professor (in French class): "How do you pronounce m-o-r-c-e-a-w?"
Boarding Student: "More cow."

Her face was happy,
His face was stern;
Her hand was in his'n,
His'n was in her'n.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite note books of teachers, Blossom the neat little zero, the forget-me-nots of students.

"Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils."

SENIORS.

S—is for shock they will cause some day,
E—is for energy they never had.
N—is for negligence, their greatest crime,
I—is for ignorance all the time.
O—is for (h)onesty in confessing their sin;
R—is for regrets that we've ever been.
S—is for slack they will cause some day,
When they close their books and pass away."

EVENING.

Seeming anear
  And yet so far,
How tranquil and pure
  The evening star
Sends out her light
  At the end of day!

The sun's bright rays
  Are sunk to rest,
And the twilight grays
  Are in the west:
In stillness sweet
  The whole earth lies.

Each Floweret nods
  Its slumb'ring head,
The cricket chirps
  That day is dead;
No toil disturbs
  The perfect rest.

The bird's last note
  Is hushed in sleep,
The bright dews fall
  On grasses deep,
Peace descends
  From evening's star.

—*Winthrop College Journal.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Geo. A. Beach, Editor

SOPHOMORE EXHIBITION

The Annual Sophomore Exhibition was held in the College Auditorium on Monday evening, April 11th, 1910, and a large crowd witnessed one of the best exhibitions that was ever held in recent years by the Sophomores. Many remarks were made by upper classmen and members of the faculty that it was the best within their remembrance. Mr. R. B. McIver, of the Calhoun Society, presided with dignity, and the opening prayer was offered by Rev. R. S. Truesdale.

The speakers were as follows:

L. C. Wannamaker (Calhoun).....Cheraw, S. C.
"The Murderer Cannot Keep His Secret."

J. L. Glenn (Preston).....Chester, S. C.
"The Men Above the State."

R. L. Cox (Carlisle).....Dothan, N. C.
"The Opportunity of a Scholar."

G. M. Crum (Calhoun).....Orangeburg, S. C.
"Duty of Literary Men to America."

R. T. Wilson (Preston).....Laurens, S. C.
"A Specimen of Kossuth's Eloquence."

J. D. Brown (Carlisle).....Lake City, S. C.
"Sergeant Prentice's Plea."

JOURNAL STAFF FOR '10-'11

The annual election for members of the Journal staff for the year 1910-11 was held in the Society Halls on April 10th, with the following results:

Editor in Chief.....H. Hucks
Literary Editor.....H. M. Snyder
Alumni Editor.....T. H. Campbell
Assistant Exchange Editor.....R. L. Merriwether
Business Manager.....W. R. Wightman
Local Editor.....M. S. Lively

Exchange Editor.....C. H. Carlisle
Assistant Literary Editor.....D. W. Galloway
Business Manager.....R. B. McIver

POLK MILLER ENTERTAINMENT

Under the auspices of the Athletic Association, Polk Miller and his famous colored quartet delightfully entertained a large audience in the College auditorium on April 5th, with old plantation melodies, anecdotes, jokes, etc. Every member of his quartet did himself proud, and one was reminded of the old anti-bellum days. Everyone left the auditorium in high spirit and felt that they had been made happier and jollier for having gone to such an entertainment so strongly reminiscent of the old South.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. K. DAVIS, EDITOR.

On Friday evening, the 22nd, the members of the Y. M. C. A. and their friends were addressed by Prof. R. L. Wiggins of the faculty, and Mr. Walter B. Abbott, secretary of the city Y. M. C. A. on its Montreat Conference. Afterwards a reception was given in the new library to which a number of the young ladies of the city had been invited.

The addresses were short but interesting. Prof. Wiggins spoke briefly of the Montreat conferences and stated that the first one held in the South was at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1893.

Mr. Abbott followed up Prof. Wiggins' remarks and showed the great need of these student conferences and the good results produced by them upon the physical and mental man. Mr. Abbott said that the first student conference was held in England and that at present there were four held in different parts of the United States each summer. That the men at the head of these conferences, seeing the need of a large and permanent meeting place, had purchased a tract of nearly one thousand acres just north of the Montreat ground; and that in Blue Ridge, the Southern colleges have the prettiest and most delightful of all the conference grounds in America. The speaker was in his usual happy manner and injected much sparkling humor into his short address. The boys are always glad to hear Mr. Abbott and Prof. Wiggins.

Entertaining though the speakers were, the boys seemed to find their fair friends more so at the reception which followed in the new library. It was the first reception in this handsome building. Refreshments were served and all seemed to be passing a pleasant evening. This social feature was a new departure from the regular weekly meeting and th boys are looking forward to another one—if not this year —next.

J. H. C.

On Friday evening, April the first, the Association was con-

ducted differently from anything we have yet had. Mr. Murata, a member of the Senior class who hails from Japan, gave us an entertaining and instructive illustrated lecture on the language and customs in Japan. Everyone enjoyed it to the very limit. "Fugi" is a fluent speaker and good thinker, and the attractive way in which he spoke that night received the splendid favor of the students. It is always very interesting to hear a missionary lecture on foreign countries, but the message comes much more interesting, powerful and vital when you hear it from one who was reared there and after that sat in the class room for four years. He told us things which were surprising, but none of them can beat the way "Fugicazo" can read Japanese upside down. He is a favorite with the students. Everyone takes an interest in him, and all love him. We have not a man in college who follows more loyally the instincts of an American gentleman, or, the teachings of his Divine Master. We hope to hear him again soon.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

J. L. McColl, Editor

O. D. Wannamaker, class of '96, is acting English professor in University of Arkansas.

W. W. Carson, class of '07, who was in Central College, Missouri, last year, has now a scholarship in history at University of Wisconsin.

L .L. Dantzler, class of '98, is elector at Leipsic, Germany.

Mr. Stafford, class of '59, died recently.

A. M. Law, class of '98, was recently elected president of the Enoree Cotton Mills.

W. H. Wannamaker, class of '95, is professor of German at Trinity College, N. C.

W. D. Few is professor of English at Trinity College.

G. T. Peugh, class of '97, is professor at Columbia Female College.

W. E. Willis, class of '92, is assistant secretary of the student Y. M. C. A. of the South.

R. A. Law, who is teaching out West, was married recently.

C. P. Hammond is now of the firm of Hammond, Brown & Wall, wholesale and retail of furniture.

H. H. Newton, class of '69, is a successful lawyer at his old home, Bennettsville.

Jno. Lee Hydrick, class of '07, who won the Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, England, will complete his course this year and return to his home in Spartanburg.

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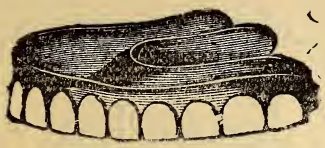

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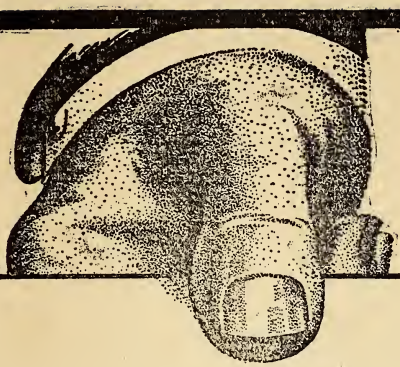

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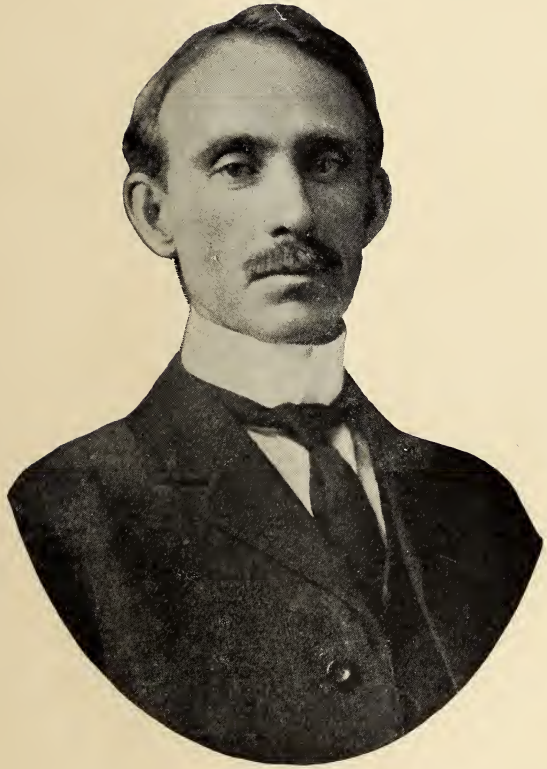

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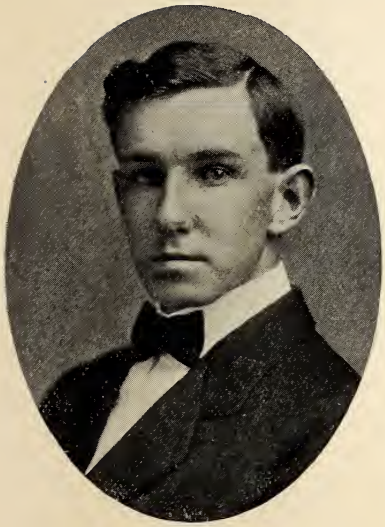


CHARLES OTIS ALL

BARNWELL, S. C.

"Away with him, away with him; he speaks Latin."

Second Censor; Recording Secretary; Second Critic; Vice-President; President Preston Literary Society; Marshal on Freshman Exhibition.

"Judge" is just a little more than we can figure out. Some say he's—but never mind what some say, others say just the opposite. Among many uncertainties, however, one thing is certain: "Judge" is particularly fond of Latin. "Wait a minute, boys; read that first sentence over again. Doesn't that sound familiar?" "Judge" always wants the first sentence read about six times; he comes first, and usually gets called on first. He means well, though, and we predict that some day he will become a great Latin scholar.

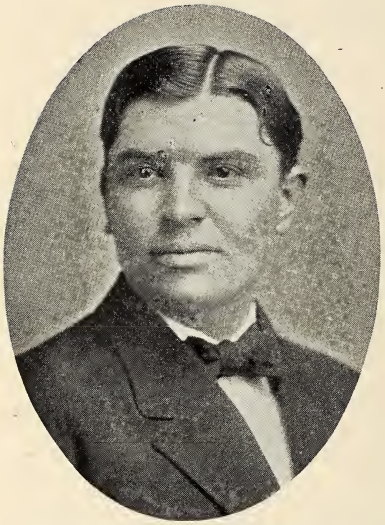
WILLIAM BOYD BAKER

MARION, S. C.

"He tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky."

Corresponding Secretary; Recording Secretary; Vice-President; President Carlisle Literary Society; Freshman Marshal; Class Football Team, '08-'09, '09-'10; Junior-Soph. Football Team, '08-'09; Senior-Fresh. Football Team, '09-'10; Class Baseball Team, '09-'10; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '08-'09; Contributor to JOURNAL.

Baker is from the swamps of Marion. His father is a preacher; but there's no need for telling that, if you happen to know him. If in need of any first-class, unadulterated slang of the best variety, you will do well to see him. He's the biggest wholesale dealer along this line in the class; satisfaction guaranteed. Baker is thinking of entering the ministry if nothing happens—there'll probably something happen, though.



GEORGE ALBRIGHT BEACH

YORK, S. C.

"Ha, Majesty! how high thy glory towers."

Second Censor; Recording Secretary; First Critic; Vice-President Preston Literary Society; Captain Tennis Association, '08-'09; Tennis Team, Singles and Doubles, '08-'09; Winner Tennis Trophy Cup, '08-'09, '09-'10; Vice-President of Class, '08-'09; President of Inter-Society Conference; Member JOURNAL Staff, '09-'10; Advertising Manager *Bohemian;* Member of Executive Committee S. C. I. O. A.; Manager 'Varsity Baseball Team, '09-'10.

"Hop" is generally recognized as the Falstaff of the class, in size; not for keenness of wit. George is one of the pillars of the class, or perhaps he might be more appropriately dubbed a sleeper. He has never been known to move at a greater rate than two miles per hour, and that was once when he was badly scared. His portliness accounts for his tardiness of action. If he prospers, he will some day be "the fat man" in a circus or side show.

DANIEL LANDER BETTS

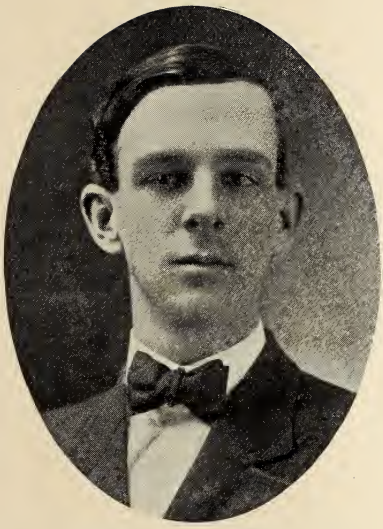
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"High and passionate thoughts to their own music chanted."

Monthly Orator; Treasurer; Second Censor; President Carlisle Literary Society; Class Poet, '09-'10; Exchange Editor of JOURNAL.

It is not known for certain from whence Betts comes. He has always been rather a question of doubt among the students. The larger part of the boys have about come to the conclusion that he is of the *genus homo.* Betts will be a missionary.

Only a mouthful of Cannibal meat;
And the quality of that not hard to beat;
From his head to his heels, they can masticate,
But his head nothing can penetrate.



CHESNEE VERNON BOMAR

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Oh, let me close my eyes and dream sweet, fanciful, vagrant dreams of love."

Member Calhoun Literary Society; Member, '08-'09, Chairman, '09-'10, Inter-Society Committee; Freshman and Sophomore Marshals; Pianist on Glee Club, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Yes, this is Mr. Bomar, the pianist of the Glee Club. Since the Glee Club made its annual tour, the college authorities have gotten many letters from the fair sex all over the State, wanting information concerning the aforesaid. It seems that he has made a hit along this line. But Bomar always was a ladies' man, takes music at Converse, too. Whether this is from a desire to really know music or just for an excuse to get in touch with a pair of "dreamy eyes" is too hard for us, but we are inclined toward the latter solution of the question.

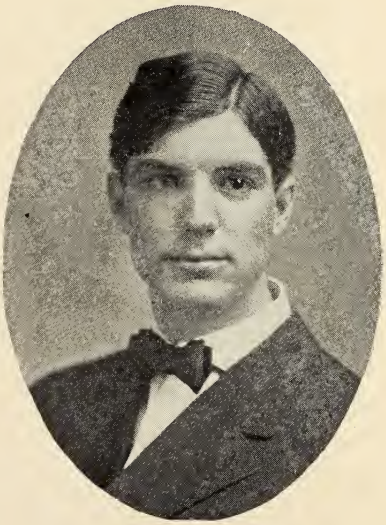
ORIN NELSON BOWMAN

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Recording Secretary; First Censor; First Critic; Vice-President; President Calhoun Literary Society.

"Lad" is a historical student of fame; always takes history—or whatever else no one's watching. His chief delight is in historical research, etc. When "Lad" came, his intentions were along the ministerial line, but he has since decided it was a false alarm and will attack law with great vigor and determination. Look out for the bench (or the gallows).



ZIZA FREDERICK CANNON

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Man is made of solid stuff."

Entered, '05; Dropped out, '07-'08; Class Baseball Team, '09-'10.

"Zi" was discovered near Clifton. When first discovered, he had his face hid and his discoverers were deceived into believing they had really made a find. Anyway, he was roped and after two weeks' honest endeavor, was induced to wear a linen collar; shoes and other apparel soon followed. After four years' fruitless effort by classmates and instructors, he will return to the "sticks" from whence he came, or was brought, to be more correct.

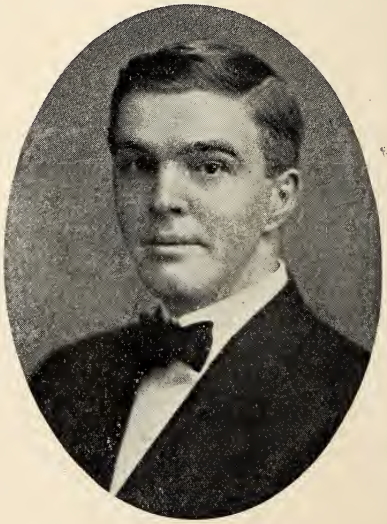
JOHN LUTHER CELY

ANDERSON, S. C.

"Man is the hunter; woman is his game."

Entered, '05; Dropped out, '08; Second Critic, First Censor Preston Literary Society; Class Basket Ball Team, '05-'06, '09-'10; Class Football Team, '06-'07, '07-'08, '09-'10.

Cely is from Bushy Fork, county not known at present writing. He is undoubtedly the biggest sport in the class; always out from 7:30 to 11:30 every night. Once had the misfortune to meet a professor on the way back; flunked out next day; promptly swore off; went again next night. We don't believe he'll ever be able to overcome this habit of nocturnal roving until he is drowned in the sea of matrimony.



STAFFORD BLAND CONNOR

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"As gentle and as jocund as to jest."

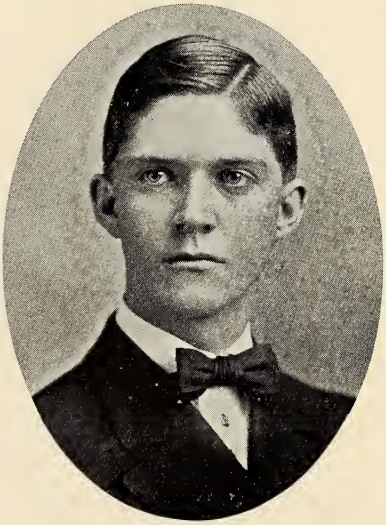
Monthly Orator, Treasurer Preston Literary Society; Glee Club, '09-'10; Contributor to JOURNAL.

Bland is the champion love-maker of the class; it is said that he can do this stunt in several different languages; prefers French. He is also the impersonator of the Glee Club; does the "nigger preacher" act to a high degree of perfection from an artistic standpoint. We predict that some day he will make a first-class "nigger preacher."

GEORGE KENNEDY CRAIG

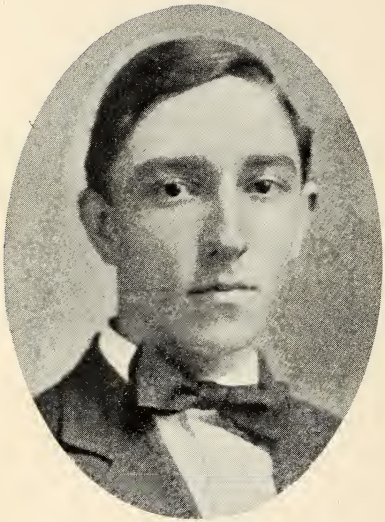
ANSON, N. C.

"His heart on high honour was set
And him contained in such manner,
That all him loved that were him near."



Second Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, President Preston Literary Society; Corresponding Secretary South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association; Freshman Marshal; Vice-President and President of Class, '07-'08; *Bohemian* Staff, '08-'09; Gymnasium Team, '07-'08; Junior Soph Football Team, '08-'09; Senior-Fresh Football Team, '09-'10; Class Football Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; Manager Class Football Team, '09-'10.

George is a tar-heeler; the poor fellow seems to hate it, but can't help it. Craig is the telephone artist; can talk pretty well to the fair sex face to face, but look out 'phone. He once had the pleasure of talking to one of the students over the 'phone, thinking it was a certain Spartanburg young lady. He found it out afterwards, repented, but too late. Craig will take up his abode in Spartanburg, it seems, as there is about one hundred and twenty pounds of feminine attraction for him here.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CROMLEY

SALUDA, S. C.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

Entered, '07; Member Carlisle Literary Society.

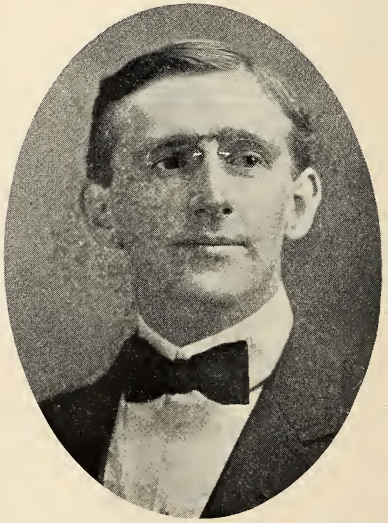
Here is a brand new, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide specimen from Saluda. Ben likes to talk about Saluda; says she's improving, and no longer increasing the population of the graveyards by violent death. He says the people of his county are becoming somewhat tame, and no longer kill negroes for a pastime; says now it's against the rules to kill 'em down there, unless they're on the shady side of the street or fail to lift their hats to you when you meet them. Ben's a quiet kind of fellow, though, and anyone wouldn't suspect him of being from Saluda who did not know it.

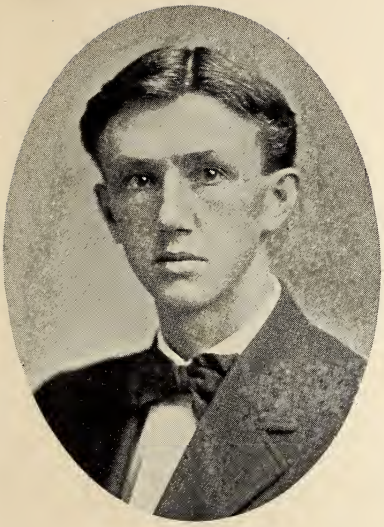
JOSEPH KENNERLY DAVIS

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"An excellent scholar; one that hath a head filled with calf brains, without any sage in them."

Monthly Orator, Second Critic, Preston Literary Society; Vice-President Freshman Class; Sophomore Speaker; Junior Debater; Winner Preston Essay Medal, '07-'08; Assistant Literary Editor *Bohemian*, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief *Bohemian*, '09-'10; Y. M. C. A. Editor JOURNAL, '09-'10; Class Historian, '09-'10; Oratorical Speaker, '09-'10; Senior Speaker. A company has been organized among the students for the purpose of buying Davis at his true value and then selling him at his own estimation. No capital was needed for the purchase, and it is thought that the profit will be very great.





WILLIAM HENRY DAVIDSON

LAURENS, S. C.

"All the Latin I construe is AMO—*I love."*

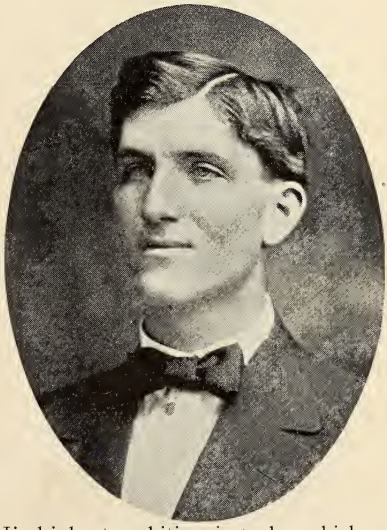
Member Inter-Society Committee, '09-'10, Preston Literary Society; Class Football Team, '06-'07, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; Junior-Soph. Football Team, '07-'08, '08-'09; Senior-Fresh. Football Team, '09-'10; Class Basket Ball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; Captain Class Basket Ball Team, '09-'10; 'Varsity Basket Ball Team, '08-'09.

"Puss" is from Clinton, Laurens county, and actually owns up to it. His chief delight is in the pursuit of his studies in Latin. He is commonly known as "Prof. Gus's Pet." It is thought that, some day, he will make a great Latin scholar. Men may come and men may go, but "Puss" takes Latin forever. "Puss" has an exceedingly bland and child-like face, as innocent as the smile of a new-born babe. It doesn't show the scars of forty-two Latin exams. past—and unpassed. He will some day make a good business man, if he can give up the haunting thoughts of Latin.

CYRUS BASSET DAWSEY

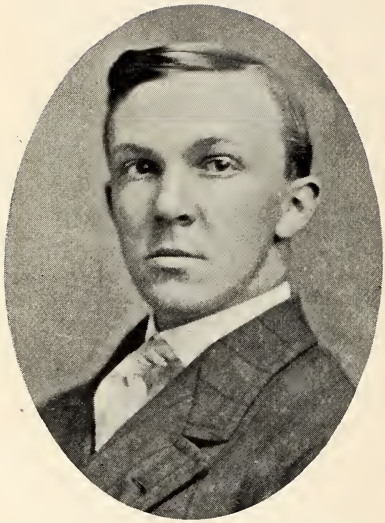
HORRY, S. C.

"I am not wiser for my age,
Nor skillful by my grief."



Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Third Critic, Recording Secretary, Vice-President, President Carlisle Literary Society; Speaker on Freshman Exhibition; Sophomore Speaker; Junior Debater; Senior Speaker; Speaker on Oratorical Contest, '08-'09, '09-'10; Secretary, President Y. M. C. A.; President Volunteer Band; President of Class '09-'10.

Dawsey was found in some of the swamps of Horry. We don't know what strata, so hardly know what age to place him in; certainly not the psychozoic; more probably the paleozoic, in order to be sure to be far enough back. "Bishop" is said to be a preacher, but it yet doubtful whether he'll join the conference or go back to Horry and be a foreign missionary. His highest ambition is to be a bishop; says he'll be one if he has to bribe the whole General Conference.



FREDERIC WARREN DIBBLE

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool."

Entered, '05; dropped out, '07-'08: Monthly Orator; Second Censor and Charter Member of Carlisle Literary Society; Art Editor the *Bohemian*, '09-'10; Contributor to JOURNAL; Non-Frat.

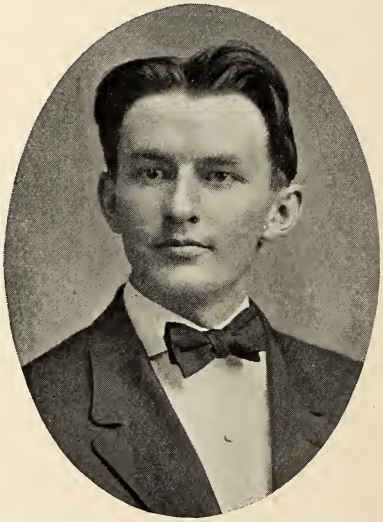
"Squirt" was one of the additions our class made; kind of an inheritance from the class before. He is a born ladies' man, and it is no uncommon occurrence to find, where he has gone along, a fair maid pining away for her stolen love. He will make a fortune when he completes the investigation of unknown chemical formulas, which he is industriously working out.

BENTON McROY DuBOSE

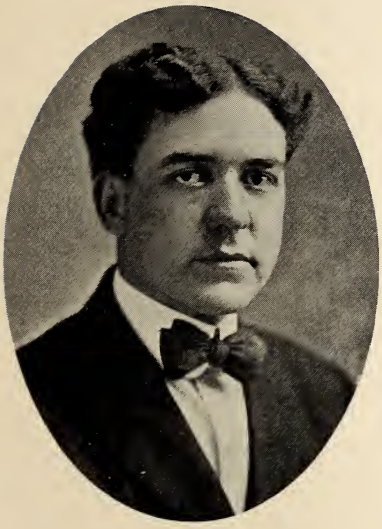
LEE, S. C.

"Not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrops inner leaves."

Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Third Critic, First Critic, Vice-President, President Carlisle Literary Society; Junior Debater; Literary Editor JOURNAL, '09-'10; Business Manager of *Bohemian*, '09-'10; 'Varsity Basket Ball Team, '08-'09; Senior Speaker.



Roy is primarily a pugilist or general all-round scrapper; he holds the belt for the upper part of South Carolina. He'll fight about anything imaginable, female gender preferably. A year or so ago, after several days of vain searching for a scrap, finding nothing else to devote his time and interest to, he proceeded to carve up his own physiognomy with a razor in a way calculated to please the most fastidious. It is rumored that he will challenge the winner of the Jeffries-Johnson bout.



WILLIAM CLAUS DUNCAN

LAURENS, S. C.

"Yet 'twas a handsome face."

Entered, '04, dropped out, '06-'07, '07-'08; Corresponding Secretary Preston Literary Society; Vice-President of Class, '04-'05.

No, there's no donkey in the choir, Duncan, not donkey. This is one of Duncan's favorite pastimes, singing. He'll sing anything from "Coonshine" to "The Creation." He says it's his one talent. Some doubt the truth of this statement; but if it is, he seems determined not to bury his talent; it's more probable he'll explode it. There'll be no objections offered to the explosion, however, provided no one else is injured.

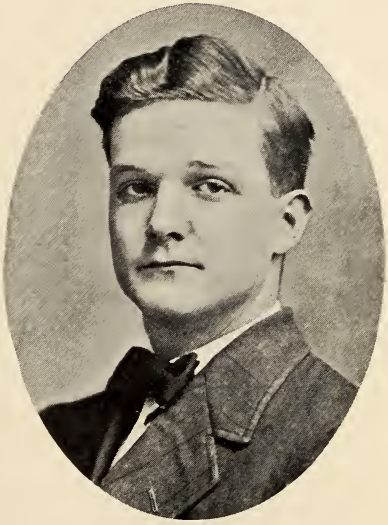
C. REID ELKINS

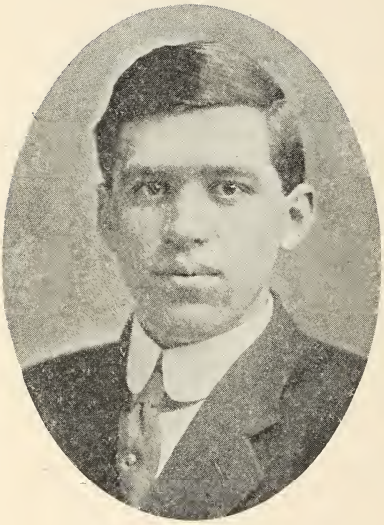
HAMPTON, S. C.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame."

Member Calhoun Literary Society; Senior Baseball Team; Senior Basket Ball Team; Class Football Team, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Elkins at present hails from Hampton, but this is not permanent, only a temporary place of abode. A small place like Hampton can't hold him forever. This is another Latin student of note; it seems that the class is infested with them. Reid is always in for a good time wherever it's to be found; if not at home, he goes visiting. "Elk" says he's good looking, but when called to taw, has a hard time proving the truth of his statement. Some of the girls in Hampton may think so, however.





JOHN GREGORY GAILBRAITH

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray."

First, Second and Third Critic, First and Second Censor, Corresponding and Recording Secretary, Calhoun Literary Society; Freshman Speaker; Class Football Team, '06-'07, '07-'08; Senior-Fresh. Football Team, '06-'07; Executive Committee Athletic Association.

"Greg" has been in our class frequently since its *debut*. He has actually become acquainted with a few of the most prominent members of the class, and knows several of the professors when he sees them. The trustees have been thinking of making "Greg" Chairman of the Board of Visitors, provided such a board is ever created. He would certainly make a good one if practice counts for anything.

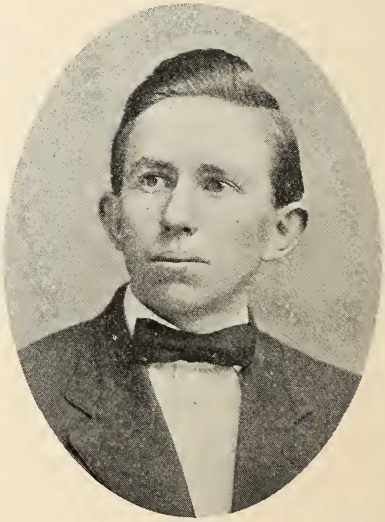
JEFFERSON DAVIS GRIFFITH

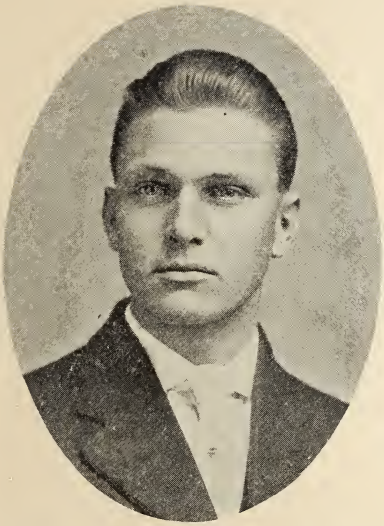
SALUDA, S. C.

Upon his brow, shame is ashamed to sit.

Entered, '07; First and Third Critic Carlisle Literary Society.

Griffith was resurrected somewhere down in Saluda. Jeff's strong point is medicine; he never has less than half a dozen doctor's books in his room; knows more big words of this variety than any man in the class. "Grif" says he will study law; says there's always room at the top. He should remember that there's also plenty of competition at the bottom. Jeff is somewhat politically inclined, has hopes of some day being magistrate, coroner or something of the kind.





EDMUND BERKELY HAMMOND

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"They say, through patience, chalk
Becomes a ruby stone."

Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-President, President Calhoun Literary Society; Vice-President of Class '07-'08; President of Class, '08-'09; Member of JOURNAL and *Bohemian* Staffs, '08-'09; Business Manager of JOURNAL, '09-'10; Speaker on Freshman Exhibition,' 10; Sophomore Speaker; Junior Debater; Member of Executive Committee Athletic Association, '09-'10; Class Baseball Team, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Ed is perfectly harmless and as gentle as a lamb. He is one of these fellows that a nice girl could work wonders with; anyway, there's plenty of room for something being done. Of course, it is doubtful whether or not it could be accomplished. Ed is a fellow of few habits, good or bad; one of his worst is associating with Beach. But Ed will overcome Beach's subtle influence in time, if enough care is taken with him.

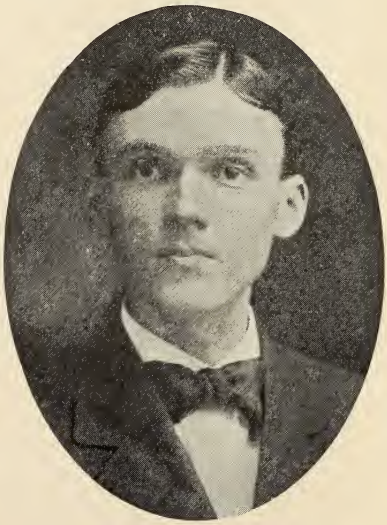
GUSSIE CLEVELAND HAWKINS

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream."

Member Preston Literary Society; Contributor to JOURNAL.

Gus is of poetic temperament; in fact, he actually puts some of it on paper, the sentimental kind. He doesn't mean any offense; just can't help it; in love probably. Being of a generous nature and warm heart, we freely forgive him for his wavering from the path of righteousness, and the gods may forgive and forget in time, with the provision of good behavior along this line in the future.



WILLIAM GRADY HAZEL

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew."

Member Preston Literary Society; Class Poet, '07-'08, '08-'09; Historian, '07-'08; Class Prophet, '09-'10; Junior Debater; Senior Speaker; Class Baseball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; 'Varsity Scrub Baseball Team, '08-'09; Member Executive Committee South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Press Association, '09-'10; Literary Editor *Bohemian*, '09-'10; Editor-in-Chief WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, '09-'10.

"Nut" was flushed from the swamps of Saluda county. He is quite loquacious; in fact, he has been very aptly designated as having the rapidity of speech of a phonograph. Did you ever hear of the giant, Hercules; the philosopher, Socrates; the humorist, Mark Twain; the practical schemer, Aaron Burr; the prince of demons, Beelzebub? Well, the elements of these have been so compounded in him that as a result we have this honorable son of Ananias. "Nut" has a perfect horror of the sensation created by a too-near personal contact with H_2O. He has been accused of having taken four applications of the said H_2O in the last four years. However, he emphatically and stoutly denies the said accusation, and cannot conceive how the rumor was started.

GEORGE MEANS HEINITSH

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"A vapor, heavy, hueless, formless, cold."

Monthly Orator, Third Critic, Member Inter-Society Committee, First Critic, Vice-President Calhoun Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class; Member Executive Committee Athletic Association.

George is a pure, cut-and-dried, unregenerated rattler of senseless prattle. How he will talk; about anything in general, nothing in particular; anything that'll keep his mouth going. We believe he'd actually talk the slats off a chicken coop. George doesn't always confine himself to the truth, either. Truth or fiction, it matters not to him; just so it's something easily adaptable to words to let o'erflow his pent-up feelings. He'll reform some day after he has talked into insensibility some good person fool enough to listen to him.

EUGENE LEROY HORGER

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"Music herself and all the muses nine For skill or voice their titles may resign."

Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Second Critic, Recording Secretary, Vice-President Carlisle Literary Society; Class Football Team, '07-'08; '08-'09, '09-'10; Class Basket Ball Team, '09-'10; Glee Club, '09-'10.

Horger is sometimes called "Socrates" for his wisdom, oftener "Sox" for short. He is of a genial disposition, good looking, and a great favorite with the fair sex. "Sox" is chiefly noted for chewing the quid of reflection until the psychological moment, when he spits out some great truth, as tho it were a habit of his. By the way, he has that quid about chewed to a "frazzle." "Sox" has just discovered the great musical talent that has been lying dormant in him, and made Glee Club this year. He will some day be a shining light in the musical world.

GABRIEL BUCHANAN INGRAM

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Upon the level in little puffs of wind, Tho anchored to the bottom such is he."

Member Preston Literary Society.

"Gabe" has come out wonderfully after getting from under the influence of the associates and chums of his first year. He has about lived down the reputation acquired while with them, and will in time, it is thought, become a desirable citizen. "Eyes" began wrong —took Greek. He didn't like Greek, so quit and started over. He immediately began to improve, but says he'll ever be haunted by the memories of Greek and Rembert.

JOHN SHEPPARD JONES

SALUDA, S. C.

"You must be a lover of the landlady's daughter if you want to get the biggest piece of pie."

Second Censor, Second Critic Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball Team, '06-'07, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; Captain Senior Class Baseball Team; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '08-'09; Gymnasium Team, '06-'07; Glee Club, '09-'10.

Ah! here he is in all his glory—a sport if there ever was one. "Shep" is from Saluda, but doesn't like to own it; says he'd rather be from Edgefield; nothing peculiar in that, tho, most anybody would. "Shep" has been doing some thinking of late on the boarding house question; in fact, he is thinking of going into the business. He says he thinks it would suit his general character and make-up. Luck to him in his new enterprise.

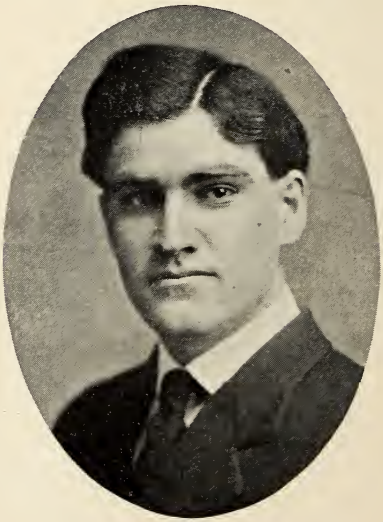
EARL LEGARE KEATON

ANDERSON, S. C.

"Oh, God, methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain."

Member Preston Literary Society; Contributor to JOURNAL.

Keaton, E., is from Anderson, but is not to be blamed for this, as when he selected his birthplace, he was rather inexperienced and immature in wisdom and judgment. Earl has been frequently found guilty of writing poetry. The melancholy strain in it shows that he was once in love—Oh! long, long ago. But ""Tis better," etc. It is thought that Keaton will some day blossom into a great poet. He has already managed to palm off a few of his productions on THE JOURNAL.



RUBEN LEON KEATON

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

"Older am I than thy numbers wot;
Change I may, but I pass not."

Re-entered, '07; Monthly Orator, First Critic, Vice-President, President Preston Literary Society; Captain, '07-'08, '09-'10; Manager, '08-'09; Class Football Team, Class Basket Ball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; 'Varsity Basket Ball Team, '08-'09; Member, '07-'08; Manager, '08-'09; Instructor, '09-10; Gymnasium Team; Sophomore Marshal; Treasurer, Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; President, '08-'09, '09-'10, Ministerial Band.

Leon is not exactly one of us; he just dropped into our class. It's a kind of habit he has. Some think he will keep it up, for generations yet. Keaton's a hustler, tho, if not in one way then look out the other. Whenever in need of anything, it matters not what, from a toothpick to a steamboat, go to Keaton. He always has the latest improved article and is open to any kind of a trade. His specialty in the selling line is anything in which there is ninety-nine per cent. profit. If you have anything you don't want, and can't give away, turn it over to Keaton to sell for you. If he doesn't succeed, Taft doesn't weigh thirteen ounces.

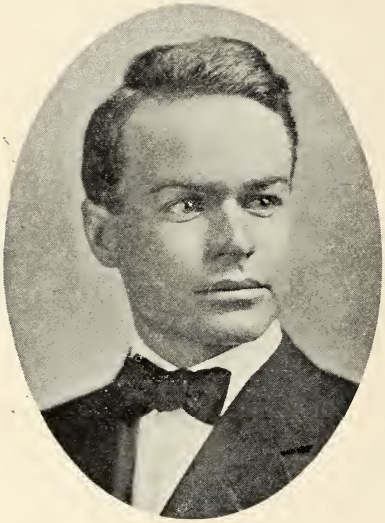
WILLIAM FRANKLIN KLUGH

GREENWOOD, S. C.

"Ere he was born, the stars of fate
Plotted to make him rich and great."

Third Critic, First Censor, President Calhoun Literary Society; President Student Body, '09-'10; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Secretary Athletic Association, '09-'10; Manager Glee Club, '09-'10.

Klugh is about the best thing we have for ornamental purposes. He looks well, will stand anywhere he is put and face any direction. He is usually found decorating Whittington's with his majestic presence, that is when the weather is good; on rainy days, he stays in his room and doctors his complexion, hair, etc. Frank will overcome his good looks in time, tho, we think, and will probably make a very good citizen.



JOHN McCALL

MARLBORO, S. C.

"The greatest fault, I should say, is to be conscious of none."

Inter-Society Committee; Recording Secretary, Second Critic, Vice-President, President Calhoun Literary Society; Member JOURNAL Staff, '09-'10; Vice-President Senior Class.

Recently John has distinguished himself by winning the beauty prize of the Senior Class. Nobody thought he'd take it, but everybody was surprised—he actually took it. We do not mean to say this is all he has taken; several members of the faculty have been missing chickens lately.

JOSEPH FRANCIS MUNNERLYN

GEORGETOWN, S. C.

"Never yet the man was found
Who could this mystery expound."

First Critic Preston Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, '06-'07.

"Jodie" is the Kandy Kid; he's a little of everything; possibly excels in baseball, being an artist of unusual merit in that line. "Jodie's" also a sport, ladies' man, etc. (the etc. being more pregnant with meaning than all the rest).

TOICHI MURATA

"But bland the smile that like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines."

Member Carlisle Literary Society. First Censor.

Murata is from somewhere in Japan. No one but a pure-blooded Jap can spell or pronounce the name of the place. We know it takes about all the letters in the alphabet, but don't know in what order to place them. "Fuji" is going back to Japan and show them a few stunts he has learned over here. He says he is going to be a professor in some female college. He always did take well with that gender.

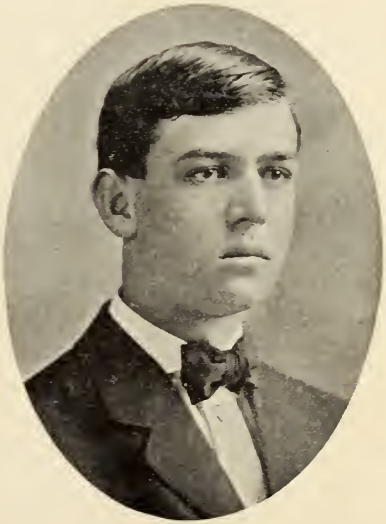
LAWRENCE ADAMS MURRAY

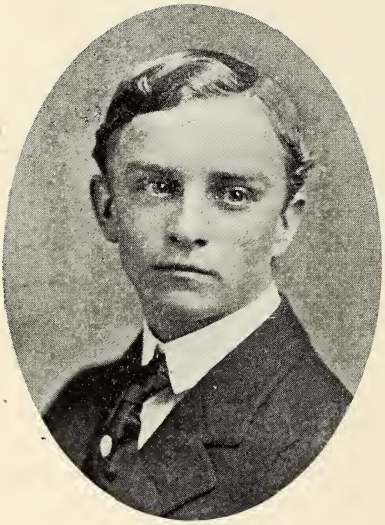
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"Many are the poets who have never penned their inspiration, and perchance the best."

Member of Preston Literary Society; Contributor to JOURNAL.

Murray is from the swamps of the lower part of the State, where mosquitoes and malaria abound. He is quite beyond understanding; some say he's studying for the ministry, others say he's out for a missionary. Anyway, he's a quiet, inoffensive kind of fellow, with a meek and forlorn countenance, and would do excellently for a preacher or a priest.





RALPH LEE NEWTON

MARLBORO, S. C.

"A little grain of conscience made him sour."

Member Preston Literary Society; First Censor; Class Basket Ball Team, '09-'10; Senior Speaker.

Newton is an unknown quantity, a mystic, indefinable question mark. (We came pretty near saying nonentity.) Anyway, to express it in our own style, he's something we don't know what is. We will not try to describe the indescribable; define the indefinable; reveal the unrevealable.

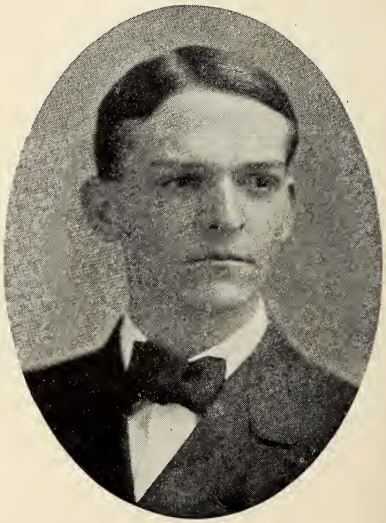
THOMPSON BETHEA PENNEY

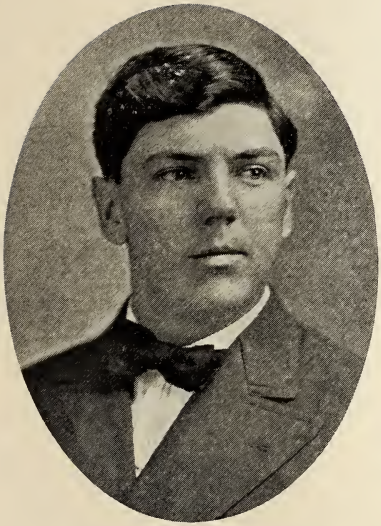
ABBEVILLE, S. C.

"Pale genius roves alone;
No scout can track his way."

Entered, '05; dropped out, '07-'08; Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Recording Secretary, First Censor, Vice-President, Marshal on Soph. Exhibition, Junior Marshal Preston Literary Society; Assistant Editor-in-Chief *Bohemian;* Non-Frat.

Penney is an adept in math; yet we do not know whether it's math he understands or how to work "Clink." The latter is the most plausible solution, as it is undoubtedly the easier of the two.





SIM HARRISON PLYLER

LANCASTER, S. C.

"His legs bestrid the ocean."

Member Preston Literary Society; Class Football Team, '06-'07, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; Junior-Soph. Football Team, '07-'08, '08-'09; Senior-Fresh Football Team, '09-'10.

"Sim" was caught wild in the upper part of Lancaster. After running him down, putting shoes and other paraphernalia of civilization upon him, he was sent here. He does very well now as long as we can keep him up. If he gets loose again no telling what will happen. Sim is the giant of the class, 6 ft., 4 in. in height, weight, 180. He is now beginning to get gray; whether the result of old age, much worry or hard study, it is not known.

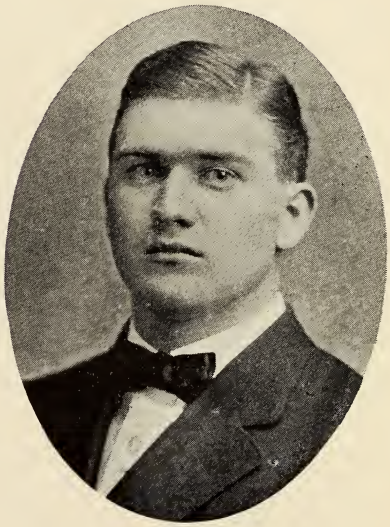
EDWARD BURKE ROBERTS

DILLON, S. C.

"The hate of hate; the scorn of scorn; the love of love."

Recording Secretary, First Censor, First and Second Critics Carlisle Literary Society; Gymnasium Team, '06-'07; Member, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10, Captain, '08-'09 Class Football Team; Manager Junior-Soph. Football Team, '08-'09; Senior-Fresh. Football Team, '09-'10; Class Basket Ball Team, '09-10; Contributor to JOURNAL.

"Bob" is the taffy slinger; the soft slush artist; the silver-tongued love maker; the ladies' knight, *sans peur et sans reproche.* If any young lady wants someone to spiel off the latest style of amorous bosh in rhythmical phraseology, she would do well to send for "Bob." He prefers working under a *nom de plume,* though.



CHARLES WATSON SHOCKLEY

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child."

Second Critic, First Censor Calhoun Literary Society; Gymnasium Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Here we have an artifice built upon solid and firm foundation, architectural design, well balanced, and with a large and roomy dome. Charley is the youngest fellow in the class, but is there with the best.

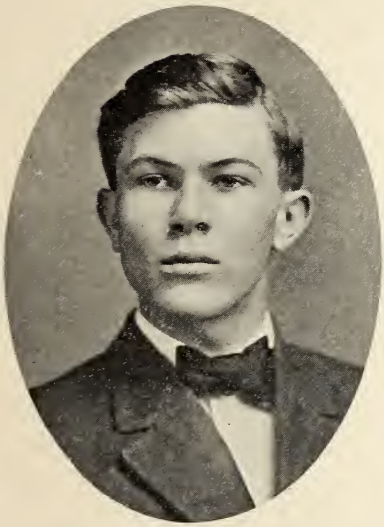
RALSTON EUGENE SMITH, JR.

CLARENDON, S. C.

"Went plodding like some good, plain soul,
That had some flock to feed."

Member Preston Literary Society; Contributor to JOURNAL; First Critic.

Smith is a good student, a quiet kind of fellow and stands in well with the faculty. This fair youth never takes anything easy. He is modest, unassuming, bashful; chews his gum in silence. Smith works with untiring energy on everything. He thinks he has committed a crime if he does not make ten (10) on every recitation. He will surely make his mark, as a college professor or some university president.



JAMES GOODLETT THORNTON

PICKENS, S. C.

"Ah Fate, cannot a man
Be wise without a beard?"

Second Censor Calhoun Literary Society; Class Football Team, '09-'10; Class Basket Ball Team, '09-'10.

Thornton is the genuine article; always up for anything, provided there is a good time in it and Elkins is along. This is one of "Kid's" peculiarities; he can't get over four feet away from Elkins. Thornton has about ruined his health studying, actually studied fourteen minutes on a stretch once. He'll overcome these evil effects, tho, as he is still young.

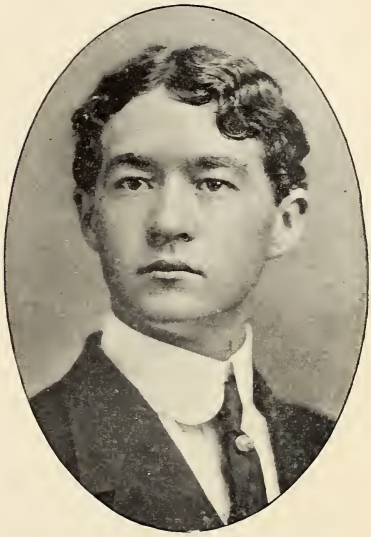
OLANDER CRAYTON TURNER

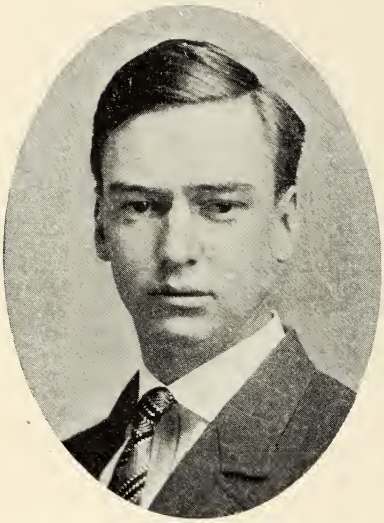
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Loud as the wolves on Orea's stormy steep
Howl to the roaring waves of the Northern deep."

Member Preston Literary Society.

Turner is of pugnacious temperament—to hear him talk. He is sometimes mistaken for Duncan. They are thought to be twins by many who don't know them, they go together so much and look so much alike. "Oc" is a quiet, unassuming kind of fellow, and his voice is never heard in a crowd.





MARVIN McTYEIRE WILKES

BARNWELL, S. C.

"The world's best clowns are never seen in a circus."

Member Carlisle Literary Society; Speaker on Freshman Exhibition; Sophomore Speaker; Class Baseball Team, '08-'09, '09-'10; Class Football Team, '09-'10; Senior Freshman Football Team, '09-'10; Gymnasium Team, '09'10.

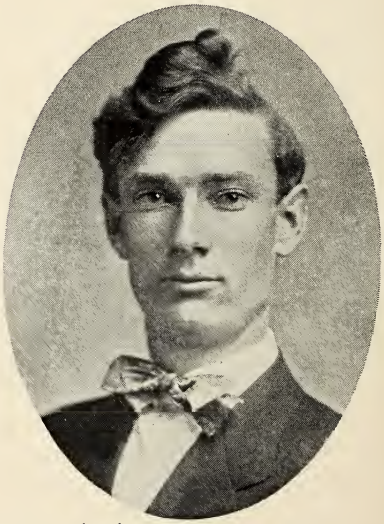
Yes, he's perfectly tame; won't bite; only growls and looks fierce. He's somewhat a pet among the boys, answers to almost any name and will follow anybody that'll feed him and furnish him in cigarettes. Wilkes holds a license to act the clown on any and all occasions—church not excepted. You wouldn't think it, but he is really a favorite among the ladies. Wilkes' chief characteristics are: bushy hair, slouchy hat, trousers six inches above shoe tops, socks of different color, and general dilapidated appearance.

JOHN EDWARD WANNAMAKER

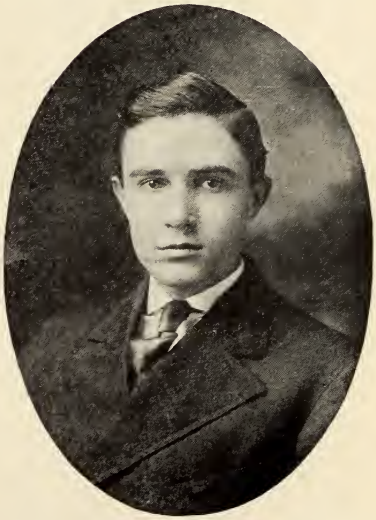
CALHOUN, S. C.

"Let science prove we are, and then what matters science unto men, at least to me."

Wannamaker is from St. Matthews—wherever that is. It must be in the lower part of the State, where game abounds, as John says he killed twenty-two *"squeerrels"* one morning. "Wanny" is a great theologian; reads Ingersoll, or something of the kind, and likes to talk about it. He is a great talker anyway, when he is once started. This is the formula by which he usually begins: first, he emits a couple of warning grunts, then fires words intermingled with grunts, at you like bullets from a Gatling gun; lastly, another pair of grunts, but these in G minor, and then silence reigns—for a second or so.



R. G. BRESSLER, A. M.
HALIFAX, PENN.



WALLACE DUNCAN DuPRE, A. M.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

TOM M. HAMER, A. M.

MARION, S. C.

PIERCE WYCHE, A. M.

NORTH CAROLINA

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. McRoy DuBose, Literary Editor
W. P. Meadors, Assistant Literary Editor

Senior Class Poem

Classmates, our college days are ending,
Away and hence our ways are trending
  Into a life that's fiercely real!
    And when the crucial test shall come,
  May there be earth's approving seal
    Upon our manhood's total sum.
Then up and on with eye that's gleaming,
We'll meet the world with more than dreaming!

But be the future fierce and painful,
Resolved are we to make it gainful.
  What wealth can be compared to life;
    What finds of Mammon's treasure trove,
  When within begins a strife
    To overpass the common drove,
Gain the heights of throned Verity;
Prove one's valor, not temerity?

Here we learned of Egypt's science
Which has been a sure reliance
  To re-mark her silted lands;
    We've learned of wisdom and of lore
  Gathered by forgotten hands,
    And sought to find in what before
Was ever thought or known, the truest;
And finding, thus unfold the newest.

Tho we've been four years together
And scarce have measured Learning's tether,
  Have we here our hearts made strong,
    Taught our vision clear to know,
  Searching for truth to combat wrong,
    Reasoned why a fact is so,
Trained our spirits to be truer,
When the eyes of men are fewer?

Scarce bounds of earth can now restrain us,
For many a country shall contain us;
  One here, one there, yea, scattered far
    Thru divers ways our courses turn—
  "In Vishnu-land what Avatar?"—
    To live, to toil, to help, to learn,
Perchance to build our fancy's dreaming,
Or follow Duty's distant gleaming.

Our campus home we'll not forget,
The ocean's stream divide, nor let
  The memories fade away when Time
    Shall grey our heads with hoary age;
  Our hopes for her shall constant chime,
    In the topmost spire our youthful mage
Shall see fulfilled. Our Alma Mater—
May Heaven's blessings all await her!

DANIEL L. BETTS.

Senior Class History

Every people of every clime has made an unwritten history, and this is quite as important as the records of kings and queens. There you will find locked the secrets of a nation's life, no memories of which have escaped the prison vaults of their hearts; but they linger there as sacred traditions, and are the sweetest of a nation's life.

And so it is with the Class of 1910. Many of its reminiscences that shall, in future years, bring the greatest delight,

will not be so much what we entrust to these pages, but rather the things which we bury in our hearts. The friendships that we form and cherish; the enemies that we make, but never hate —all these cannot be recorded, but they are the true history of this class.

The class of 1910 leaves the halls and campus of Wofford to bid a "God be with you" to all that will henceforth appear only as tender memories of the truly happy days there. A feeling of sadness, that is not without its pleasure, is present in all our hearts, and it is with gratitude and reverence we cherish the memory as one who, in our childhood days, guided our footsteps safely through difficulties, so do we turn with filling eyes and swelling hearts to bless thee, Wofford.

None of us will ever forget that dark and dreary and rainy day of the eighteenth of September, 1906. Surely, we hoped, that this kind of day was no index to the brightness of the four long years we were to spend on Wofford campus. On the next morning we went to chapel for the first time. To all of us this was a solemn, august, awe-inspiring occasion. It was the last time that Bishop Duncan was to be present at the opening of Wofford. The talk he gave us that day will ever remain bright and shining in our memory. It was full of sympathy, comfort, advice and inspiration to a boy just come from his home and loved ones, to be placed in new and untried environments. The Faculty, one by one in their turn, extended to us words of greeting and of welcome to the tune of twenty pages in this department, or thirty pages in that for the first recitation. We at once realized that we could have no time to frolic at Wofford, but that here they did serious, earnest work, and plenty of it.

We went on nicely with our work through the year, making a splendid record and doing high scholarship work. Before we knew it, June had come; the trials and tribulations and much of the greenness and awkwardness of Freshmen had passed away, and now we were to return home to spend a happy vacation, with the proud thought that when we returned we would be Sophomores.

The summer of 1907 seemed to pass very quickly, and it was not long before we were ready to continue our work. We returned with renewed zeal to resume our duties. How differently we felt from the year before! We were no longer sneered at as Freshmen; we had passed through that stage of verdancy, and found ourselves wiser and better able to cope with the vast questions with which a Sophmore has to do. Our number was not so large now, as many, for various reasons, unknown to us, had played the part of deserters. It is true that some few joined our band this year, who have proved a help to us, but their numbers were inadequate to fill the vacancies of those who left. But, notwithstanding our loss, we toiled on, finding real pleasure each day in our work. We had very little to do with society this year, because we thought it would be a hindrance in performing our duties, but, at the conclusion of the Sophomore examinations, which were distinctly literary and oratorical, we did engage in that glorious and magnificent reception given at the conclusion of this occasion, which was the crowning event of our Sophomore year.

When we reached the Junior Class, we thought, of course, that we should have easy sailing to the end, but alas! this was the busy year for us. We were facing a great many new duties in a serious way. We had lost that characteristic sense of importance of the Sophomore and had taken a more sober view of life and things. This year we won the trophy baseball cup. Baseball, however, was not our only sport. We had a basket ball team, which never lost a game to any class. On the gridiron, having ranked at the top, it was also one of our number this year who won the tennis championship to represent Wofford in the State contest.

After three years of hard work, we have entered upon our last year. We realized that grave responsibilities were resting upon us, and we assumed such an air as becometh dignified Seniors.

It is not our purpose to exaggerate or dwell at too great length on the fame of the Class of 1910. An unusually large

number of its members have made enviable records, while the work of the class as a whole has been characterized by faithful and conscientious devotion to duty. Our uniform good behavior, our continuous application to daily tasks imposed, has evoked not only the confidence and admiration of the Faculty, but very naturally the envy of every class in college.

We number forty-five strong. We are a composite, as usual, of various elements, not all scholars, not all sloths, but our average is far better than usual. For athletics we have manifested no passionate fondness, nor on them have we spent disproportionate time or energy. Still, a comparison of our men and their record, with the achievements of our contemporaries and predecessors, will not result to our discredit. While we realize that a man should be physically, as well as mentally, strong, we find just cause for pride that the mine of science, of art and of literature has proven more attractive, and the appropriating of their treasures has engaged more of our time, at the same time affording us deeper stirrings of delight than either the gridiron or the diamond.

During our Senior year we have witnessed the erection of a commodious library, the best equipped in the State, and before we finish the year's work a dormitory will have been already begun. Not only does our presence count for progress on this campus, but our deportment, suffice it to say, doth become a Senior grave.

So, as we approach the final day of parting, we look back on the course we have run as neither discreditable to our predecessors nor a cause of reproach to our successors. In spite of any trouble or discouragement we may have experienced this year, it has been our happiest and most pleasant year. We have been brought closer to each other, and it is with sadness, mingled with gladness, we meet here for the last time, for we know that we shall never meet again as a united class.

Let us, then, in going out into active, thrilling, vibrating life, quit ourselves as men who will bring success to ourselves, laurels for our class, and honor for our Alma Mater.

J. K. DAVIS, Historian.

Class Prophecy

Only two short years have passed since we were in the throes of the latter part of our Senior year at Wofford. But how much experience and how many happenings, good or bad, can take place in two years! Who of us then dreamed that by now our future would be as an open book in which one might read at leisure? Who then could have imagined that, by any device or invention, the veil between the present and the future could be removed, laying bare the glories and the horrors of that which is to be? Even now, looking back and seeing that this has been accomplished, it seems almost incredible, superhuman, weird and uncanny; and even as I write and think of it, it is only with difficulty and remarkable self-control that I am able to keep back the cold shivers that would chase each other up and down my spinal column.

No one but a genius or a fool would have ever attempted so great an undertaking as this, but John Wannamaker, being both, to a certain extent, and an impatient kind of fellow, who could not wait for events to transpire, undertook to invent a machine that would reveal the future, and, after a few months' experimenting, brought it to perfection. It was a complicated combination of electric batteries, wires, radium, mirrors, parts of a phonograph and moving picture machine, worked all together in an indescribable manner.

The invention being completed, anyone could operate it. One had simply to call to it some name and set the date wished for, and immediately there would flash into the mirror a picture of that person and his surroundings at that time; and from the phonograph contraption, voices could be heard from these pictures as though they were real persons. One could even speak to the persons and they would answer. It was certainly a wonderful machine.

Ready for business, John first, of course, wished to know his own future. Setting the date, etc., he looked into the mirror and saw—ah! no one will ever know what he did see, for immediately after finding out the long coveted information con-

cerning himself, he sprang up, uttered a loud yell, put a bullet through the machine and then one through his head.

Some time after this I came into possesssion of his invention, patched the bullet hole up as best I could, and found it worked about as well as before. Being always interested in the future of my classmates, their fates was what I first wished to know; so setting the machine for 1930, I began with my investigations.

I started with Baker, and the scene reflected in the mirror was an "Old Plantation Show." I did not at first see how this applied to Baker, but soon found and recognized him as "end man." I was somewhat surprised to find Wilkes also in this minstrel show as chief clown, but there he was performing all sorts of fantastic tricks and acting his part to perfection. In the audience I recognized Beach in blue coat and brass buttons. This did not surprise me so much, as I had always been of the opinion that he was better suited for a policeman than anything else. I learned that this was one of the many shows of the "Murray Carnival Company."

Next I saw the interior of a great book company, where books of all kinds and descriptions were shipped to every part of the country. I found Craig superintending the Latin translation department, and discovered that the firm was now Hinds, Noble & All. I found that DuBose was foreman of the printing department of this company.

The scene now shifted to San Francisco, and I could see that a great prize fight was about to be pulled off and heard the contestants introduced as follows: "Gentlemen, the fight of the evening will be one of unusual interest; it is, as it were, to settle an old grudge, a long existing feud; and, as both of the pugilists are well trained and are of long experience in the ring, we feel justified in predicting a great performance. There is no limit to the number of rounds; the fight is to the finish. I take pleasure in introducing Messrs. Turner and Duncan." I noticed that one of the trainers was Roberts, and it seemed about all he could do to keep out of the scrap at times. The battle raged hotly, with Turner a little in the lead, until one of the spectators became too enthused, rushed into the

ring, jerked up his sleeves, and whipped them both in about three seconds. I was just wondering who this intruder could be, when one of the crowd jumped up and shouted: "Hurrah for Plyler, the world's champion heavyweight."

Then I found myself in a large, handsome church in Charleston, and soon learned that Conference was in session, Bishop Greg Galbraith presiding. I waited for the appointments, and heard read out as presiding elders, Zemp and Bowman. I was told that Bishop "Puss" Davidson had delivered an eloquent and scholarly sermon before the Conference the previous Sunday on "The Influence of the Latin Vulgate on the English Bible."

I was next on one of the many cannibal isles of the Pacific, where I saw about twenty naked savages, with looks of expectancy upon their faces, huddled around a huge pot, in which some kind of soup of peculiar odor was boiling. Among them I saw Betts reading from the Bible and speaking as though his life depended upon it. As soon as he hesitated a little I spoke to him and soon asked about Dawsey—where he was, what he was doing and how he was getting along. Betts looked up at me with tears in his eyes, and said: "Poor Dawsey; that's him in the pot."

Ah! now the scene was more familiar. I was back on Wofford's campus and was surprised at the number of new buildings, dormitories, etc., and soon learned that the money for these buildings was left in his will by my old classmate Smith, who had amassed a huge sum by inventing some kind of tonic that would straighten kinky hair. I first went into the Math room and was not surprised to find Penney occupying the chair. I noticed the students as they filed in and saw one old, gray-headed man. I found this to be Leon Keaton, and that he was expected to graduate in about two more years and take off all the honors. I was told that Cely was now President and Professor of Astronomy. I then went to the Library and found among the many shelves one set aside for the poetical works of Earl Keaton exclusively.

I was next in a court-room—the Supreme Court of South

Carolina—and saw Jeff Griffith as Chief Justice, with Davis as one of his associates. Dibble was the leading lawyer, and was presenting the case in his usual clear and forcible style.

I now found myself at the State Fair in Columbia. In one of the side shows I saw "Hawkins, the Fat Man," who was said to be the largest in the world, measuring eighty-six inches around the equator. In another show was "Cannon, the Snake Eater," fully guaranteed to "eat 'em alive." I found that Klugh had become President of the Fair Association, and was a leading lawyer of Columbia.

The scene was again changed, and I was back in Spartanburg, which had now grown to such size that it had taken Greenville into its limits as a suburb. Shockley was Mayor, and his administration had been one of unequaled success. Hammond was Superintendent of Streets, and Elkins and Thornton were proprietors of the largest livery stable in the city. "Eyes" Ingram, D. D., was pastor of Central, and was making one of the best the church had ever had. Bomar had become President of the South Atlantic States Musical Festival, and Jodie Munnerlyn was to be its leading singer the following April.

Next upon the mirror was a great political gathering, and I had the pleasure of hearing the speeches of the several candidates. I was surprised to find among them Horger, candidate for President on the Woman's Suffrage platform, and Shep Jones on the Prohibition.

Now there is flashed into view a copy of the *New York World,* dated August 24, 1930. I read from the headlines: "Cromley Finds North Pole; Proves Conclusively that Neither Peary nor Cook Reached it in 1909;" "Revolution in Japan; Murata with His Forces Occupies Tokio;" "Newton, the Famous Mathematician, Discovers the Fourth Dimension of Space;" "Connor, President of the First National Bank of New York, Absconds with $410,000 in Bank Notes."

I then set the machine to find out about McCall, and immediately heard a chattering of children's voices; then I saw a large palatial residence, surrounded by rolling hills and fertile

valleys. In the porch I saw McCall in the midst of a host of children of every age. I could easily see that he had prospered on the farm.

I found that Heinitsh had at last come to the realization of his fondest hopes and highest ambitions by becoming poetic editor of Hostetter's Almanac.

The future of my class mates now known, I, of course, next desired to know about myself. It was with much trembling and no little hesitation that I at last set the machine. But it was always my luck to be disappointed in everything that directly concerned myself. Just as I set it, the thing burst into a thousand pieces, leaving me in mouth-wide wonder and amazement. The machine had stood Wilkes, Dawsey, Griffith and Galbraith, but at the final and supreme test, had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

W. G. HAZEL.

To South Carolina

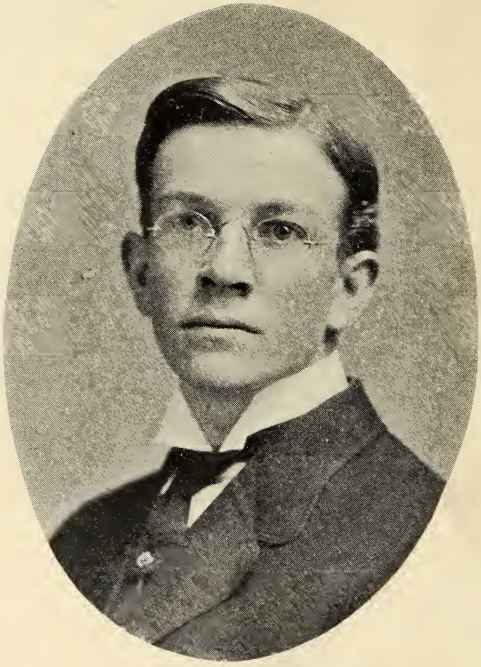
ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI

Hail to thee, South Carolina!
  Hail to thee, our native State!
We, thy sons, will ever guard thee,
  Fight thy battles, share thy fate.

Ready with our wealth to serve thee,
  Minds prepared to work thy weal,
Lives and fortunes supplementing
  Earnest, hopeful, living zeal.

Fairest spot in Eden's garden,
  Realm possessed of every grace;
Thee thy sons shall always cherish,
  Spread thy fame, exalt thy place.

Future glory far excelling
  Any former fame of thine,
Greater deeds thou wilt accomplish,
  Higher hopes, and plans benign.



H. GRADY HARDIN,
Winner Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest

WOFFORD WINS AGAIN!

For the fourth consecutive time Wofford won first prize at the South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, making a total of six victories out of twelve contests. The present winner is Mr. Henry Grady Hardin, of York county, who is the third brother to capture this medal. He spoke on "The Jury and its Future." Mr. Hardin is in the Junior class. The Association officers for 1911 from Wofford are, W. P. Meadows, Jr., Executive Committeeman; H. G. Hardin, Treasurer.

Carolina, State Palmetto,
  May thy sons forever prove
Honor's chaplet on thy temples
  Changeless as undying love.

D. L. B. '10.

The Jury and its Future

(Winning Oration in State Intercollegiate Contest.)

The one feature in our American government that has doubtless done much to make it successful, and which today attracts thousands of aliens from foreign shores, is that one which grants to the individual man such great personal freedom. As a bulwark to this personal liberty stands the constitutional right of trial by jury.

The idea of trial by jury has appealed to liberty-loving people for ages; in fact, so long has some form of it been in existence that its very origin is lost in the mazes of ancient history. It can not be correctly assigned to any period or to any nation, but is doubtless the slow outcome of long years of experience among a people who were constantly struggling for relief from despotic rule. In the eighteenth century in England it was characterized by Blackstone as "the palladium of English liberty, the glory of English law, the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for." Today, when true to its mission, it guarantees to every individual the right of trial by his peers, and stands between him and oppression from any source.

Nevertheless, in the practical working of this apparently ideal system of law in our country, there has arisen large cause of complaint on the part of both the people and the state. We face today a grave problem, due to the flagrant and increasingly frequent miscarriages of justice in our courts. The verdicts rendered in some recent cases in our country have drawn public attention to the defects in the judicial side of our government, and the trouble seems to lie largely in the method of trying cases before juries. So quietly has the

change taken place, from the nearly ideal conditions of the past to those of the present day, that our citizenship is not yet fully aroused to the crying need of reform. Fortunately, some of those who occupy high and honorable positions of trust are beginning to realize the importance of immediate improvement. We find our President, our judges, our public men, our progressive editors, our country-loving citizens, fast becoming alive to the needs of the system.

Whatever might have been the conditions and results of trial by jury in the past, let us see how it operates now; for it is in its present operation that we are vitally interested. First, our law requires the selection of men for jurymen who are qualified as electors and of good moral character. It would seem that this simple provision might produce a competent jury; but, unfortunately, such is far from the rule. In our own State the causes that would make us discredit the findings of the average jury lie on the surface. The primary laws governing our elections are such that many voters do not take advantage of their privilege of voting in the general elections, and consequently do not register for that purpose, thereby making it possible to avoid jury service. This evasion is largely intentional on the part of our busy citizens, and is due to many evident reasons. Being confined in their selection to those meeting certain technical requirements, the jury commissioners are circumscribed and unable to furnish the courts with the class of jurors that should be available at all times. Previous to the opening of court the list of qualified jurors is published to the world, and these men immediately become the target of all the wiles of shrewd attorneys. Those who are known to be men of strong, upright character, are peremptorily challenged when the cases are called for trial. While only five challenges are allowed the defense in a great number of crimes, in seven of the more important ones, ten challenges are provided for by law; and when two defendants are on trial, twenty challenges are allowed. Of course these challenges are used to eliminate those who stand for impartial enforcement of the law. Men who can be manipulated are wanted, a great pre-

mium being placed upon ignorance. And today our juries are the laughing stock of all intelligent people. We should not be surprised then, that the conscientious, true-minded man shuns the humiliating experience certain to befall him when called for jury service; for he is not wanted, and the law furnishes the defense with methods for quickly informing him of that fact. Does not our very law itself place into the hands of designing criminals, taken care of by shrewd and calculating attorneys, the means of avoiding any semblance of that for which our courts were established, the dispensation of justice?

When we consider the personnel of the jury selected after the manner just indicated, must we be shocked or surprised at the results? Should we throw upon our juries the entire blame, because verdicts are rendered, not according to law and evidence as they should be, but according to the workings of disordered minds, painfully confused by meaningless legal terms, and led astray by overbearing and emotional persuasions? Should such a jury be expected to bring forth a verdict free from prejudice, and consistent with the evidence and law in the case? Can we expect under the circumstances any uniformity in the administration of so-called justice? Shall South Carolinians be made ashamed because he who safeguards the State's legal rights must accept a compromise money fine, rather than risk a verdict from such a jury, knowing full well that truth and justice would receive scant consideration from this jury in arriving at their decision? As an illustration, let us compare the convictions obtained in this country with those found in a foreign nation. The average number of murders committed annually in the United States is ten thousand, and the convictions average 1.3 per cent., while in Germany the number of homicides is about six hundred, with convictions running as high as 95 per cent.

In the next place, the working of the system is also discredited by the "law's delay." If perchance, the verdict of the jury is in accordance with truth and justice, we find that technicalities are brought into play and the defense immedi-

ately makes an appeal. The manner in which many cases have been tried has brought our courts into no small degree of disrepute, and disgust has taken possession of our best citizens. It is literally true that indictments are quashed, and new trials granted, on account of some trivial error in crossing a t, or dotting an i, or the misspelling of some insignificant word. Conditions are such that our people have come to the conclusion that if one has money, influential friends, and able counsel, the obtaining of an absolute acquittal is only a matter of time. President Taft has taken the following position with reference to this phase of the question: "There ought to be introduced into the statutes of every State and of the United States in regard to appeals in criminal cases, and indeed in regard to appeals in civil cases, a provision that no judgment of a trial court should be reversed except for an error, the correction of which the court, after reading the entire record, can affirmatively say would have led to a different verdict and judgment. This would do no injustice and would end reversals for technicalities."

Such conditions existing in the very foundation of our government can have but one result: the lowering of public morals and the consequent destruction of public character itself. The irregular and unequal administration of justice constantly disturbs the relationship of the races, and directly accounts for the terrible prevalence of lynch-law. Respect for the results to be obtained from the slow processes of our courts has been lost, and men are often taking such matters into their own hands. In allowing this state of affairs to continue, we are but furnishing fuel to the sparks of anarchy that, lying more or less aflame beneath every government, we can but know are beneath the very dearest institution of our own country.

Those giving this question their earnest consideration suggest various plans for bringing about the improved conditions. Some go so far as to advocate the abolition of trial by jury and the substitution of trial judges. Others suggest many changes in our present laws, changes designed to meet and

overcome the existing evils We believe the system of trial by jury in its purity is the best one. It has stood the test of centuries, and under it English speaking people have gained supremacy in all lines of national endeavor. The principles of the system look toward the highest possible degree of justice; but we should be deeply concerned to see that in the working out of the details, these principles are not wrenched and the ends of justice defeated.

The first radical change necessary relates to the attitude of the public toward jury service. Citizenship places upon the individual certain obligations to the commonwealth, and one of these obligations includes jury service. Let the youth of our land be taught through home training, education, and the example of the best class of our people, that jury service is one of the serious duties of citizenship in our government. He who evades this duty has no right to complain about the miscarriages of justice; for he has shirked his responsibility, turning the machinery of the law over to the ignorant and vicious to use as they may desire. In this vital matter, our best citizens should make whatever sacrifices are necessary in their personal affairs, in order to serve in the uplifting of the State and nation. By placing themselves properly at the command of our conscientious jury commissioners, they may practically determine the character of our juries. The many classes exempted from such service should be greatly reduced. In fact, there are very few professions indeed that should be excused from this public duty. The number of challenges granted should be lowered, making it impossible for the choice of the jury to be manipulated as at present. Clean, comfortable jury-rooms should be provided; and every incidental objection to jury service should be removed.

These improvements can be most quickly brought about through the influence of public opinion. The duty then lies heaviest upon those who are in position to mould such opinion. All true citizens should lend their aid for they are deeply concerned. Our best and foremost newspapers realize the increasing danger, and are working vigorously to impress the

facts upon their readers. Our legislatures must be ready to enact into law those changes that may be suggested from time to time by those best situated to offer them. That class which can perhaps do most of all, is the legal fraternity. They are in daily contact with these phases of our life, and realize the imperfections in our legal system. In the profession are many who are only too glad that the present conditions do exist, so that they may take advantage thereof in their nefarious practices. Lawyers of this character, however, do not predominate; for all over our country are those who are men of the very highest type of manhood. From such, those who fill the positions on the Bench, and those who lead in all that is best before the Bar, we expect that activity in leadership that is necessary in this crusade. We will expect them to eliminate from their profession, as far as possible, that undesirable class which fattens on the existing defects in our system. We beseech our judges, who are just, patriotic, and intelligent citizens, to fill their positions with that aggressiveness in character that will speed the causes of justice.

An improved public conscience will be the first and most important result of the awakening of our people to conditions as they really exist. Throughout the length and breadth of our fair land a wholesome fear of the law will prevail and criminals will no longer flaunt themselves before the eyes of the world secure in their knowledge that they can escape deserved punishment. The rights of our fellow men and human life itself, will be held more sacred. Our courts will assume the position originally intended for them in the formation of our government, and all over our country even-handed justice shall reign supreme.

Modern Lullaby

Never mind the goblins, dear, they're only make believe,
The Boogy Man is something just invented to deceive;
But it is well to have it very widely understood,
That the Comet's sure to catch you if you are not very good.

So don't play tag or ring-a-round-a-rosy, in the street,
Keep close inside the nursery, 'tis your only safe retreat,
Give up your romp and merriment, as little children should,
For the Comet's sure to catch you if you are not very good.

R. E. M., '12.

In Mexico

The engineering party led by Lee had succeeded in making its way around the mountain side and now came to rest almost directly in the rear of Santa Anna's army, which guarded Cerro Gordo Pass. The route chosen on this expedition was the same one by which the Americans under Scott afterwards attacked and drove the Mexicans from the pass. Before returning to camp, Lee sent Lieutenant Cooper to reconnoiter and ascertain in detail the exact position of some of the enemy's outposts.

Cooper cautiously approached the Mexican lines until quite near their outer guards. Having received the desired information he was just returning to his party when he heard a sound like some one weeping. Advancing a few steps he came suddenly upon a young Mexican girl who seemed to be in deep distress. At seeing the American she was frightened and started to slip away, but he was too close upon her and she sat down upon a rock.

"Senorita why do you weep?" he asked in Spanish.

The dark-eyed Spanish maiden lifted her face to him and he saw that he was not wrong. Evidently some great sorrow had recently come into her life.

"Senor," she replied, her eyes glistening with tears, "you are an Americano, but seem to be kind. Come close so that anyone lurking near may not hear our voices and discover you and I will tell you of my sorrow. A few days ago the news came to my home in Mexico that my only brother had been wounded and begged that I go to him. I came, and a few hours ago he died. Senor, mother is dead, brother is dead, and

father is now in the war. Do you wonder that I am sad? Listen I heard a sound."

Two Mexican soldiers came out of the bush some distance away and were walking directly towards the place where the two were sitting.

"Go!" she commanded, "they will not injure me, but you will be killed if you are captured."

He knew that she spoke the truth, and hastened away.

On returning into camp, Lee reported his success in finding a route for a road and his plan was accepted. After some days Santa Anna was driven from the pass. The severe battles of Cantreas and Cherebusco followed, and then came the final bloody conflict at Chapultepec. After the battle the victorious Americans marched over the field strewn with the dead and dying and on into the City of Mexico, and even amid the groans of the dying might have been heard the whispering winds of peace; for this battle marked the end of the struggle.

That night the Americans occupied the city. All was quiet, the only disturbance being the continued stream of wounded men being brought in to be cared for.

Far in the night Lieutenant Cooper, who was stationed near a stately old home, heard some one singing in a sad tone. As he listened it occurred to him that he had heard that voice before and the scene of the hillside came before him. And, standing there, he became more certain, and his whole being was thrilled by the mournful notes of that song.

Early the next evening the same sad, sweet strain was borne to him by the gentle breeze. He hesitated, listened awhile to be more certain, and stepping boldly through the trees, he stood at her side. The dark-eyed senorita welcomed him quietly and they sat out beneath the great oaks while the pleasure-laden hours passed by unheeded.

The treaty of peace had been signed, all preparations completed, and the American army had gone home. But Lieutenant Cooper was permitted to remain in Mexico.

Day after day his visits to the home of Inez are repeated and

all the while the influence of the Mexican girl is growing stronger upon him. In her life also is awakening a new sensation. In the companionship of Cooper she has grown more cheerful and she trembles when he speaks of returning to the United States. Unconsciously she has begun to dream of a new and happier life, and of a home far beyond the Mexican border. But she knows, too, that her marriage with the American would never be consented to, and when a few weeks later he asks that she marry him secretly and flee with him to the States, she gives her consent.

The next evening, a *padre,* who cared for nothing except his own gain, and thus was easily bribed, was summoned and they were married. Towards midnight, mounting their mustangs and taking a deserted street they, together with an old negro servant, whom Cooper had kept with him, made their escape. After several hours' rapid riding they stopped to rest and sleep.

It was a night without an equal. Around them lay the moon-lit plains with only here and there a few trees, and above myriads of silent stars looked down upon the happy sleepers; far behind lay the city, no sound came to disturb them in their slumbers, and they slept on even until day was breaking.

But that day's sun was not to rise upon such a peaceful scene. "The Injuns! The Injuns!" sounded the cry on the morning air. The old negro had seen them creeping up and his cry had awakened Cooper just in time for them to draw their pistols before three Indians sprang out upon them. They fired but apparently their bullets had gone wild. One big fellow who had not dismounted rode up to where they stood, and snatching her up on his horse rode away, leaving his companions to finish with the others. Cooper and the negro both fired at the fast disappearing Indian but again missed their mark. The paleface and the negro would have been made quick work of, but just as the big Indian rode off with Inez one of the remaining two suddenly reeled and fell from his horse. The other seeing his danger clubbed the negro who fell to the ground and then turned and struck the white man down with his tomahawk. He

was just in the act of taking Cooper's scalp when the old negro recovered from the blow which had only stunned him and snatched up the dead Indian's tomahawk and brought it down heavily upon the stooping Indian's head. The negro then scalped the two Indians to make sure of their being dead.

The sun had climbed far up in the heavens and still Richard Cooper lay on the prairie grass weak from the loss of blood. It was not until the late afternoon that he was strong enough to return to Mexico, the only thing left for him to do, as pursuing the Indians alone would only be giving his life away, and besides, he was unable to determine in what direction they had gone.

Arriving in the city he spread the report that while out for an early morning ride they had been ambushed and the girl captured. The servant had been left outside the city to come in later, as he could, and thus was hidden the fact that the negro was taken along. The great gash made by the tomahawk on Cooper's head showed that he spoke part truth, but the question was why the Indians had not taken his scalp. This the Mexicans could not understand, but when, after being heavily bribed again, the *padre,* of his own accord, told of having seen the senor and Inez go out on the mustangs in the early morning, they accepted his report as true.

A scouting party was organized and a search begun, but as absolutely no clue could be found as to the guilty tribe, they were compelled to return without her. She could not be found.

Still the liteutenant stayed on loathe to give up the search. A few days later an Indian squaw came to him and said in broken English:

"Senor you no know me? Squaw know you. Squaw know you long ago in Arkansas. You no remember me? Me love you then. Me love you now. Squaw have sad story tell senor."

Cooper recognized the Indian as an old squaw who had lived a long time near his home in Arkansas. He had an idea that she knew something of his wife, and asked that she tell her story. She then told of the many times she had seen him

since the coming of the Americans, and had also noticed his love for Senorita Inez.

"Senorita," she said, "was brought into camp by a big chief. Senorita was wounded and died the next day. Squaw love old friend and come tell him sad story. Senor would tell Mexicans. They kill Indians. Senor good paleface and won't tell."

Cooper promised the old squaw that she should be protected, but that the murderers must be punished. He offered to hide her in the city, but she refused and went back to her tribe.

The murder of one of their fair senoritas had so enraged the Mexicans that now when the guilty ones were found, a fierce war followed, resulting in the guilty tribe being driven from their lands.

But revenge on the murderers did not satisfy the bereaved husband, and a few days later he departed for his home. There we leave him for awhile, and return to the Mexican land and look upon a scene which took place there a year after the events we have just narrated.

An old Indian squaw was slowly dying. By her side stood her stalwart son, now a big chief. The old squaw was not happy; for she did not hope for a home in the "Happy Hunting Ground." Once she had done a paleface a great wrong and though she is an Indian, she is now sorry for her crime. In her husky voice she tells her big son to go back to their old home in Arkansas and take this message to Senor Cooper:

"Squaw lied, Senorita is not dead, but has been Indian girl in squaw's wigwam all this time. Squaw had brave capture her 'cause she no love paleface; but squaw took good care senorita and now squaw sorry. Squaw's son, big chief, take senorita back home now, 'cause he love squaw."

Years before Cooper's father had taught her, an Indian girl, to love him and then had broken her heart by marrying a paleface girl. This was the Indian's revenge brought to bear on the son of the man who had darkened her life. She had been too proud to share her story with anyone and not even her own son knew of it.

Knowing nothing of the wrong done his mother years before, the big chief first took Inez back to her home in Mexico, he himself turning back at the edge of the city, and then a few months later set out with his message for the paleface in Arkansas.

One afternoon not long after, a tall man, clad in Mexican attire, might have been seen riding along on a Mexican prairie. Each day has seen him many miles nearer his intended destination, but he was never to reach it. This afternoon, as the sun was setting, he saw in the distance a large mansion. Night came and still he rode on, having no desire to stop but to continue on beneath the pitiless stars and the staring moon—no rest would he have, but common sense bade him seek shelter here for the night.

He rode up and dismounted and as he paused for a moment, the soft strains of a song was borne to him by the gentle wind. It was a low tender warble, swelling fitfully upon the perfume-burdened air, with drowsy pauses, like a sleeping song bird twittering in a dream. Through a low great window, between the clustering vines, he stood feasting his weary eyes upon the warbler, himself unseen. The sweet, mellow tones rose and fell as she sang a Spanish song and as she sang she also played a guitar which seemed to move a heart throbbing in unison with her own. Her face was turned from him, but he knew that voice. The warbler was Inez, his wife. To this old mansion far out on the plains she and her father had come and were now living in utter seclusion from the world.

Upon seeing her again all his old passion was revived. Stepping through the open window, he stood before her. It was a glorious picture, the young senorita bending forward, half in joy, half in wonder; for she might have been dreaming.

And then she knew. The guitar fell to the floor. He threw himself at her feet, his face flooded with tears that would not be restrained. And she smiled down upon him and whispered his name—"Richard."

Prof. Wiggins at the Bat

(During Senior-Faculty Baseball Game, May 11, 1910.—With apologies to J. Q. Murphy.)

It looked extremely rocky for the Faculty Team that day,
The score stood four to nine with but an inning left to play.
And so, when Steadman died at first, and Simpson did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.
A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.
For they thought if only Wiggins could get a whack at that,
They'd put up even money with Wiggins at the bat.
But Colwell preceded Wiggins and so did Edwards too,
And the former was a pudding and the latter wouldn't do;
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Wiggins' getting to the bat.
But Colwell drove a single to the wonderment of all,
And for a wonder Edwards tore the cover off the ball,
And when the dust had lifted and they saw what had occurred,
There was Edwards safe on second, and Colwell hugging third.
Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain top and rattled in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat,
For Wiggins, mighty Wiggins, was advancing to the bat.
There was ease in Wiggins' manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Wiggins' bearing and a smile on Wiggins' face,
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Wiggins at the bat.
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded as he wiped them on his shirt;
And while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip—
Defiance gleamed from Wiggins' eye—a sneer curled Wiggins' lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Wiggins stood a-watching in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Wiggins—"Strike one," the Umpire said.
From the bleachers black with people there rose a sullen roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him; Kill the Umpire!" shouted some one from the stand—
And it's likely they'd have done it had not Wiggins raised his hand.
With a smile of Christian charity great Wiggins' visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult and he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher and again the spheroid flew,
But Wiggins still ignored it and the Umpire said "Strike two."
"Fraud!" yelled the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud,"
But one scornful look from Wiggins and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold; they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Wiggins would not let that ball go by again.
The sneer is gone from Wiggins' lips; his teeth are clenched with hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Wiggins' blow.
Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Wofford—mighty Wiggins has "Struck Out."

R. E. M., '12.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

W. Grady Hazel, Editor-in-Chief

College Press Association

Last month the College Press Association held its annual meeting at Newberry College. It was one of the best in the history of the association. All the colleges were represented, and good feeling prevailed between them. It is a great privilege to attend a meeting of college students and catch their thoughts and assimilate their spirit. It brings about a feeling of closer fellowship and unity and makes one feel that the different colleges are not separate units but that there is a union of brotherhood between them and that they are all working together for the same end. There is always a bond of fellowship between college students, too, that makes them enjoy themselves when they get together and feel that there is a common spirit existing between them. Everyone at Newberry was in a jolly mood and all present felt that it was good to be there.

The Newberry faculty and students did everything in their

power to make the delegates enjoy themselves and they certainly succeeded well. The ball team gave us two good games which were much enjoyed, and then the climax was capped by the grand banquet on Friday night. On the whole the convention was a great affair and will live long in the minds and hearts of all the delegates.

What To Do

Now the question that naturally arises before the Seniors is what to do. We will soon be no longer students but men entering out into the world. And now as men, the question is staring us in the face as to what vocation shall we follow or what profession shall we enter. Some will teach, others various other things. It is not so much though what we do as that we do do something. Many of us have been thinking that we have been at work and now comes the holiday. This is wrong; we are only now starting to work. If we consider that we are about to enter into a life of pleasure and take life easy for a year or so, we are apt to get into indolent ways and keep doing nothing. The main thing is to get started right, or rather get started. Make the beginning; the end will take care of itself.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait."

Valedictory

The work with the JOURNAL has been pleasant this year although at times rather tedious. We have put forth our best work and hope it has met the appreciation of the students. Our intentions have been not so much to preserve the productions of the students as to encourage and bring out the dormant literary talent that exists in some. Especially watchful of the underclassmen have we been. No one who has not experienced this can know what it is to try to keep the magazine

up to a certain standard and at the same time put in articles to encourage new men. However, we have been conscientious in our work and have tried to do everything for the best. We thank the contributors who have been so faithful to us this year. They have benefitted themselves as well as others. We wish the incoming staff a prosperous and successful year and hope that they may bring the JOURNAL to a higher degree of perfection than we have been able to do. We also wish to remind them of their responsibility and that though being editor of the JOURNAL is an honor, it is one that must be well paid for. Again we thank our co-laborers and contributors for their co-operation and support and wish the new JOURNAL staff much success.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. L. Betts, Editor.
E. K. Epps, Assistant Editor.

With this issue we lay aside the duties and pleasures of exercising the office of "Reviewer of Exchanges." We have found real enjoyment in comparing the work of other institutions in the production of college literature; and although we began with the expectation of finding it mostly worthless we have been very agreeably disappointed, in large measure. As for fiction we have found many short-stories in our exchanges that equal those in our popular magazines; the poetry affords specimens that would have done credit to many of the "masters" in the springtime of their careers—if you don't believe this, read "The Harbor of My Dreams," in the May issue of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*—and there are essays in them, too, that are scholarly. To be candid, we are decidedly optimistic as to the future of college journalism, despite the statement of one of our Western exchanges that we were very pessimistic in our attitude toward college literature. Perhaps, our point of view has changed since then, though.

We have presumed to judge others, and we have been judged in turn, as we meant to be. During the past nine months we have "had our say" about our contemporaries, at the same time we have tried to attain and maintain a definite standard of excellence. How well we have succeeded we leave for others to tell. Here is what some say about us anyway:

"The Wofford College Journal is rather odd but contains a *little* merit in its few pages. The poetry is good. The stories are pitifully unreal."—*Winthrop College Journal.*

"The latest Wofford College Journal is truly a creditable number, and would be a good standard for some of us to attain."—The *Clinton Collegian.*

"The Wofford College Journal contains four essays: For the

most part they are ably written. 'The Enchantress and the Man,' is below the standard set by the essays. The plot is not well worked up—here we approve—it wasn't worth it."—The *Converse Concept.*

"The January number of the Wofford College Journal is an exceptionally good issue, combining in a balanced way some good articles on history and biography with the usual story articles of a college magazine. We think that the editors of *all* the college magazines would do well to try to get more articles on really literary subjects."—The *Trinity Archive,* in speaking of the same issue as the one mentioned by the *Concept* just above.

"In reviewing the Wofford College Journal, we find stories and essays enough, but as with other exchanges that we have received, there seems to be a dearth of poetry."—The *Clemson Chronicle.*

"The Wofford College Journal invites our attention next. But lo! only three small poems. 'A Freshman's Letter to His Girl,' is not the material for a high-class college journal. It is more fitting to be printed in a vaudeville joke book or a special edition of 'Foolishness for the Rattle-brained.' . . . The Journal as a typical college magazine finds a place of honor on our list.—The *Hampdpen-Sydney Magazine.*

"As to the variety of material it is indeed well balanced. The poems are below the average. The stories are poorly constructed as to plot, but each writer has shown a noble effort."—The *Furman Echo.*

"In the Wofford College Journal we find some very good stories, but there is room for improvement in the poems. 'A Vision of Innocence,' and 'The Power of Moly' are both excellent stories."—The *Newberry Stylus.*

"Among our best exchanges are the Randolph-Macon Monthly, the Mercerian, the Wofford College Journal and others.—Ouachita Ripples.

"Modesty is the crowning virtue among Wofford's writers

of verse. To one beautiful poem a Junior has signed his initials. It will probably never be known to the world who wrote the other two elegant ones."—The *Emory Phoenix.*

"Wofford College Journal always gives us a good collection of short-stories."—The *Erskinian.*

"The poem entitled 'Winter' in the Wofford College Journal of January is good viewed from an untechnical standpoint—which we try to do."—*S. P. U. Journal.*

Before we close let us call special attention to two fine criticisms of the poetry of Robert Browning. In the April issue of the *Bessie Tift Journal,* there is an interesting discussion of "Browning's Treatment of Romantic Love"; in the current number of the *Wake Forest Student,* Browning's masterpiece of verbose intellectuality, "Paracelsus," is discussed with some degree of ability. "Esthetic Tea" in the April *Mercerian* is a brilliant satire well worth reading.

Well, here we make our best bow and retire from the platform, with the heartiest good wishes for the success of our successors and their contemporaries.

CLIPPINGS

"What our part may signify in the great world we may not understand,
But we are here to play it, and now is our time."

"All gall is divided into three parts—cheek, butting in, and nerve."

"When is a joke not a joke? Usually."

MODESTY.

"They say there is a fool in every family. Do you think so?"

"Well, I hardly like to say. You see, I'm the only member of mine."

"Pleasing ourselves is more pleasant than pleasing others, but there isn't as much money in it."

"How iss your boy Fritz getting along at college?"

"Ach! He is halfback in der football team and all the way back in his studies."

SAME OLD STORY.

"How shall I break the news to my parents that I have failed in my exams?"

"Merely telegraph them: 'Examination over. Nothing new."

Why use the expression of taking a study "under" a certain instructor?

Because you expect to be "sat upon."

Wanted—Some means to keep my girl to myself. A liberal reward will be given for such information.

Dick: Bob, Jim went to see my girl last night and she went to sleep on him.

Bob: You say she did, then Jim was holding his own.

"Tom, do you love me?"
"Why, of course," he said.
"Will you always love me?"
"Why, of course!" he said.
"Then why don't you tell papa?"
"I er—don't love papa," he said.

A rose sat on its stem so gay,
And a bee sipt its heart from day to day,
And it grew so beautiful, they say,
Because it gave its heart away.

"Talk happiness, the world is sad enough without your woes."

EXCELLENT CONNECTIONS.

"He claims to be connected with all the best families."

"Oh, he is—by 'phone."

HEARD IN THE HOUSE.

"I have the floor," shouted the carpet.

"Go ahead," returned the wall paper, "I'm up against it."

The hurly burly's done
The battle's lost or won.

FOR YOU.

For you little one, with your sweet, soft eyes,
  Deep stained with heaven's own blue,
I would give all the gold the whole world can unfold
  For you, little one, for you.

For you, little one, whose happy smile
  A gleam of heaven breaks through,
I would give all my life with its joy and its strife,
  For you, little one, for you.

—*Converse Concept.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Geo. A. Beach, Editor

FRESHMAN EXHIBITION.

The class of 1913 made its initial appearance in "full dress" in an exhibition of oratory Monday evening, May 9. Mr. J. C. Hyer, of the Calhoun Society, succeeded in taking the laurels. His subject, "The Character of Napoleon." In the absence of Mr. V. S. Patterson, Mr. W. O. Henderson acted most creditably in the capacity of presiding officer. Opening prayer was offered by Rev. R. S. Truesdale. The contestants were:

W. W. Jenkins, Jr. (Calhoun) . . . . . York County, S. C.
"The Closing Years of Lee's Life."

H. R. Sims (Preston) . . . . . Orangeburg County, S. C.
"Calhoun on the Force Bill."

G. H. Hodges (Carlisle) . . . . . Orangeburg County, S. C.
"The Race Problem and the Union."

J. C. Hyer (Calhoun) . . . . . Aiken County, S. C.
"The Character of Napoleon."

H. S. Sims (Preston) . . . . . Orangeburg County, S. C.
"Robt. Tomb's Farewell to U. S. Senate."

W. F. Herlong (Carlisle) . . . . . Edgefield County, S. C.
"Death To Life."

FITTING SCHOOL MINSTREL.

A delightful entertainment was given last Monday evning in the college chapel by the members of the Fitting School Minstrel Club. Under the skillful direction of Mrs. Devereux Turner this club has made rapid progress during the past few months and rendered a most interesting program. For the benefit of those who were so unfortunate as to miss the performance Monday evening it was repeated on Saturday.

BENEFIT GAME.

A ball team composed of the younger members of the Faculty crossed bats with the celebrated (?) Senior team in a fast game last week. Some star work was done by members of both teams and the final outcome was doubtful to the last. The receiver of pegs on the second sack, Prof. Edwards, was painfully injured while sliding in home, which forced him from the game and contributed largely to the Faculty's defeat. We are happy to state that Mr. Edwards is able to be out and is recovering rapidly.

At a recent reception given to the Seniors, Hazel saw a gentleman with an opera hat rushing excitedly in a group of boys. Hazel exclaimed, "Boys, watch that fat man's beaver, somebody sat on it and mashed it flat as a pan-cake!"

Wanted to know by one of the Faculty—Does Freshman Edwards go to the Fitting School?

Who is "Little Bill?"

Stillwell's curves split the plate, but Mr. Umps lustily called "Ball."

Soph. E.: "Say, do you belong to the Labor Union?"
Mr. Umps: "No."
Soph. E.: "I didn't think so.'
Mr. Umps: "Why?"
Soph. E.: "Because you never call a strike."

(Note: In absence of Local Editor, who is visiting a former classmate, Mr. Deaver, who is now assistant city clerk, Carlisle, S. C., the above was contributed by R. B. McIver.)

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. K. DAVIS, EDITOR.

As time is rapidly passing which means that the end of the college year 1909-10 is almost here let us take a backward glance at the things which are behind and at the record we have made. What has been our attitude to the question and solution of problems which are the real tests of one's character and true manhood? Have we kept our feet in that straight and narrow path of truth, purity, integrity and honor? Or have we been indifferent to things which show the real man in us, careless in our language, our conduct, our thoughts and our actions?

What great opportunities we have had, had we only thought what good we might have done if we had looked on life as seriously as we should and had only possessed enough moral courage. How much finer, greater and nobler we might now have felt if we had lived more zealously and earnestly, with a more faithful and devoted consecration to duty, with a greater and more personal effort in the advancement of those things which pertain to righteousness, and thought less of the follies and frivolous pleasures common to so many of our college boys. If then we have made mistakes, and we know we have, let us profit by them, thereby changing the failures and defeats of one year into success and victory of another year and all the more glorious will be our victory.

The association gained and the friendships made during the last year have meant much to us and the social life of the campus. There is no greater factor for good on a college campus than a spirit of Christian unity among the students always ready to help to encourage and to be a means of inspiration to those who may be less fortunate than we are. Let us then another year band together as Christian men in a stronger bond than ever before thereby eliminating the mis-

takes and imperfection of the past to attain the victory and honor always in store for true men.

Very soon after college closes the Wofford delegation will leave for the summer conference at Montreat. We have a large delegation in numbers and more significant than this is the strength of the men which compose it. They are the best and most typical we have on the campus. The men who attend we hope will come back strengthened by their trip, with new ideas as to methods of work in their departments, with greatest enthusiasm and inspiration which in turn will be reaped by the whole organization. The success or failure of a Y. M. C. A. depends in a very large measure upon the methods and manner of doing the obligations which devolves upon the leading members and those in charge of committees, therefore it is very essential that a large delegation attend this conference and with the proper earnestness and enthusiasm, the Association will be a greater factor for good than ever before.

Those who will represent Wofford at Montreat are: Dr. H. N. Snyder, Prof. R. L. Wiggins, Charlie DuPont, R. D. Guilds, Tom Crane, Ernest Epps, J. L. Glenn, T. H. Campbell H. M. Snyder, Arthur Ayers, George Hodges, Murata, Stillwell, and Humphries.